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CHRISTIAN HERALD



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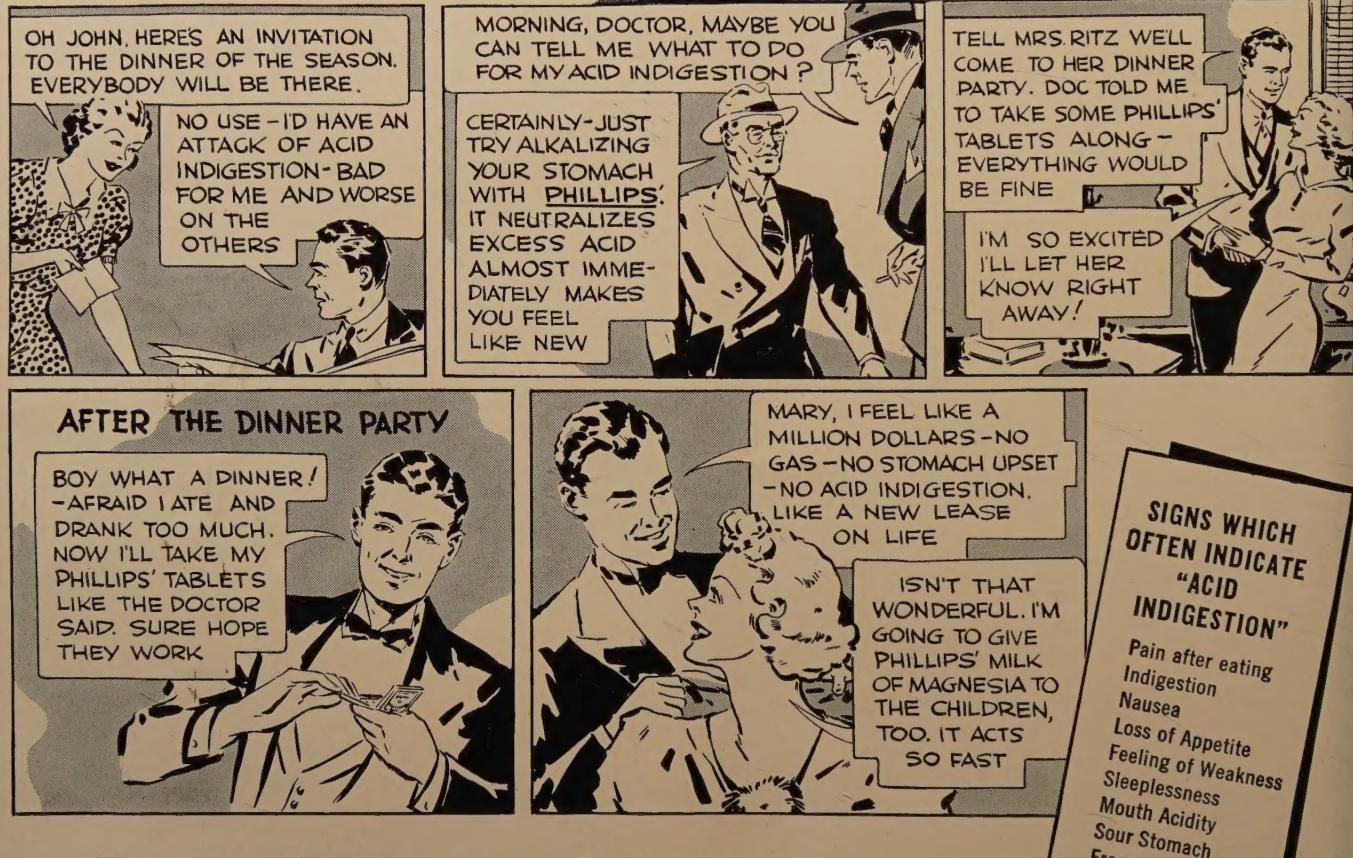
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NARROW

"Sorry we Can't Accept"

**Our Motto—Until John learned
How to Alkalize Acid Indigestion**



**To Alkalize Acid Indigestion
BE SURE YOU GET **PHILLIPS'****

With "acid indigestion" it stands to reason that the longer it goes, the worse it gets — and the harder it is to alkalize. Therefore, act at the first sign of distress.

If you would relieve and "head off" nausea, "upset stomach," heartburn, gas, the thing to do is *alkalize* immediately.

Try this quick-acting way: take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets — or two teaspoons of the liquid which have the same alkalizing effect.

Almost at once you feel "acid indigestion" curbed. "Acid headaches," acid breath, pains from acid indigestion — all are given amazingly fast relief. You feel like a different person.

When you're going out carry your alkalizer with you — always — in tablets. They taste like peppermint. They cost 25¢ for 30. When you buy insist on Genuine Phillips'.

THE ORIGINAL IN LIQUID FORM

For use at home and with children millions ask for genuine **Phillips' Milk of Magnesia** in its original liquid form.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

PICTURE OF A MAN with a BROKEN LEG!

Question: Why is he laughing—what's amusing about having a broken leg?

Answer: There's nothing funny about breaking a leg in an auto accident, that's true. But this man is convalescing and his mind is at ease because he's getting *CASH* to pay his doctor and hospital bills! It's a happy ending to an unhappy event!

End the Financial Worry About Accident and Sickness

The illustration above is intended to show you how much easier it is to put up with accidents or sickness if the *financial worry* is taken off your shoulders.

Suppose you met with a sudden accident tomorrow. Or suppose you became sick and were laid up for some time. How would you pay for doctors, hospitals, medicines, etc. as well as all your regular expenses? It's too late to think about it afterwards . . . right now is the time.

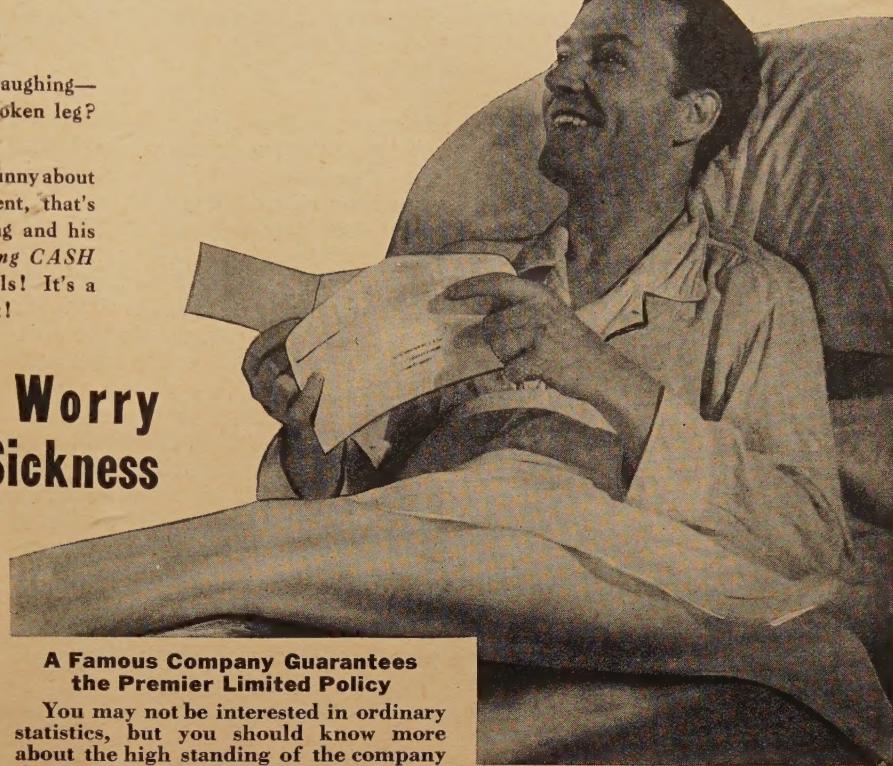
Because right now you can secure the kind of protection you need at amazingly low cost. The Premier Limited Policy issued by North American pays you \$25.00 a week in cash for stated accidents and sickness. It also helps with your doctor and hospital bills, and provides an *Emergency Relief* of \$100. Besides that, it pays a *Principal Sum* of \$10,000 for specified loss of life, limbs and eyesight.

Astounding as it may seem, your cost for all this protection is *only \$10 a year*—actually less than *three cents a day*! Aren't you surprised to learn that the cost is so low?

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION Men and Women Both Eligible

It is possible for you to start having this protection within a few days after you read this announcement. There are no long preliminaries—no red tape. You do not have to take a medical examination. Any person—man or woman from 16 to 69—is eligible. (Persons from ages 69 to 74 years are also eligible at a slight extra cost.)

Do not confuse this with life insurance, or old-age insurance. The Premier Limited Policy helps you when either *sickness or accident* strikes. It's the kind of cash assistance that comes when you need it *most*. And the cost is fixed at \$10 total premium for the whole year. *No dues—no assessments.* Certainly you can afford this "3¢ a day" insurance—if only to give you peace of mind when you're feeling well!



A Famous Company Guarantees the Premier Limited Policy

You may not be interested in ordinary statistics, but you should know more about the high standing of the company that offers you the Premier Limited Policy. Therefore, take note:

- It operates under the supervision of 47 State Insurance Departments.
- It has furnished this type of protection for over 52 years.
- Total amount paid out in claims to policy-holders—over \$25,000,000.
- Established 1886—oldest and largest exclusive health and accident insurance company in America!

Some Day You'll Be Glad You Sent The Coupon Below

An umbrella is only valuable in a rain-storm, but *then* it's worth its weight in gold. The same is true of this vital protection. It stands by you during trouble.

Find out all the details. Read about this policy in the interesting booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." There is no obligation—the booklet is *free*—so fill in and mail the coupon at once!

Here's What You Get:

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HELP WITH DOCTOR & HOSPITAL BILLS.
\$10,000 PRINCIPAL SUM, for specified loss of life, hands, feet and eyesight.
Includes **AUTOMOBILE AND FARM** coverage at no extra cost.

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Just Between Ourselves



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

The Ideal Gift

RECENTLY a group of the biggest, finest magazines in the country collectively questioned their readers as follows:

"If you give magazines away, which do you think are most appreciated by the persons to whom you give them?"

Among the hundred or more magazines mentioned, *Christian Herald* stood fifth.

Now that the awnings are stowed away, the screens down, the children off to school and the furnace overhauled, it is high time to prepare for Christmas, which will be upon us eight weeks after you receive this issue of *Christian Herald*. And so we remind you again of the opportunity which a subscription to *Christian Herald* offers for a welcome twelve-months gift to those you hold dear.

But this is only half of the value you get through our remarkably low Christmas offers. Never in the history of the world was it more essential that His word and His ideals penetrate to the far corners of our land. In the past year fifty thousand readers have been added to our list by a new plan. Every gift subscription you send us enables us to widen this circle. It may be your next-door neighbor that you subscribe for, but the money you send enables us to go into the highways and byways for new readers. For instance take Allentown Pennsylvania, one of the cities which we selected to test out our new plan. Allentown has some 19,080 families. When we started our drive we had 192 subscribers in that city. Today we have 1075, or one out of every seventeen families. Your sub-

scription and your gift subscription will provide the means whereby this very successful plan may be put in operation all over the country. It is our belief that a growing *Christian Herald*, which steadfastly upholds the teachings of Christ, which covers all denominational lines, is the finest answer America can give to the rampant "isms" of the world which scoff at Christ.

Church statistics are questioned by many—a growing Christian consciousness, although unquestionably a fact, is difficult to define in terms which impress, but the circulation of a great Christian magazine is a matter of audited record which no informed person questions. Let's make 1939 a year in which the Christian people of America show the world

that Christianity can meet any attack and emerge triumphant.

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a convenient blank and envelope for your gift subscriptions. Make up your list today, and send it in. The beautiful Christmas Card, notifying those to whom you send gift subscriptions, will be sent about December 20th.

The December Issue and an Apology

IN THIS column last month we stated that the November issue would contain a personality sketch of Dr. Oscar Johnson of St. Louis. Just as we were about to go to press we received the article "Four Men Against War" and Dr. Johnson was crowded out.

Unless some other world-wide crisis develops to throw our December issue "out of kilter," the story of Dr. Johnson will appear therein. Also a beautiful Christmas story by Helen Welshimer; some excellent gift suggestions for all ages from Margaret Sangster; poems by Grace Noll Crowell, Charles Hanson Towne and others; a Christmas sermon by Dr. Poling.

By the way, how do you like the serial?

Vol. 61

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No. 11

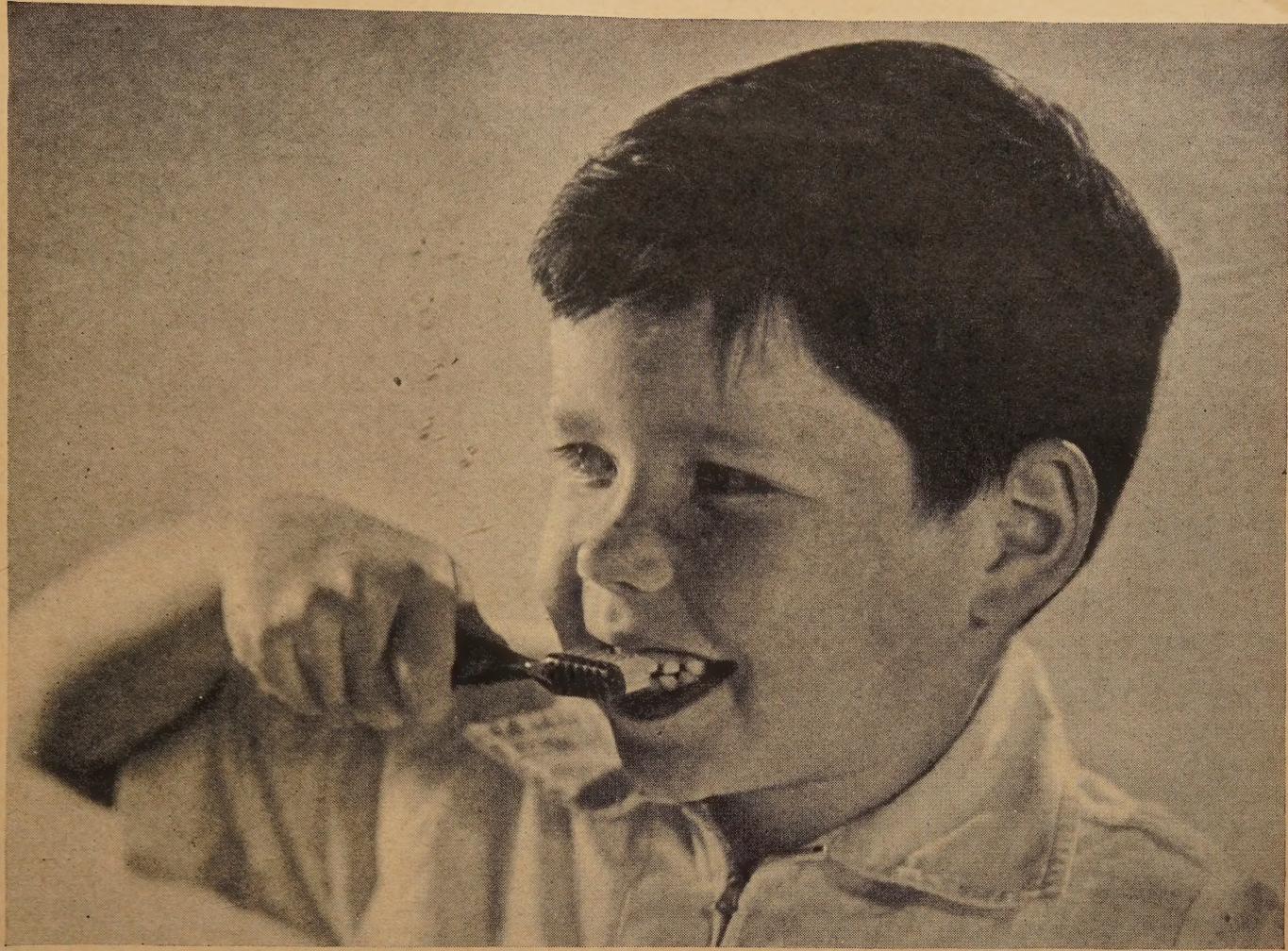
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This Month's Cover

OUR front cover was painted especially for *Christian Herald* by Charles Zingaro, a young American artist. It portrays a Pilgrim family about to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner. Gun and Bible are still handy after a hazardous trip to church service. Their staunch faith persists in the face of daily peril of death or injury—a contrast to the comfortable security of our life today.



Advice to Father from a Man aged Seven— Ipana and Massage for firmer gums, brighter teeth

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

LUCKY YOUNG AMERICA! Thanks to their dentists and their teachers thousands of young Americans will have healthier and brighter smiles than their parents. Gum Massage wasn't taught in the little red school house era, but it's being taught today in many classrooms all over the nation.

Young Billy here knows the importance of gum massage—the importance of healthy gums to sound teeth and a

winning, sparkling smile. He knows the meaning—and the threat of "pink tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," of course, is only a warning. But if you see it—see your dentist! It may not mean serious trouble ahead, but let him decide. Usually, however, his verdict will be, "lazy gums—gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods." Probably he'll suggest "more exercise, more vigorous chewing," and often the "helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as to

clean the teeth. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation quickens in the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier, more able to resist trouble.

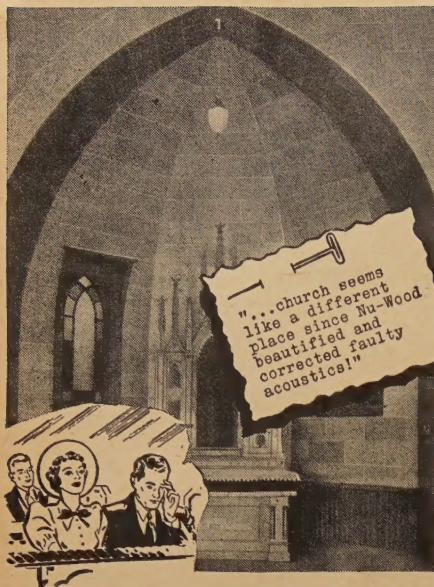
Play safe! Buy a famous and economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. See how much the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage can do to help you keep your smile a winning, sparkling smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist today for the new D.D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.



IPANA
Tooth Paste





Open the Door to Richer Religious Experience . . . with NU-WOOD

Beauty in the church is often the doorway to a deeper, richer religious experience. And Nu-Wood, the permanent wall and ceiling covering for church interiors, provides distinctive beauty at low cost. It offers harmony for the eye—soft Nu-Wood colors that seem to glow with an inner light. It makes possible new charm for the ear—because Nu-Wood absorbs noise and corrects faulty acoustics. Then, in addition, it insulates effectively for greater comfort.

Nu-Wood costs amazingly little. Application, too, is quick and easy. Decide now to eliminate drabness and disharmony from your church—forever. Mail the coupon for complete information!

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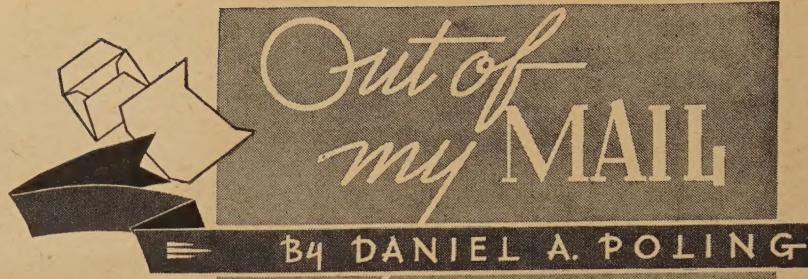
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ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

WILL THE WORLD EVER RECOVER?

World conditions are so appalling that one wonders whether there is hope of moral recovery. Have you justification for believing that things are going to get better?

REPLYING to a similar question, Professor Einstein recently said, "The world has slowly grown accustomed to the symptoms of moral decay. One misses the reaction against injustice and for justice—the reaction which in the long run represents man's only protection against relapse into barbarism."

It was in recognition of this fact, cited by the great Einstein, that the Oxford conference declared, "Love must will justice." We Christians must be so concerned about personal and social injustice that we will lift a voice, compelling attention. Finally, only the regenerating power of God Himself, changing men and women, making men and women good, can save us and our civilization.

SAFETY IN FLYING

Dr. Poling, I believe you fly. Does your flying experience justify an attempt to answer the question why these recent appalling air crashes? Does it justify any judgment on American fliers and the administration of American flying in general?

I HAD my first flight in 1918. Since that time I have flown more than 287,500 miles on both hemispheres and on all continents save one. As to American pilots, they are second to none. I prefer them to all others. I have flown with them, not only on this continent, but throughout China and in the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands. I repeat, I prefer them to all others.

Certainly I do not have the answer to the question why these recent appalling disasters, but considering distances flown, and particularly mountain flying in the west and overseas flying over both the Atlantic and Pacific, the wonder is that these tragedies have not been more frequent in this still experimental period.

There are some particulars which have in the last few weeks engaged and disturbed my thinking. I am bringing them to the attention of the Department of

Commerce in Washington, D. C. That department, may I say, has been alert and intelligent in facing the issues raised by these and other accidents.

WHAT ABOUT "AMEN"?

What do you think of a clergyman who publicly rebuked a devoted Christian who was in the habit of saying, "Amen!" when pleased or moved in a religious service? The clergyman told the man that he, the clergyman, was annoyed by the outburst.

WELL, first of all, I think that the worshiper who is accustomed to saying, "Amen!", giving audible expression to his emotions, should as a rule identify himself with the church in which this form of worship is understood and appreciated. There are such churches—fewer, to be sure, than formerly, but they do exist.

The "Amen!" has never bothered me, for I was reared on it. It was almost a part of the confession of faith of the church of my fathers. Certainly I have no personal prejudice against it.

However, the following story is timely: Dr. Merton Rice, distinguished Methodist Episcopal clergyman of Detroit, is said to have been bothered by a brother who repeated his "Amens" often and loudly. Finally Dr. Rice stopped and genially questioned the gentleman as follows: "Brother, do you know what 'Amen' means?" "No, I don't," was the reply. "Well," said Dr. Rice, "'Amen' means: 'This thing shall be and I shall stand my share of the costs.'" The story runs that the 'Amens' ceased.

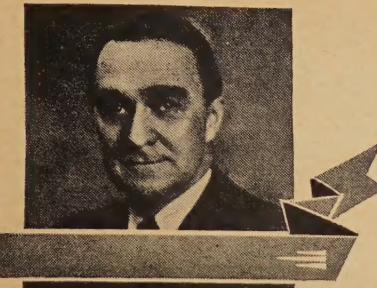
IS ALL RIGHT WITH THE WORLD?

Is there real value in a Pollyanna attitude toward life? What justification is there for Browning's quotation, "God's in His Heaven; All's right with the world"? Are we not self-deluded when we accept this philosophy?

THE questioner reminds me of the eternal optimist who said, "I tell you I can see good in everything." His friend, who knew London, replied, "Is that so? Well, tell me what you can see in a fog." I do not think that a Pollyanna attitude toward life is enough. But one needs more than this portion of Browning's

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

quotation to discover Browning's philosophy, which is essentially this: that God is in His Heaven and that eventually all will be right with the world. Not merely the fact that God's in His Heaven, but the fact that we are on the earth and that God cooperates and helps those who help themselves justifies us in triumphant thinking. We cannot fail if we are true, even though physically our world goes to pieces. We are more than flesh and blood; we are eternal spirits and victory is at last a spiritual achievement.

STATUS OF RELIGION IN RUSSIA

Is religious persecution being continued in Russia? I have heard conflicting reports. Are the religious museums still maintained?

HERE is little doubt that religious persecution is being continued in Russia or that persecution has been intensified within the year. Indeed, this persecution has assumed new and acute forms and has reached beyond the old established church into other groups and sects that have hitherto been comparatively free.

On the other hand, religion itself is strengthened in Russia. Dr. Adolf Keller, one of the most distinguished European theologians of contemporary times, on a recent visit to the United States, told how Russian mothers were again comforting their children with the Christmas story. From other sources I learn of Christian groups meeting in secret in private homes, in forests, sometimes a single family, sometimes in larger units, to feed their hungry spirits on the Bread of Life.

Again the world witnesses that which men found when the Covenanters met in hidden places across the moors of Scotland "to wait on God."

The character of the religious museum in Russia has changed. It is no longer made up of hideous caricatures of the Christ and similar monstrous spectacles. Rather it is a more reasonable presentation of the case against a religion that is little more than a superstition. One series of posters, for instance, shows the farmer who trusts to the ikon standing in his barren fields, while just across the boundary line is another farmer who is scientific, who has planted the best seed to be secured, in enriched soil and cared for his crop scientifically.

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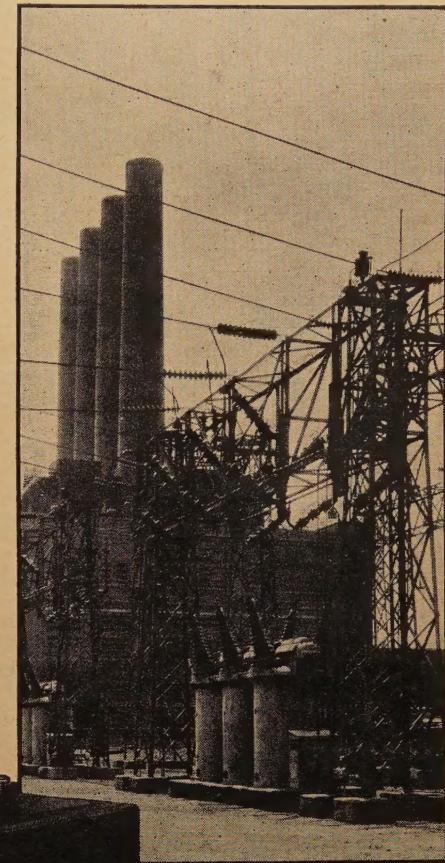
A NEW BATTERY

THAT LASTS
68% LONGER!

It's called the Willard "H-R"—and was developed by the country's leading battery engineers after a 9 year survey of how batteries perform under all kinds of driving conditions.

The "H-R" will do all the things you'd expect a good battery to do—and the actual records of 78,000 batteries prove that it will *keep on doing them 68% longer than the average of competing brands!*

Installed in your car, this new "Power-House" battery means more safety for you and your family, quicker starts for your car and longer life from your battery.



Here's Why the "H-R" Lasts 68% Longer

This amazing performance is due to new developments, exclusive with Willard. Most important single feature is the new Willard Thread Rubber Insulator. Inserted between the plates of the "H-R", these Thread Rubber Insulators not only increase the battery's life—but protect you against the sudden failures so often caused by "shorts" or buckled plates.

Expensive? No,—the "H-R" costs no more than any good battery, and its extra months of life make it cost less to own. You'll be safer, and you'll save money, if you replace your present battery with a Willard "H-R" now.

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In the LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE, you will read the *true* story of Adam and Eve—uncut . . . uncensored . . . not as mythical characters but as real, flesh-and-blood people. Experience with them the oldest romance in the world, the bliss of Eden, their strange temptations, and their remarkable lives.

Read a startling new concept of the life of the Virgin Mary—why the high priests selected Joseph for her husband . . . a new version of the Virgin Birth of Jesus.

SUPPRESSED for CENTURIES

Why were these astounding LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE hidden away? What behind-the-scenes drama of intrigue and intolerance forced the early church authorities to fear their publication? Were they too frank? Too starkly revealing? No one knows. But at last an enlightened clergy has permitted—yes, recommended—that they be released to you. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman says: "... a very desirable work to have and one which I shall recommend to others." Archbishop of Canterbury Wake says: "... they contain all that can be depended upon of the most primitive fathers, who had the advantage of living in the apostolic time, of hearing the Apostles, and conversing with them."

KNOW THE WHOLE BIBLE

And so, at last, these vital, human documents can be laid before your eyes. At last you can read and know the TRUE Bible—all of it . . . unedited . . . carefully translated from the original Greek, Syrian and Egyptian Manuscripts—offered to you in a single amazing volume.

FEW PEOPLE HAVE READ THESE "UNTOLD" STORIES

A new and complete portrayal of the personality of Mary, about whom the Bible tells so little.

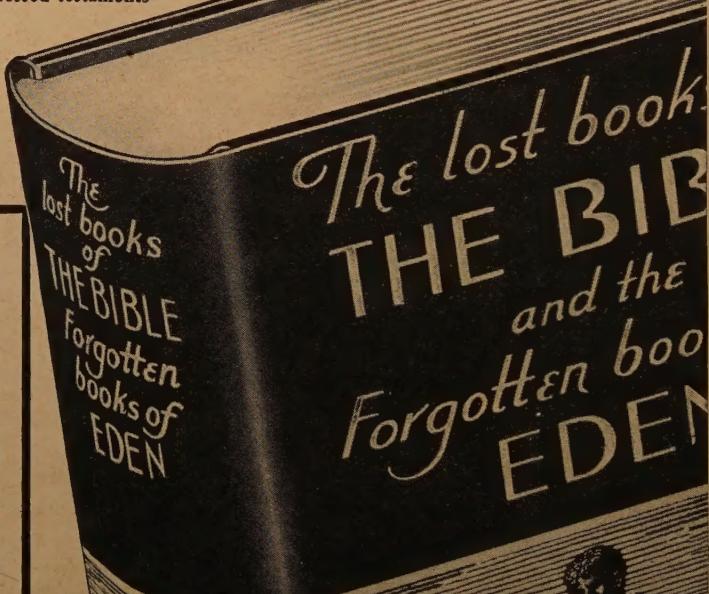
The true story of Adam and Eve as real, flesh-and-blood people.

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You can't afford to ignore this most important contribution to Biblical literature in more than a thousand years. After many centuries of narrow-minded intolerance, this portion of the living Bible has finally been released, its ancient secrets bared before your eyes! Now, these 46 added books have been published in a handsome, 562-page volume, beautifully bound and profusely illustrated from ancient paintings and missals, with modern illustrations by Paul Laune. And it will cost you only \$1.98!

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

Facts, Education—Morals

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science is the ablest and best-organized body of its kind in the United States. It is about to undertake one of the most ambitious enterprises of its long and honorable history: one hundred leading scientists and educators are to make "a thorough, unbiased and strictly scientific investigation of the problems related to the control of alcoholic beverages and to seek solutions through a program of unprejudiced research and education."

We're for it. One hundred per cent for it, particularly the educational phase of it: this country must be educated into knowing exactly what liquor is and does, and when it is educated, the country will outlaw it for good. But two things puzzle us, in this new scientific survey. What, scientifically, can these men uncover about the effects of alcohol on man and society that is not already scientific knowledge? And what good are scientific facts without a high moral passion? If this survey ignores the fact that this is a moral question, the whole thing will be much ado about nothing.

THE PURGE: Pity the poor news editor this month: he seems to have just two bits of news to talk about. The Presidential Purge and Czechoslovakia. Politics and the Putsch. Let's look at politics first.

Pity the President: his purge is a boomerang. He won only in New York. It has turned out to be something of an ignoble experiment. Yet it has had its advantages, no matter how we argue for it or against it. For one thing, it has cleared the air. What the President has really done is to rip off the old labels of party, and given the country a chance to vote not for party candidates but for ideas. As it is now, we are all either pro-New Deal or anti-New Deal. There isn't any middle ground left. In view of the last Presidential election, that had to come. Party lines aren't what they used to be, if those ballots mean anything at all. Parties will probably mean less as time wears on. We may be in for a revolution in political alignments and allegiances, before 1940.

PENSIONS: A little while ago we were all Bingo-mad; now we're pension-

Time was, in our town, when no woman dared walk through certain streets at night; there were too many saloons, too many drunks to insult her. That was a purely moral question that was met by the town in a moral uprising that rid the town forever of saloons.

Time was, too, when much of the profits of the local liquor-peddlers went into a Sinking Fund—we might call it The Permanent Fund for the Sinking of the Morals of Our Politicians. I'm not so sure that something like that isn't still going on, across the country. The situation is not unscientific—but immoral.

I knew a boy once who caught a copperhead. He put it in a box and studied it; he came to know all about the snake's twistings, windings, crawlings, eatings, hissings, sleepings and attempts to get loose. Scientifically, he knew all about it. But one day the copperhead did get loose. It bit the boy. The boy died. Moral: the snake should have been killed, or had his fangs pulled.

We know enough about the liquor traffic now to know that it is the most poisonous moral traffic in America. There are only two things that can possibly be done about it: either kill it, or pull its fangs by taking the profit out of it.

Personally, we're for execution.

A T H O M E

crazy. Take California, for example: a Senatorial candidate defeated a Democratic Old Faithful (Mr. McAdoo) with a promise of "\$30 every Thursday." That would have meant paying out in one State alone a sum twice as great, annually, as all the personal income taxes paid to the Federal government in the peak-year of 1919.

There is a time to day-dream, and a time to be sensible. A good many of our states are beginning to realize that. The first Texas Pension Law was so day-dreamy that a special session of the legislature was called to repeal it. Colorado votes on repealing its law this month. Even sounder plans (in Ohio, Missouri, Oklahoma) have turned out to be great footballs for the politicians, great dangers to the really needy. Yet in North Dakota there is already being advocated a "\$40 every Wednesday plan." It is hard to see, in our present financial condition, how any plan offering more than thirty dollars a month can possibly pay off.

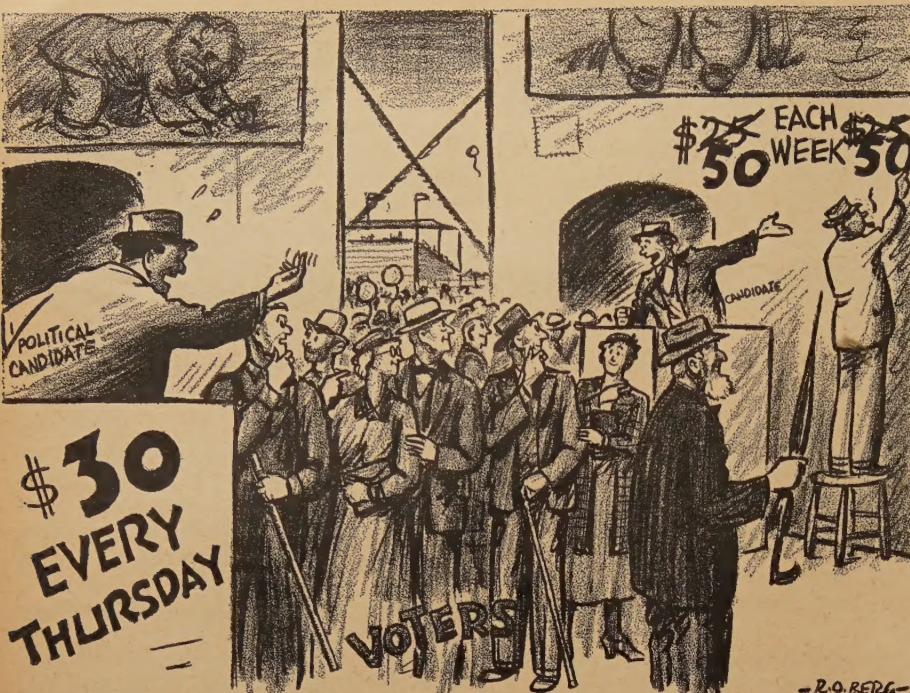
It all reminds me of a chance I once took on a twenty-dollar gold-piece. I didn't win, and I wept. My Dad gave

me a sound spanking and then some sound advice: "Son, remember this. Money doesn't grow on trees in this world. Ninety-nine per cent of us work for what we get."

The country may have to be spanked into the realization that ninety-nine per cent of us can only hope to enjoy a golden autumn in old age through foresight and initiative and thrift. Short-cuts are dangerous.

NEW YORK. Jimmy Hines is playing golf. He may be hooking and slicing a bit, worrying over what will happen to him in his next trial. New York is worrying about the additional expense arising out of the late lamented mistake of Mr. Dewey which brought about a mistrial. But there is some good fruit dropping from this evil tree.

The Bar Association is already at work on new rules of procedures for the courts, to make impossible another such fiasco. Last Friday new rules governing the pleading and trial of all civil cases became effective; promulgated by the Supreme Court, they are designed to secure



OH, PROMISE ME!

a more speedy, just and inexpensive determination of litigation. Attorney General Cummings describes this as "the most conspicuous and effective advance in the administration of justice in this country for a century and a half."

And Dewey has been nominated for Governor. That's good, too.

GAMBLING COSTS: The Northwest ern Life Insurance Company estimates that gambling costs the U. S. seven billion dollars a year. We gamble in good times because we have money; in bad times because we hope against hope to get something for nothing. We are mostly petty gamblers: we go in for slot machines, punchboards, bank night, pinball, bingo.

Three of our largest cities are taking determined steps against it. Mayor La Guardia has ordered the smashing of 707 slot machines, 430 of which are streamlined and brand new; then there is the racket-busting District Attorney, known to national fame. Philadelphia, in a two-year investigation, has learned that vice and crime flourish only because of an unholy alliance of police, gamblers and city officials. Chicago, where the gang of the incarcerated Al Capone is said to be still at work, is busy smashing gambling paraphernalia—ripping up fancy leather chairs and curtains, axing mahogany furniture, crushing expensive modernistic fittings. The Chicago Church Federation is telling the Governor that crooked officials are levying a tribute of \$250 per week on the bookies.

It all comes down to this: how long can the gambler ply his trade without the connivance of the cop—or the cop's boss?

CHINESE BEHAVIOR: Mr. W. H. Pyn, a prominent Chinese, has called attention to the fact that but one case of juvenile delinquency has been reported in eight years among the 3,000 Chinese boys and girls in New York. Explain-

ing it, he quoted the sage Confucius: "The word of the elder is law."

Confucius had something there. And the law-abiding tendencies of Chinese in China and all over the world may be due in large part to the fact that Confucius influences them more than any other teacher has ever influenced any other people in the history of man.

The leisure time of Chinese youth is spent largely at home; there is little or no poverty in any Chinese settlement in America. And think this over: divorce is almost unknown among them. There is no Reno in Cathay.

"DO NOT OPEN TILL 6939"—Fifty feet deep beneath the Westinghouse Manufacturing Company's building, on the grounds of the New York 1939 World's Fair, now reposes the Time Capsule, an 800-pound, torpedo-shaped shell of Cupaloy metal, filled with objects—social, scientific, industrial and religious—designed to provide archeologists of the far-distant future a cross section of our twentieth century civilization. The capsule contains specially preserved small articles that we wear or use; motion picture films showing how we look, act and talk; photographs of famous people of our time; and two books—one a volume which will give the world of tomorrow a complete record of the Time Capsule and what it means; the other—a copy of *The Bible*. There is also a microfilm record with more than ten million words and a thousand illustrations, depicting human activities of today. Every effort has been made to treat all the materials so as to give them the greatest resistance to time and decay, and all are enclosed in a huge pyrex glass tube, just within the metal capsule. All the leading libraries of the world, and other repositories, will receive a book, on the most permanent paper, telling future archeologists where the capsule lies, and how to locate it, and requesting them not to disturb it till 6939. So "requiescat" for 5000 years.

A B R O A D

GERMANY: "Whoever rules Bohemia," wrote Bismarck, "rules Europe." That explains much about Hitler's march on Czechoslovakia; Hitler knows his Bismarck.

Would you really know just what is in Der Fuehrer's mind? Then read his book, "Mein Kampf" (My Battle). It's all there. It is clear there that he does not intend to stop with Bohemia. He says in "Mein Kampf" that Russian soil must be acquired to feed Germany; that the ancient enemy, France, must be annihilated; he hints at the annexation of three Balkan States and Western Russia. He suggests that the Germany of tomorrow, forged with his hand, will be a greater Germany than the world has ever known: "Today there are 80,000,000 Germans in Europe. Our foreign policy will stand the test only if in a hundred years there will be 250,000,000 Germans."

In view of his dream and his policy, a new day has come to Europe. All hope in strong defensive alliances is gone; the League of Nations is a joke; it is a case of every nation for itself; the only law, if Hitler goes on, is brute force; the people of America should be thanking God for the Atlantic Ocean, and for a free church and press.

History repeats itself—especially stupid history. When the hour struck for Germany in 1914, a German general was awakened and told that war was declared; he directed the disturber of his sleep to Pigeonhole No. 6 in his desk: the plans for the War were there. Hitler's plans were written down years ago in "Mein Kampf." But the best-laid plans of mice and men have a way of going sour. . . .

THE BLOODY YANGTZE: The United Council of the Republic of China has been set up at Peiping. Just how united it is, and just how republican, is doubtful. But it is the first step in Japan's new program: the cessation of military advance, and the policing of conquered territory in North China.

Japanese diplomats say now that when Hankow is taken, the "war" will end. Hankow was supposed to have fallen on October first, and troops north and south of the Yangtze were "racing" for the honor of being the first to enter the doomed city. But the race slowed down. Since early summer the rate of progress has been a mile a day; the spearhead of the drive is nearly 100 miles from the objective today; at this rate it will take three months more. Meanwhile, the manpower of Japan is diminishing dangerously. Japanese losses in the Yangtze Valley since the middle of July have been more than 70,000; forty per cent of the troops are sick; at the recent battle of Tienchaichen the invaders lost another 5,000. Problem: will there be enough left to take Hankow? And what will they have, beside ruins, when they take it?

ENGLAND: All eyes, this past month, have been on a quiet, unpretentious Britisher who takes his walks every morning with an umbrella in his hand, rain or shine, and who flew to Germany to talk with Hitler and stall off a war. Mr.

Chamberlain is, of course, popular and unpopular; he is called by the warlike a coward, "selling the Czechs down the river"; he is also called the greatest apostle of peace of the hour. Of Chamberlain, poet laureate John Masefield has written these lines, which we suggest you cut out and pin up on your mirror:

As Priam to Achilles for his son,
So you, into the night, divinely led,
To ask that young men's bodies, not
yet dead,

Be given from the battle not yet begun.

That one stanza, written by the laureate (who for an annuity of "fifty pounds and a butt of sack" must write verse on order for great historical events,) is worth pages of the old jingoistic verse that we were fed on in our youth. Chamberlain at least has fought for peace; he will be honored for that long after we have forgotten who fought the war.

Meantime the world is wondering how much "peace" will come out of Munich.

AMBASSADORS: Dr. C. T. Wang has resigned as Chinese Ambassador to the United States. Coming to take his place in Washington is Dr. Hu Shih.

Readers of *Christian Herald* will remember Dr. Wang and his article, "Christ Is Capturing China," in the September, 1937, issue of this magazine. Son of a Chinese Christian preacher, he is himself an ardent Christian, an able statesman who has held a score of responsible positions in the Chinese government, one of which was Delegate to the Versailles Peace Conference. He has seen China rise from her lethargy under the Dowager to her present position; when the Dowager sought his life for complicity in the Sun Yat-sen Revolution, he was smuggled out of old Peking in the cold, grey dawn.

An interesting contrast is found in Dr. Hu Shih. He is of the younger generation that knew not the Dowager; at least she never sought his life. Graduated from Columbia in 1914, he has long been an intellectual leader among the young Chinese; his "Chinese Renaissance" is a literary classic. He has been pleading China's case, and pleading it well, before the League of Nations, for several years. An educator and a philosopher, he is tolerant, aggressive, and completely likeable. While we regret the passing of Dr. Wang, we know that no finer younger Chinese could have been found to take his place.

MOSCOW: Aside from war worries, the Soviet is disturbed over a habit. It is the habit the people have of saying "Thank God." Says M. V. Yudin, member of the supreme Soviet, "I often hear the best tank drivers, Stakhanovites, and others, casually say 'Thank God.' And this, in spite of the fact that the overwhelming majority of army people are atheists. Is it not high time to cleanse our language of these outworn expressions?"

It may be high time, but will the time ever come when you can get rid in a day, or in ten years, of a "habit" ingrained in a people across centuries? The man who crucified Jesus thought Jesus was done for, but Jesus wasn't. The Soviet thought when they made God an outlaw that people would never again mention his name. But . . .

TEMPERANCE

PAY THE BILLS: A whiskey ad runs: "No person should spend a cent for liquor until the necessities of living are paid for. Bills for groceries, clothes, shoes, rent, light, heat, doctors—bills such as these have the first call on America's payroll. . . . Whiskey is a luxury and should be treated as such. . . . but only when taken in moderation and only after the bills are paid. Pay your bills first."

That's a great idea. We rise to suggest that we have a national debt of nearly forty billion dollars; that it is increasing daily; that we have a liquor bill estimated at from two and a half to five billion. How would it be if we stopped drinking long enough to pay that one?

THE PROBLEM: There are 40,286,000 motor vehicles in the world, and seventy per cent of them are in the U.S. There are 8.6 automobiles to every mile of paved road in the U.S. Problem: How are we going to work out any intelligent scheme of traffic safety with wild, drunken drivers in such a jam as this?

What to do? Well, we can't abolish drivers, but we can abolish drink.

DER FUEHRER: This editor has never been accused of being a propagandist in the pay of Der Fuehrer. He is a propagandist against alcohol, and proud of it. This morning he ran across a news report that made him, for once, agree with Mr. Hitler. To wit: Says the Dictator: "The number of valuable men that alcohol has destroyed or disabled especially in our German population amounts in a century to many times the number that has been lost on the battlefields of that entire period. To that is added the shocking fact

that the effect of this poison is not limited to the individual drinker, but is transmitted to children and grandchildren. . . . And more in the same strain.

It is all a little strange, for we've always been told that "if the Americans could only learn to drink beer slowly, like the Germans drink it, it would never do them any harm!" Something's wrong, somewhere. And Hitler should know where.

SOFT DRINKS INCREASE: The consumption of soft drinks, milk and fruit-juice beverages, hard hit when repeal roared in, is now reported to be steadily increasing all over the nation. Between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 bottles of non-alcoholic carbonated beverages are being sold daily, it is estimated. This is a new high in these products.

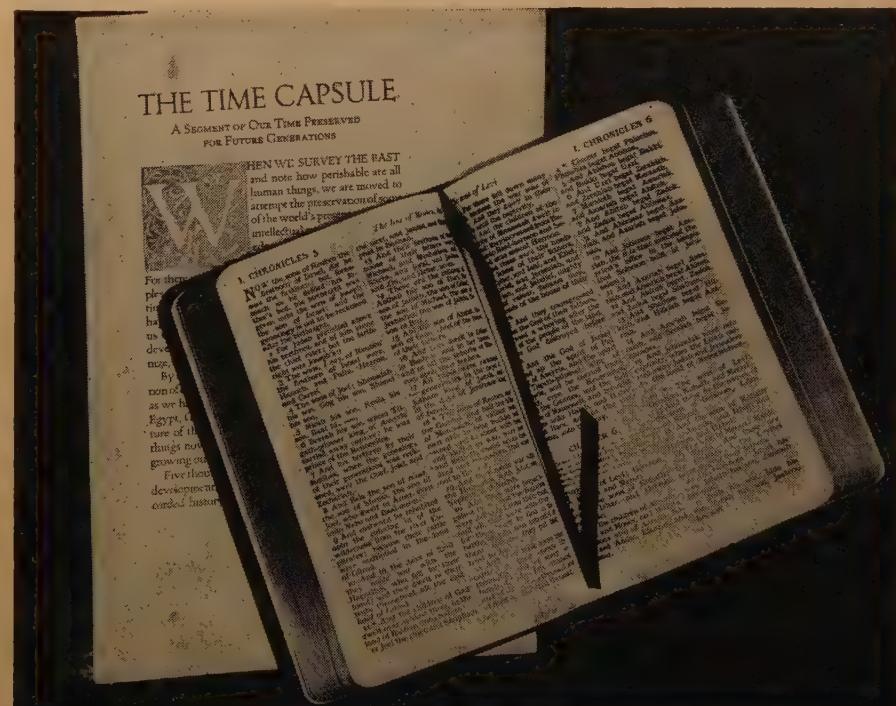
No wonder safety officials are breathing sighs of relief over the outlook for a positive upward trend in lives saved and in unused hospital beds. There's a reason for everything.

IN COLORADO: The Alexander Film Company, of Colorado Springs, has abandoned all beer accounts sacrificing an annual net income exceeding \$50,000.

They deserve credit for that, for they are one of the largest producers of advertising films; 6,000 cities are listed on their roll. They are one of the very, very few such companies to outlaw beer and liquor advertising on their screens. Film magazines, please copy.

IN ARIZONA: The Arizona dries, a few weeks back, filed an initiative measure for statewide prohibition. It contained 22,879 signatures, and has been officially accepted by the Secretary of State.

Immediately, the state liquor-dealers met at Phoenix and raised a campaign fund to fight the measure. It will probably be a fight, and the victory lies with



The Bible buried in the "Time Capsule" at the N. Y. World's Fair

250-31
Westinghouse Photo



Wenceslaus Avenue, in Prague, capital of unhappy Czechoslovakia

the interest taken by the Christian church members of the State.

To your tents, O Arizona! And to your tents, O North Dakota. The Consolidated Drys of Dakota have on file twice the number of names required to place a dry measure on the ballot this November 8th; they are campaigning to repeal the state liquor act and to restore statewide prohibition. We'll report on how successful they were—or were not—next month.

RESULTS: There is an impression around that dry propaganda falls on dead ears, these days. Not in Texas. Down there, a Baptist minister named Samuel N. Morris broadcasts twice a day on the evils of drink. At his home in Eagle Pass he has already received letters from over 1500 people telling him that his broadcasts have taken them off the boozewagon for good. May he some day go on a nation-wide hook-up.

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS: Kansas City will make religious history in April, 1939: the Missouri metropolis has been selected as the host city of the Uniting Conference which will merge the three great branches of American Methodism. Nine hundred delegates are expected to attend the most important Methodist gathering of the century.

The machinery of the union, however, is not waiting for the Kansas City gathering. Committees from the three branches have been meeting for the past year, discussing just how missions, church extension, hospitals and homes, evangelism, temperance and social service will be handled under the one big church. Most prominent in the suggested changes for the new set-up will be a discontinuation of the Board of Hospitals and Homes of

the M. E. Church and a concentration of its work under the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension; a joining of deaconess work with the women's activities of the Church; the formation of a "supreme court" of supreme judicial authority to ratify or nullify the acts of the General Conference and to judge appeals.

A Methodist Youth Conference, with representatives from the three Methodist churches, met last month at Boulder, Colorado. Their actions, decidedly liberal, included resolutions urging: the Oxford Pledge on peace (pacifist); a National Youth Congress of Protestants, Catholics and Jews; opposition to a united front with the Communists, to race discrimination, and to Negro segregation in the United Church.

BEST SELLER: The Bible holds its own as the world's best seller and most-read book. Two news items verify that, this month. The Gideons, who stock the hotel rooms of the United States with Bibles, report that they have placed 85,000 volumes of Scripture during the past year; that is the best Gideon record since 1928. Backed by a membership of 10,000, they are now putting Bibles into penal institutions, hospitals, public schools and libraries as well as in hotels. They are now considering a proposal for more colorful binding of the Gideon Bible.

News also comes of Bible translations in seventeen new languages during 1937, making a total of 1,000 languages in which the Good News is written. Forty years' effort has produced a Zulu Old Testament; the Belgian Congo now has a translation in Otetela, and St. Luke has been put in the vernacular of the Quechua Indians.

LUTHERANS: Church bodies all over the country are watching an interesting Lutheran experiment at St. Olaf College, where the Norwegian Lutheran Church

has set up a denominational radio station. On the air approximately thirty hours a week, station WCAL has a broadcasting radius of 700 miles, to keep in touch with its people in the Northwest. Broadcasts are in Swedish, Danish, German and Finnish, and cover missions, Christian education and charities. It is interesting to note that the Norwegian Church has done this not as a flash-in-the-pan attempt to "keep up with the times," but as a straight *missionary* adventure.

The American Lutheran Conference will meet at Racine, Wisconsin, this month; among its first actions will be the installation of the Rev. Frederick A. Schiotz as Student Secretary of the Conference. His job will be to coordinate the student service work of the constituent synods; he will reach literally thousands of Lutheran students in many Lutheran and non-Lutheran educational institutions. It is a tangible expression of the growing unity and cooperation among American Lutherans.

A 111-year-old minute book has been discovered in New York's Christ Lutheran Church. Among the items in it is a recommendation that the "members of the Church ought not to prosecute each other before a civil tribunal until they have first made an attempt to settle their differences through the mediation of their Christian brethren." We suggest that as a remedy, in 1938, for our over-crowded court calendars.

CONGREGATIONAL-CHRISTIAN: Dr. Eldon A. Ramage, of the Congregational Church of Newton, Iowa, is figuring prominently in the secular and religious press. Newton is the home of the Maytag Washer Company, in which a strike has been in progress. Dr. Ramage wrote an article to the effect that the strikers might have just grounds for striking and proposed a resolution to the effect that their demands be considered sympathetically. For this reason, it is alleged, he was forced to resign his pastorate.

Investigating the affair this fall will be the Committee on Moral and Social Welfare of the Massachusetts Congregational Conference.

PRESBYTERIANS: Dr. Lewis Seymour Mudge has been for seventeen years the stated clerk of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. Now he retires, at seventy. But Dr. Mudge is still too active—and too valuable—to stop work entirely. Hence we find him serving the Church as Acting General Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. May he live and serve long at his new post: the Church needs him.

Brith Sholom Congregation, in New York, has been without a synagogue since its formation six months ago. When Rabbi Schulman looked around the neighborhood for a meeting place, he found it in the Second Presbyterian Church on West Ninety-sixth Street. Says the Rabbi: "It is an inspiration to hear the transcendent harmony of unity in the religion of all good men." Amen!

Pedestrians near the water front at the corner of Lombard Street and Market Place, in Baltimore, may see an unpretentious lunchroom bearing the sign, "Mike's Place." It might suggest an alliance with the under-world, but it doesn't,

to those who know Mike. Mike Coscia, proprietor, was born over a saloon kept by his father. Came the day when he was converted in a Presbyterian mission; with conversion came a desire to preach. But he had no education, no readiness of speech. So, as a substitute, he placed on top of his lunchroom a huge spot-lighted sign, reading: "Lest you forget—The wages of sin is death." Thousands read it, daily.

Mike has another idea. He gathers old whiskey bottles, washes them, takes off the labels, puts a penny Gospel tract inside, and sets them afloat on the sea. He sometimes throws in as many as 2,000 bottles at once. They float to the ends of the earth; sailors have picked them up in the South Seas. Viva Mike!

BAPTISTS: The Baptist World Alliance meets in Atlanta next July. Fifty thousand Baptists are expected from all parts of the globe; they will discuss three main themes: world peace, the application of Christianity to world affairs, and evangelism.

Southern Baptists are surveying courses in religion in sixty-seven Baptist schools in the South. Aim: to standardize their departments of Bible and Religious Education.

EVANGELICAL AND REFORMED: When the War came, the Rev. Edward Zepp was drafted; he refused to fight in an alien land, was transported under arrest overseas and later incarcerated in Leavenworth and given a dishonorable discharge. Now he seeks, through his Congressman, to have the word "dishonorable" removed from his discharge papers. He sought the aid of the Social Action Commission of the Evangelical and Reformed Churches, and failed to get it. The Church, "by tradition not a pacifist Church," felt that the matter "might better be left to the individual conscience than made a matter of ecclesiastical precedent."

Unsuccessful though he is, Dr. Zepp has stimulated another skirmish in what seems a determined war to secure conscientious-objector rights for all Protestant churches and churchmen. Nearly every denomination in the country is facing the issue.

HOME OF ONESIPHORUS: Hardly Church news but news nevertheless was the gathering of the Home of Onesiphorus Association in Moody Church, Chicago, on October 27-30. It was the twenty-second anniversary of the Home; among the speakers were Dr. Paul Rood of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, President J. Oliver Buswell of Wheaton College and President Samuel Fulton of the Gideons.

In case the name, Onesiphorus, is strange to you, read Second Timothy I and VI. This was the man who took in the Apostle Paul when others were afraid to do it. He lived at Ephesus. The modern "Home of Onesiphorus" is in Chinese Shantung—a long way from Ephesus. But the idea is the same. This Shantung house the old Ephesian would love, for it has been sheltering and training helpless Chinese orphans for native Christian service for two decades.

PREACHING MISSION: So enthusiastic was the reception accorded last year to the National Preaching Mission that another will be held this Fall, Winter and Spring. This time it is aimed at the colleges; the Far West has been covered in October, and the remaining dates and colleges are as follows: October 23-8, U. of Kansas; Oct. 30-Nov. 4, U. of Iowa; Nov. 6-11, U. of Illinois; Nov. 13-18, U. of Nebraska; Nov. 20-23, Kansas State; Nov. 27-Dec. 2, Tuskegee; Dec. 5-8, U. of Pennsylvania.

Among the leaders we read the names of Dr. Stanley Jones, "Sam" Higginbottom, Dr. Arthur Kinsolving, Dr. George Buttrick, and Mrs. Harper Sibley. With such leadership as this, the Mission is sure to produce results: watch for an article in a forthcoming issue of *Christian Herald* telling you of what happened.

ministration had devoted the first three years to laying political and economic foundations, but that its next three years will be devoted to "a spiritual revival among the Filipino people."

The man Quezon is worth watching.

EDUCATION: The school books we grew up with were rather deadly books; we never sneaked them under our pillows at night, as we did Nick Carter. All this is to be different now, if the authors of "A Living Grammar" have their way. The authors have put out a book that will teach New England children their grammar in sugar-coated, easy doses. For instance: (quote):

"NOUNS are just names for things,

As rice, and birds, and snow, and rings. . .

PRONOUNS take the place of nouns,

As she for woman, they for clowns,

ADJECTIVES describe the nouns,
As quacking ducks, and pretty gowns. . .

Strong-feeling words are Ouch! and Oh!
They're INTERJECTIONS: Ah! Bah!
Lo!"

Well, it can't do any harm. (Pardon;
Can't is ungrammatical!)

MEDICINE: Socialized Medicine has been giving the medical profession nightmares and day-dreams for some months now. At first, the American Medical Association opposed Federal interference with the profession unequivocally. At a meeting in Chicago this week, the A.M.A. gave a bit. It unanimously approved a government proposition to spend up to \$850,000,000 a year of Federal funds on Federal medical aid . . . provided that the doctors themselves should spend it.

Significance: the question seems no longer to be whether the Government shall do it or not, but only to what extent.

LABOR

STRIKES: The International Labor Office (at Geneva) tells the world that the United States stands first on the strike list. In nineteen countries there were 10,267 strikes or lockouts in 1937, involving 4,223,994 workers. That represents, on the basis of a six-day week with an annual ten-day vacation, a loss of 167,509 working years. Too much!

Of these nineteen nations, the U.S. suffered most; Poland was second, Great Britain third. In the U.S., 1,860,621 workers lost 424,857 working days—more than half the total for all nineteen. There will be much shaking of wise (?) heads over that; much criticism of "American-labor-running-wild." But there's a silver lining to it. We still believe in freedom, in America; a strike may be better than the regimentation of those totalitarian states where a worker dares not say his soul is his own. It may be better to put up with chaos occasionally, in the interests of progress, than to call out the army to take care of industrial objectors.

Strikes are no fun for anyone. But, as it is remarked, in the October issue of this magazine, the American worker, strikes or no strikes, is better off than any other worker in the world. A regimented mind will destroy all that.

PHILIPPINES: Commonwealth President Manuel Quezon, of the Philippines, made a speech the other day in which he laid down the law—and some other things—to his islanders. Said the fiery Quezon: "We (Filipinos) lack the supreme courage which impels action because it is right. Our greatest fear is not to do wrong, but to be caught doing wrong. Our conception of virtue is conventional. We take religion lightly and we think lip service equivalent to a deep, abiding faith." He went on to say that his ad-

A Prayer FOR THE POOR

God pity all who have no fruitful reaping
This autumn day, their cupboards bare of food.
A hopelessness upon them, sad eyes weeping,
While others turn to Thee in gratitude
For granaries well filled and overflowing,
For bins heaped high, for cattle on the hills,
Have mercy on the ones so slowly going
Heavy with cares, and sick with many ills.



*By Grace
Nell Crowell*

God pity them. They have no acres waiting
In which to sow the seed when spring is here.
So many did their best, their brave hearts hating
The evil overtaking them, the fear
That walks beside them daily. Lord, remember
The ones who do not thank Thee in their lack.
Walk down the earthly highways in November,
And right the wrongs, and bring the lost joys back.
Surely there should be labor, and reward,
And gratitude in every heart, dear Lord.

November

1938

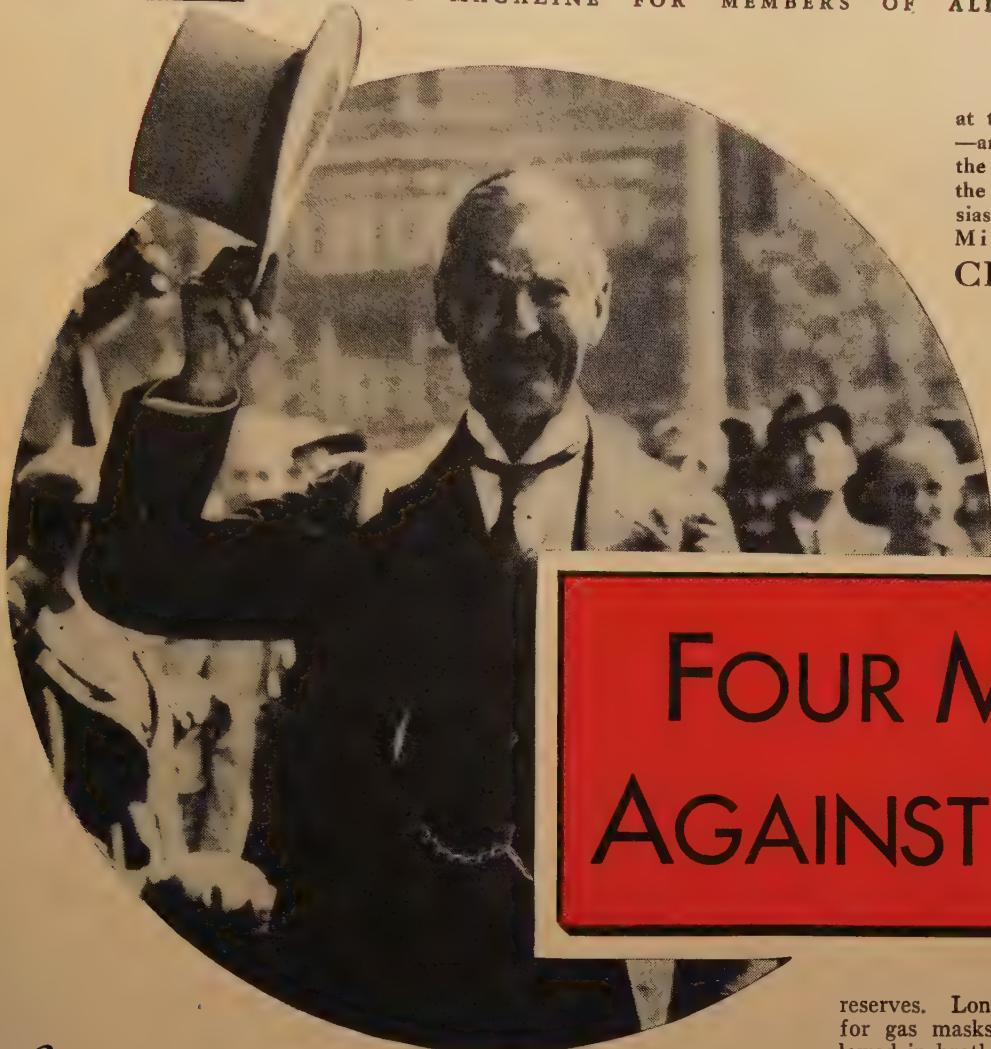


CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Overjoyed

at the news that their country—and the world—had escaped the horrors of another great war, the London crowds gave enthusiastic greetings to their Prime Minister, NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN



FOUR MEN AGAINST WAR

PHOTO WIDE WORLD

By RALPH SADLER MEADOWCROFT

AS THE last week of September came to its close, many of us felt emotionally worn out. We had been reading the newspapers with more than usual care, and listening to the special reports of the radio. One morning we were inspired to hope for peace. Before noon the hope was drowned in deepest pessimism as some new turn of events in Europe seemed to prophesy the inevitability of "war by October first." And by evening the clouds would part again, to reveal that total darkness had not yet fallen upon the world of men. By the time the Munich agreement was reported to us, only six minutes after four pens had wetted the paper with four signatures, and we knew at last that war was averted, we were conscious of nerves which had grown very tense.

That being true for us in America, it is not hard to understand the hysterical joy which dominated the peoples of Europe. For days a young wife in England, France

or Germany had been looking at her husband with the constant thought that possibly he would soon be lying on some battlefield, never to return to her. And then her radio told her that the thought was not true. He was not going to fight. They were going to stay together, and life was to continue without horror. Is it any wonder that the populations of Paris, and Berlin, London and Rome packed the streets, to shout themselves hoarse with relief, and to greet the leaders of their respective countries as saviors who had performed a miracle of vast significance?

So October first dawned upon a Europe delirious with joy. Startling prophecies were being made, that this day marked the beginnings of peace for twenty-five years or more, armaments would be reduced, and a mighty surge of prosperity would engulf the world. The financial markets rocketed upward with the renewed confidence of investors, and France began the process of demobilizing a million of her

reserves. London stopped getting fitted for gas masks. The whole world wallowed in brotherly sentiments. By those four signatures, the four realist statesmen of Europe had inaugurated the Utopia of Peace. Adolf Hitler entered the Sudeten land at the head of his triumphal procession, and, in a mood of large beneficence, even arranged to release the Christian saint, Martin Niemuller, from prison.

There was one city in Europe where joy did not abound. As dawn slowly tinged the skies over Prague, vast crowds of men and women stood in the squares of that lovely city, and with choking sobs sang their national anthem. Their country was being dismembered, and they were betrayed. But of the One in whose churches they worshiped, the chief priests had said that "it is expedient that one should die for the people," and this little nation today knew the bitterness of its Calvary.

But Prague was not allowed to dim the joy of Europe. Hitler, the "greater than Jesus Christ," as Dr. Goebbels has told us, had his triumphal entry; Monsieur Daladier who had torn up his country's solemn oath was not able to sit at his desk for the quantity of roses; Mussolini was hailed in Rome as the "peacemaker," and Mr. Chamberlain was acclaimed the greatest English statesman since Pitt. The

four leaders had made history indeed. It will ever remain a dramatic scene—these four men at Munich. On the very brink of war, they sit together around the conference table, and solve the problem without a single shot. Often it has been said that if only the leaders of countries moving to war could get together, they would settle the questions at issue without recourse to arms. This was the first time such a meeting has occurred, and the experiment proved itself. The picture of the conference room is worthy of a great artist, while the characters of the four men claim the interest of all of us. What kind of men are these four who set themselves against war?

It is perhaps here that we receive our first jolt back to sanity. The elaborate prophecies of a permanent peace grow rather hesitant in the atmosphere of Munich. Of the host, Adolf Hitler, it is hardly necessary to speak. In his years of power he has tyrannized his own people, constructed the largest armed force on earth, and proved himself a remarkably brilliant and consistent visionary. In his own book "My Battle" he has laid down the plans of his campaign. Thus far he has moved forward step by step exactly as he wrote in this book. Today, as a result of the Munich agreement, he is unquestionably the dominant figure on the European continent. Are we to believe that this man is now prepared to forget his further dreams of glory, and develop into a peaceful ruler of his own nation?

Benito Mussolini also looks rather strange in his robes of peacemaker. At this present moment, according to a series of special articles in the highly respected *Manchester Guardian*, of England, his soldiers are terrorizing the tribes of Ethiopia to such a degree they have transformed even the peaceful natives into rebels against the new Italian empire. Within the last twelve months his aeroplanes, with German assistance, dropped more bombs upon Barcelona in one day than were used over the cities of Britain throughout the whole four years of the Great War. It is reported that he is ready to withdraw the Italian troops from Spain. One cannot help wondering, however, whether this is not caused more by the desperate financial condition of Italy than by sentiments of peace in the heart of "Il Duce."

Monsieur Daladier has proved himself a hard-working statesman, who accomplished a thoroughly efficient job of the various tasks to which he has given his attention. But it is perfectly obvious that his contribution at Munich was secondary to that of Mr. Chamberlain, who has dominated the French foreign policy throughout the crisis.

Indeed, it is upon Mr. Chamberlain that the spotlight of the world is mainly centered. He is not very well known to the world, and many will be the inquiries as to his character and sympathies in the next few weeks. Rather surprisingly, he is also somewhat of a mystery to the vast number of English voters. His father and brother were long in English political life, and held distinguished positions with honor. But Mr. Neville Chamberlain was, throughout the larger period of his life, a business man in the family's city of Birmingham. During the war, Mr. Chamberlain was Lord Mayor of Birmingham,

and gave close attention to the eradication of slum dwellings, and matters of public health. Mrs. Chamberlain performed notable service in organizing women for hospital and social service work. Prior to becoming Prime Minister, he occupied two cabinet positions, those of Minister of Health, a lesser position which he elevated to front rank importance, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, where he proved himself a master of financial matters. In England, where the writer was throughout the greater part of these critical weeks, he is regarded with respect and a goodly measure of confidence. I think

composition of his inner cabinet of advisers. Throughout the crisis he has been in constant communication with three men, Sir John Simon, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Halifax, the Foreign Minister, and Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary. These men give reason for concern. Sir John Simon was the man who refused support to Mr. Stimson's attempt to stop the Japanese invasion into Manchuria in 1931, and thus dealt the first mortal blow to collective security. Sir Samuel Hoare had to resign in 1935 from the Foreign Ministry because of his part in the Hoare-Laval scheme to assist



it is safe to say that Mr. Chamberlain is a thoughtful, sincere gentleman, possessed of a keen understanding of present world conditions, and a strong determination to accomplish what he considers the right course to take. He is not exactly an idealist; certainly not in the sense that Mr. Anthony Eden most assuredly is, but he is a man of deep and fine principle. One thing that is obvious to all is his profound aversion to war. In his radio address of September twenty-seventh, he made plain to the world that he is willing to go to almost any length to preserve peace. There is only one fact which raises a question as to the rightness of his policy—that is the

Acme

Mussolini in his conquest of Ethiopia; while Lord Halifax, a deeply religious gentleman, has taken much of the blame for the conduct of Great Britain during the Spanish conflict. If a man is known by his friends, such advisers put Mr. Chamberlain in a rather sinister light as a defender of democracy and honorable peace. That England has not given final approval to the Chamberlain policy is made clear, not only by the unanimous opposition of the Liberal and Labor parties, but also by the resignations of Mr. Eden, and, on October first, of Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, the First Lord of the Admiralty and a staunch member of Mr. Chamberlain's own party.

These are the four men who at Munich signed away another nation to preserve the peace of the world. Frankly it is not an encouraging picture, and cannot merit the wild applause which it gained. It is significant that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull expressed their joy that war was averted, but refused to comment upon the terms of the peace. And, as we get further away from the decisive conference, the newspapers of the democratic nations are reflecting a growing uneasiness as to whether the peace is an actuality or an illusion.

But humanity all over the world has

pictures published several years ago, there occurred a page on which were several scenes of prayer. One was a British scene, a second showed German troops being led in prayer by their chaplain, while a third was prayer on the lips of Frenchmen. And the burden of the prayers was identical—it was that God would give them strength to defeat their enemies. Thus, in previous conflicts, prayer was used as a powerful aid to the propaganda machinery of the various nations, to inflame patriotism to that desperate heat when war appears the logical step for the citizens to take.

outburst of prayer in history. And the significant element was that all this vast petition had the same message. It was a universal cry to God to *keep the peace*. Never has such a cry ascended unto heaven before.

The result is without question. Somehow the national propaganda machines could not accomplish their work. They could not arouse a bigoted patriotism, nor stir the nation's hatred against the pre-determined enemy. Men simply would not see their brethren across the boundary as enemies. Even in Germany the sight of guns and troops taking defense posi-



© Wide World

THESE FOUR, Chamberlain and Daladier, (greeting each other on the facing page,) and Hitler

riding with Mussolini in the carriage, above, undoubtedly, by their conference and agreement, saved the peace of the world for the time being—whether it is permanent or not

grown desperately tired of uncertainty, and is seeking for some tangible result which can be a basis for lasting peace. And looking into the events of the fateful week there are two positive conclusions of profound importance to all religious people.

The first unquestionable fact of that week is the international significance of the power of prayer. Of course, it is not the first time in history that men have prayed during the days before the outbreak of war. On the contrary, there has never been a war when the opening of hostilities has not been heralded by an unusual amount of praying. The significance of the recent week lies in the kind of prayers which were offered. In a book of war

This time, however, prayer took the opposite direction. All over the world millions of people offered their petitions to the Almighty. In Westminster Abbey each day prayers were offered continually beside the tomb of Britain's "Unknown Soldier." The churches of Europe were thronged with men and women who knelt to pour out their souls before God. During a week of huge international hook-ups of the radio, the greatest of all was the one for the plea of Pope Pius XI from Rome. In our own country we were not only guided in prayer by the clergy of our churches, but specifically asked to observe a period of prayer during a busy day by the Mayors of New York and other great cities. It was possibly the mightiest

tions in Berlin was greeted in silence, and a huge rally arranged by Propaganda Minister Goebbels in the Lustgarten on the Wednesday evening, was significant for its lack of enthusiasm. It is not extravagant to say that the prayers of the world were one of the paramount influences in saving the nations from the awful horrors of war. Those prayers clogged up the schedule of war preparations—they simply could not overcome them.

This leads to the second fact which also results from the Munich agreement. As we have already indicated, it would be rash indeed to claim that the four statesmen did establish peace. But it is true that the deliberations which began September 28th, 1938, have given to the world an opportunity to bring a true and permanent peace into being. As Mr. Chamberlain stated so feelingly in his radio address, there is hope for peace until the guns begin to fire. And, even if the agreement is only a truce, it is still a great opportunity.

Moreover, if the religious and moral forces of mankind, expressed so forcefully in the prayers of the last week in September, could be so powerful a deterrent to a

(Continued on page 46)

Arnold knows the farmers who are his neighbors in Nebraska, and knows exactly what will arouse them.



YOU'VE got to give Frank G. Arnold's father a good deal of the credit. For when Frank was just a youngster, his father saddled him with the man's-size job of running his big livestock ranch. And the first principle of success he drilled into the kid was: "Pay as you go, Frank—or don't go!"

It was good doctrine, this cash and carry principle of living. As a matter of fact, this "Pay as you go" slogan is one that Nebraskans for generations have hung up before them right alongside the national axiom "In God we Trust." It is a principle woven right in with their religion. Peopled for the most part by sturdy sons of the soil, Nebraska has bred into these sons of pioneers the traditional thrift that comes naturally from long battling with drought and floods, frost and dust, grasshoppers and legislators and all the other pests that make farming such a gamble. A farmer just can't mortgage next year's crop to pay for this year's—simply because there may not be any crop next year! That's why, to a true Cornhusker like Frank Arnold's father, debt is a demon of very dark hue, scarcely more respectable than Satan himself.

And that's why, one Sunday morning back in 1932, Frank G. Arnold sat in the family pew in the Presbyterian Church at Fullerton, Nebraska, and found it difficult to keep his mind on the sermon. The pastor was expressing beautiful sentiments about the Better Land, where sin and sorrow—as well as those twin unavoidables, death and taxes—should be no more. "In the sweet bye and bye . . ." But Arnold, somehow, just couldn't soar with the sermon. Of course, as a good churchman, he believed in immortality and heaven, but he couldn't shake himself loose from the conviction that right here in Nebraska were things corruptible that could stand the putting on of a little incorruption.

Truth was, Nebraska was in something

The story of Frank G. Arnold, America's premier tax buster, and what happened when he began to investigate public expenditure control in Nebraska

By HAYDEN HALL

of a mess. The legislators, like the ancient kings that made Israel to sin, had lured the state away from its traditional thrift, tossed its "pay-as-you-go" slogan overboard, and encouraged it to flirt with such pagan practices of less godly states as bonded indebtedness, general property levies, and all sorts of "nuisance" taxes. Instead of the old type of "fear-God-and-keep-out-of-debt" statesmen, there had arisen a new crop of politicians with a talent for ringing in new forms of taxation without first ringing out the old.

The status quo of the Cornhusker state was, therefore, not a thing of which to boast. Having taken its cue from other states, to whom thrift was not so much of a cardinal creed, Nebraska had allowed herself to get pretty drunk on the new wine of the hey-nonny-nonny spenders, kicking up her heels and giving no thought to tomorrow. And in this slap-happy condition the boys with easy consciences were going through her pocketbook. To all of them the very birds seems to be singing, "Go feather your nest!" And the public, they were finding, would supply the feathers.

So you can understand how a Sunday morning meditation on this condition would affect a man of Arnold's instinct and training. It was a violation of all his

state had stood for, of all his father had taught him, of all the principles of good government that should operate in a section dependent for its sustenance on the caprices of the weather. And it made him hopping mad.

There's one thing about Frank Arnold: the madder he gets the clearer he thinks. So by the time he walked out of church that Sunday morning his fuming mind had presented him with an idea.

A few days later he met his friend E. L. Burke Jr., of Genoa, Nebraska. Burke was interested in forming for Nance County, of which Fullerton is the county seat, one of the taxpayers' associations then springing up all over the state. These associations, made up of indignant citizens, were mostly just protest groups. And their protests thus far had scarcely ruffled the serenity of the men in power. Their voices were the still small voices of obscure groups, and politicians are notoriously deaf to anything short of a shout.

"What we need, Ned," said Arnold to Burke, "is something more potent than just crying to high heaven. If we can restore good government to this county, the tax situation will take care of itself. And to restore good government you've got to put the fear of God and the voters into the hearts of the politicians. Right now

their only regard for the Scriptures seem to be an admiration for Claudius Caesar's practice of sending out a 'decree that all the world should be taxed.' I've got an idea. Listen..."

That was six years ago.

Today, Frank Arnold is known throughout the nation as the world's champion tax-buster. For six years he has been president of the Nebraska Federation of County Taxpayers Leagues, an organization which is credited with accomplishing prodigies in tax reduction and good government promotion in the state. And right now the depression-weary feet of the twigs of political economy are beating a hasty retreat to the door of this David who took a simple stone and slew the Goliath of debt.

What makes them agog with surprise and disbelief are the following facts: Nebraska has no sales tax; no income tax; no cigarette tax; no service tax; no luxury tax. As a state, it has no bonded indebtedness.

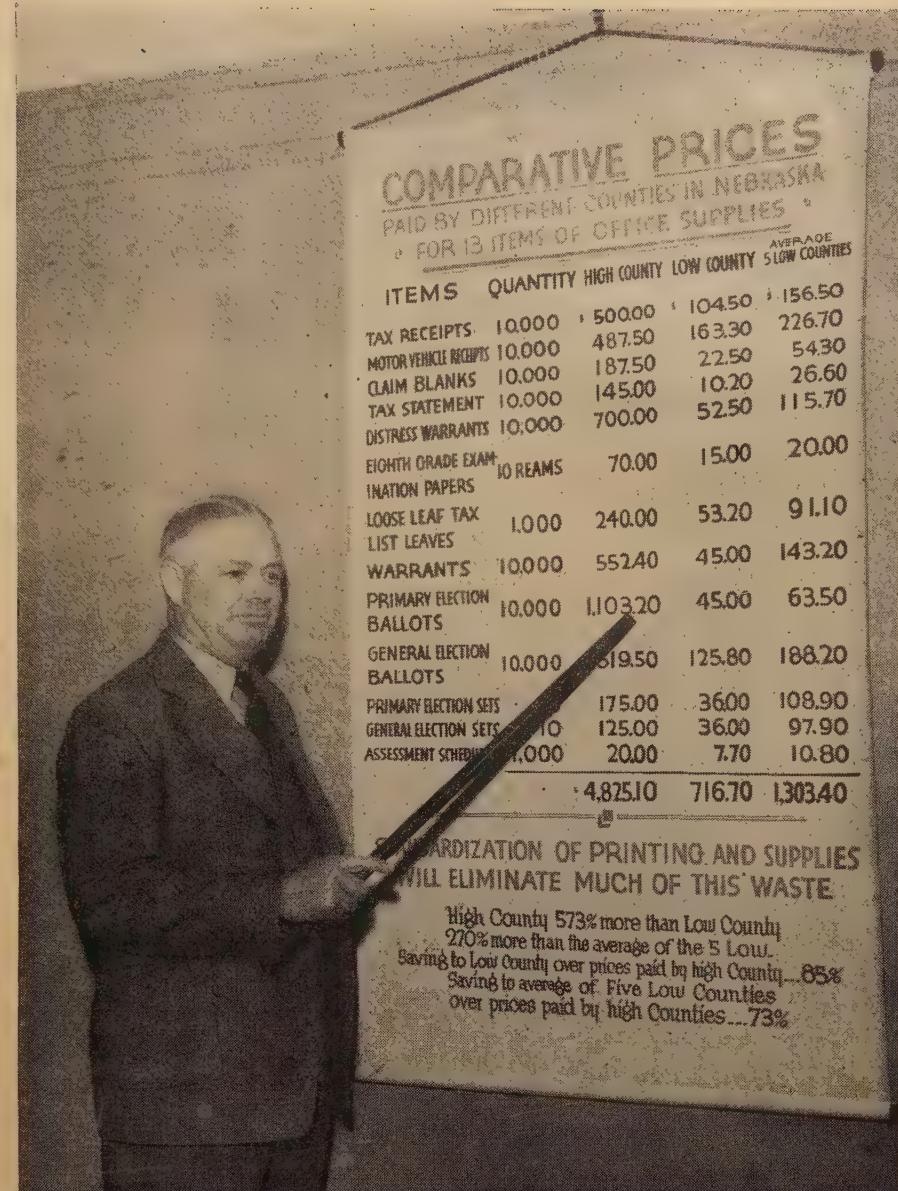
Nebraska, as far as state business is concerned, not only has a balanced budget but has a law that guarantees that it will stay that way. The state never borrows, for "emergencies" or for public works; its state constitution forbids borrowing; it levies no extra taxes to cushion the cost of government, piles up no debt for coming generations. It "refuses to mortgage its future, pays nothing toansom its past."

In the last ten years—depression years, and you—Nebraska has saved its taxpayers nearly 140 millions in general property levies alone, reducing such taxes 33.1 per cent.

And all this has been accomplished without any let-down in good government. Talk to an out-of-state politician about Nebraska and what has happened there, and the moss-covered comeback is: "No doubt, eh! Well, has it anything at all?" Nebraska's calm reply is to point to its 10,000 miles of hard highway; its university with a great plant and 7,000 students; the rating of Nebraska as fifth in the Union in literacy; the standard of living enjoyed by its citizens, as high here as anywhere in the country. It would seem that, not only has Nebraska not lost anything by this wholesale lopping off of taxes, but has thereby given itself an immeasurably better government than it ever had before. That, by the way, is one of the foundation principles upon which Frank Arnold operates. "Wise and careful spending of public funds," he says, invariably means good government. Waste, graft and inefficiency always mean bad government.

In a word, the Cornhuskers have recovered the creed pilfered from them by the politicians: "In God we trust—but we trust as we go!"

Everything that Nebraska, as a state, buys or builds—roads, bridges, buildings, public services—is paid for in cash. A shining example is the state capitol building at Lincoln. Designed by Bertram Goodhue, and paid for as it was built, this magnificent edifice is considered one of the architectural masterpieces of the world. But to the people of Nebraska it means more: it is a symbol of the state's great principle of governmental economy. And across the north entrance is a legend that most any Nebraskan will tell you can stand as a personal epitaph for Frank



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OF COURSE ARNOLD NEVER MADE ANY DIRECT CHARGES OF DISHONESTY—HE SIMPLY LET THE FIGURES SPEAK

Arnold: "THE SALVATION OF THE STATE IS WATCHFULNESS IN THE CITIZEN!"

Underscore that phrase, "watchfulness in the citizen." For this transformation of Nebraska into a solvent state, and one of the best governed in the Union, has not been brought about by any gypsy incantation or laboratory hocus-pocus. The ammunition with which Arnold loaded his sling-shot six years ago was just that simple stone—watchfulness!

Let's go back and do a little kabitizing on the start of this tax crusade:

From the beginning (be it said here in parentheses) Arnold saw the tax problem in its nation-wide aspects; Nebraska was not alone in its need for reform. But with the common sense that characterizes the plains people, he wasted no time and energy clawing his hair and wailing against the Washington wall. He knew that his only hope of curing the situation lay closer at hand; he knew that, since a large percentage of the taxes he and his neighbors paid were county taxes, the reforming had better begin at home.

Therefore, the first move made by Arnold and Burke upon coming out of their huddle was toward the Nance County court house. They had decided to exercise their constitutional rights as citizens by taking a good look at the county records, just to see if they could trace the whereabouts of tax funds which, as soon as they were collected, were mysteriously gone with the wind.

On the way they picked up another "indignantary," C. J. McClelland, an expert accountant who had had considerable experience in auditing the books of public departments. McClelland let his X-ray eyes do their appointed task, and they missed nothing, boring into the minutiae of the accounts and lighting upon those items that were questionable. And when Arnold and his associates examined the audit figures they discovered they had on their hands a very sick patient indeed. Waste, slipshod bookkeeping and plain incompetence had given the county exchequer a bad case of anemia. No wonder, said they, the politicians were asking for a transfusion by new taxes!

"Er—what are you boys going to do with all those figures, Frank?" the holders of public office wanted to know.

Concerning his intentions, Arnold was candor itself: "Why, we're going to publish them," he said casually, giving the officials a look that asked: "You certainly don't object to your voters knowing how you spend their money, do you?"

But when these figures were blazoned in the papers the stentorian shout that arose from the "sheep that had been shorn" still echoes across the Nebraska plains. It resounded in other counties

take loud notice when our morning paper informs us that old Bill Jones, for whom we voted last election, is buying gas for all his relatives' cars and making us, the taxpayers, foot the bill. Moreover, we are likely to get a trifle warm under the collar when we discover that our county commissioners have paid for a fine steel bridge that nobody can find.

Of course, Arnold never made any direct charges of dishonesty. He simply let the figures speak. Furthermore, to get his audit-surveys on an even more comprehensible basis for the voter's at-

and amount, paid \$32? In one county Arnold found, \$1 coal was being purchased for \$3.54; the same county expended \$785 for old age assistant warrants that could have been bought for \$100 or less.

Such are only a few of the skeletons he uncovered in county closets. As a whole his audit-surveys revealed unbelievably loose methods of auditing and accounting; the purchasing departments being the chief offenders; most of these showed slipshod records and requisitions, with the buying being done by incompetents in some case and in others by gentlemen too addicted to the bad habit of keeping their hands out.

And what was the reaction of the politicians to this fellow Arnold? First, apathy; second, belligerence; third, involuntary retirement on their part. As a class notoriously slow to catch on, they began by laughing him off as a pleasant and sincere fellow, but a breeder of unnecessarily loud noises. But when their constituents began asking them embarrassing questions, his popularity among the politicians became that of a porcupine. It got so that he and his auditors were dropping in on a county with all the unannounced suddenness of a bank examiner, and always in his wake there would arise a commotion that threatened to drive them from their places at the feeding trough.

Thereupon they began to deal with him after the traditional manner of their kind, offering him everything from blandishments to bribes. But he was sort of deaf on that side apparently. So the political crooks, habituated to the convenient custom of plunging their arms elbow deep in the public coffers, promptly lifted their voices in a great halloo: "You'll ruin the fair name of Nebraska!" they shouted. "How do you think the other states will feel toward us when they see those figures?"

But Arnold went merrily on his way, affable as a candidate for sheriff but business-like as a banker, showing his charts, lighting the fires of interest in efficient and economical government, stoking the holy conflagration to white heat, and prodding the apathetic to the polls with the statement: "Bad officials are elected by good citizens who do not vote!"

If genius is really the capacity for taking infinite pains, then Arnold is a genius of no mean order. You should see the infinite detail on one of those audit-survey reports! Every piece of public expenditure, from a nickel to millions, is recorded; every public employee's salary and his spending of county funds is down for all to see. Arnold can tell you in a flash just what this county paid for every detail of its government, and how it compares with any of the other counties in the state. And when the books are opened at one of the surprise judgment days he springs, all the boys with a flair for spending not wisely but too well begin to doubt their calling to statecraft.

The fact that the politicians have not been able to work any reparations on Arnold is due to two factors. First, his impeccable life. Like any reformer he is searched constantly for any character flaws that might be made to boomerang against him and draw the public spotlight from the shady little (Continued on page 48)



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THE BEAUTIFUL STATE CAPITOL AT LINCOLN, PAID FOR IN CASH AS IT WAS BUILT. THE LEGEND OVER THE ENTRANCE WOULD BE A SUITABLE EPITAPH FOR ARNOLD—"THE SALVATION OF THE STATE IS WATCHFULNESS IN THE CITIZEN"

whose taxpayers' leagues were struggling to make themselves heard, and the result was that Frank Arnold was elected president of the Nebraska Federation of County Taxpayers' Leagues.

And now he began his tax crusade in earnest.

He traveled all over the state, opening windows and letting the fresh air of publicity blow through the musty archives where county records were kept. He began the laborious task of listing every item of public expenditure in a county, from pencils and paper clips to the cost of erecting a new bridge or schoolhouse. And every taxpayer soon knew exactly what the various public services were costing him, and the salaries of those who administered them.

Right here we get a view of this man Arnold's canny knowledge of human nature. He knows the people who are his neighbors in Nebraska, and he knows exactly what will arouse them. In metropolitan cities where the men in public office are, to the most of us, as much strangers as is the dog-catcher of Zanzibar, the problem of a little discreet grafting on the side does not incense us greatly. It takes malfeasance of a steep order to make us do more than grunt. But when we live in a community where the holders of public office are fellows we've known all our lives, then we sit up and

tention, he began to make comparative surveys between counties. These he boiled down to charts, usually just simple tables shewing what one county paid for certain materials or services as compared with a neighboring county. Note, too, in passing that this is another example of Arnold's shrewdness. He knows that the average voter isn't easily aroused by gross amounts that are spent. But he can be made to grow wrathful indeed when he learns that Cousin Charlie over in the next county is getting a lot more for the tax money than he himself is.

And it was the small deficits and leakages that Arnold dramatized, especially those that occurred right under the people's noses and were due to a public official whom they addressed by his first name.

Fence posts, for instance, are an item of expense every farmer is familiar with. So when Arnold revealed that whereas creosoted fence posts cost \$12.50 in one county, fence posts of the same quality could be bought for \$1.60 in a neighboring county, what else would a citizen conclude than that there must be, not one, but a whole family of skeletons in this closet?

Again, wasn't there a sign of something not quite kosher when one county paid only \$6 for the printing of tax warrants, while another county, using the same form

MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

Friends of Mine

IT SEEMS a pleasant coincidence that I am returning to an old-fashioned monthly page in the Thanksgiving issue of *Christian Herald*. For Thanksgiving is an old-fashioned day—gloriously so! It is a day when gracious customs are revived, and old friends meet again.

When I started to write for *Christian Herald*, back in the winter of 1913, I was very young. I had come directly from the classroom to an office desk, and the thought of talking, on a magazine page, to a vast company of adults, scared me... What if they didn't like me? What if they thought that my brave hopes were childish, and that my shining ideals wouldn't hold water? I wrote my first few articles tremulously—and some of the blots on my copy paper were not made with ink. And then all at once letters began to arrive—such charming, hospitable letters that I felt as if loved faces were smiling into mine, and familiar hands were reaching out to press my unsteady fingers. Strengthened and encouraged by those letters, I began to call the people who read my articles by a common title. They became "Friends of Mine."

Friends of Mine! The very words waken memories in my heart. Beautiful memories of brave messages that arrived when I was lacking in courage, of praise when my self-esteem was at its lowest ebb, of sympathy when the tears were close. I named my first book "Friends of Mine," in honor of the *Christian Herald* Family. Of the two dozen volumes that have followed that first feeble attempt, every one has been written with the same family in mind.

"Friends of Mine" suggests Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving began when the nation was very new. It was started so that enemies, who had threatened the peace and prosperity and faith of a band of pioneers, might become friends... I often think of the gallant Pilgrim women who baked and brewed for a savage horde, and later served them! Those women must have walked in terror as they went quietly from guest to guest. And yet, their very tranquillity accomplished its purpose. Enemies were transformed into friends by the magic of their calm welcome.

Thanksgiving began when the nation was as new as a freshly minted penny. And, please God, it will still be our great occasion when the nation is old... I think that the celebration of Thanksgiving Day is insurance against the various brands of unrest and discontent that now beset us. Strife and shiftlessness and class hatred cannot exist very long in a land that glorifies the ties of home and friendship.

Thanksgiving is a day when, unashamed, we can count our blessings—both small and large. In this age of sophistication it often comes easier to protest and to be little than to offer praise, but on Thanksgiving Day sophistication is swept into the

dustbin, where it belongs. Folk who would ordinarily hesitate to lift their voices openly in prayer, do so as a matter of course. Other folk, who have forgotten that prayer is medicine and balm to the weary spirit, find that awakening and Thanksgiving go together.

Upon this Thanksgiving Day, as I count over my own blessings, I find that my return to *Christian Herald*, on a monthly basis, is one of them! Sixty days is too deep a chasm to put between friends. It is too hard to bridge such a gulf in a simple way... Articles that are written across a long space of days are apt to become essays rather than intimate chats!

Friends of mine, on this old-new page I shall try to recapture something of the personal feeling that existed between the

My Letter of the Month

THIS letter comes to me from a small town in New York State:

I am a village postmistress and—though this may seem a dry and commonplace task to some people—to me it is crowded with interest and excitement. For when I sort mail and distribute it, I am touching the wheel of destiny and helping to shape lives. Every day I see and hear expressions of joy, of sorrow, of expectation and of disappointment.

A mother exclaims—"Oh, it's a letter from Helen—she is coming home!" An-



Underwood Photo

HARVEST

Harvest is more than garnered, golden grain,
Harvest is more than orchards blessed with peace—
Harvest is that fine moment of release
When fires are lit and old friends meet again!



Harvest is made of laughter light as foam
That murmurs through the twilight, faintly sweet—
Harvest comes with the sound of eager feet
That cross the well-worn threshold of some home!

girl-that-I-used-to-be and the *Christian Herald* Family of twenty-five years ago... If you like something that I have put into the page, tell me so. If you dislike something, tell me just as frankly. If you have suggestions, I shall be eternally grateful for them. If you have confidences they shall be held sacred between us—if you so desire it. And if you come to me for advice, I will—if it is within my power—give you that advice freely and affectionately.

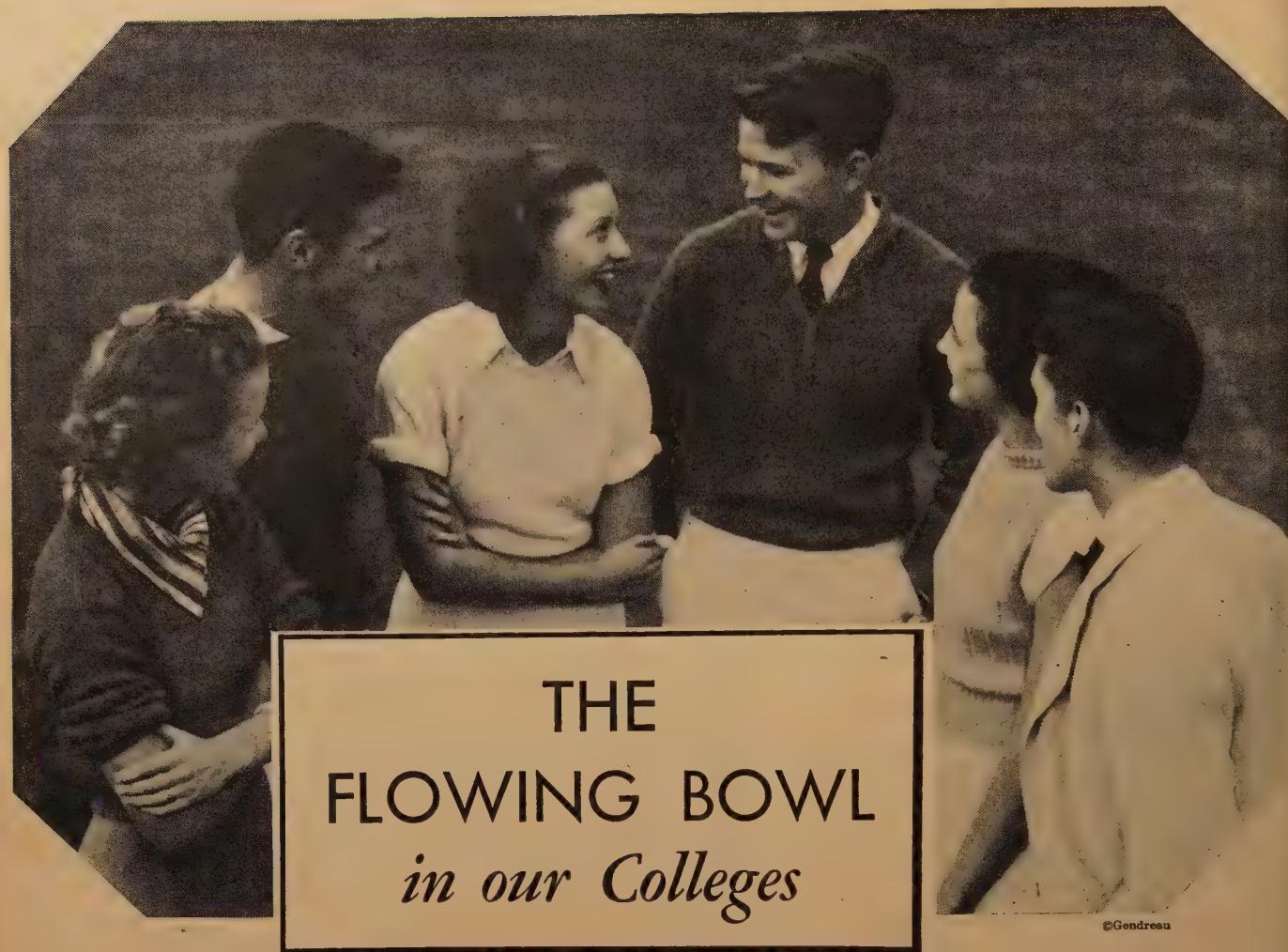
Each page shall have upon it one short article that has to do with real people—and with the lives they live and the dreams they dream. There will be a poem, illustrated by a photograph or a drawing. And last, but not least, there will be a single letter from a reader, which I shall call "My Letter of the Month." The letter—I promise you—will be outstanding in some way!

other mother turns away, whispering brokenly—"My boy has an invitation to a big fashionable house party—he won't be able to spend his birthday on the farm, this year..." A father cries—"That card was from my son, Leroy. He ran away to join the navy—we haven't heard from him in three years!"

So it goes... A business man smiles and remarks, "At last I have received the check that Mr. M. promised me... Now I can pay a few of my own debts!" A special delivery letter (which often takes the place of a telegram) brings the news that someone has passed away—while another special, coming on the eve of a holiday, contains a last minute message of affection and good cheer.

My job, as I said before, might seem dull to some folk, but to me it is an exciting book, with a new story printed upon each page.

L. L. K.



THE
FLOWING BOWL
in our Colleges

©Gendreau

F“FLAMING youth is out, whether my associates in the writing craft know it or not,” said Frederick F. Van de Water in the February, 1938 *Harper’s Magazine*. “Youngsters of 1937 no longer go to dances with gin on their breaths and sin in their hearts. They leave such vanities for the fuddy-duddies of my generation. It may be that my contemporaries’ free use of liquor has inoculated their offspring against it.

“Our juniors not only disapprove of my mild drinking; they scorn such frailty in their own ranks. At one of the juvenile parties which, it seems to me, have been in permanent full blast here ever since mid-June, one young wastrel, one adolescent brand in the burning, did loot from my icebox a can of beer. He drank it, too, without perceptible ill effects, but he might have been a typhoid-carrying leper from the way the rest of the party thereafter shunned him.”

In an effort to discover whether Mr. Van de Water had accurately pictured the situation, I went to American college student leaders, presidents of student bodies, editors of the leading college publications, and others who were in position to analyze the situation on their campuses to get the facts. Frankly and fairly these student leaders responded.

The first word came from Lehigh, in Bethlehem, among the Pennsylvania Dutch. “Student drinking is taken for granted by students, faculty and town officials. All drinkers drink because the

By

W. ROY BREG

Executive Secretary, Allied Youth
Washington, D. C.



crowd drinks. A few think it an accomplishment to be able to drink ‘straight.’ A few drink to prove their independence of parental guidance. The perpetual excuse for excessive drinking is that some relief is necessary from the pressure of academic work. It would probably be not too illogical to say that some boys like to consider themselves ‘men of the world,’ and a ‘man of the world’ has been drunk at least once,” this student commented. “A majority of the students drink. I would say that at least ninety per cent of the student body use alcoholic beverages when the occasion arises. In my own fraternity there are only three out of twenty-five who never touch liquor. I can think of no upper class acquaintance who does not drink on occasion.”

And confesses that the answer surprised even him!

“I know only half a dozen or so lower classmen who do not drink and their number is being depleted as rapidly as it is being replenished, if not more so. What the student drinks depends upon the occasion, the company, and his current fi-

nancial status. Because of its cheapness and omnipresence, beer is by far the most common drink. Whether there is ‘much’ excessive drinking is a matter of opinion. There is some excessive drinking. Drunkenness, though not an every-day thing, is far from uncommon. Students occasionally go out ‘beering’ with the sole intention of coming back ‘looping.’

“All student leaders that I know drink. At last spring’s house party, a chemistry professor, a Ph.D., a man who, because of his abilities as a consulting engineer, has an enviable income, went out with a senior and a graduate student to have a roaring good time. I am told by both the senior and the graduate student that he was headed for a master hangover the next morning.

“At our initiation banquet a year ago, we had two members of the faculty as speakers. Both before and after the banquet, the professors were taken down to the bar and treated by their students.

“Just before Christmas we hold our annual Christmas party at which humorous gifts are exchanged. A few years ago it was the custom for the receiver to drink a glass of beer for every present received. Now, cider is the rule but somebody always brings in beer. Last December somebody showed up with a gallon of wine, and so by midnight, the boys were playing football in the living room. Before things quieted down, at least one-fourth of the crowd had been sick and several had passed out completely.”

"In our living room mantel there is a hole made by a 45 caliber slug. The story is that a few years ago one of the boys was a bit tipsy and was examining the proverbial 'unloaded' pistol when it went off. If the gun had been pointed two feet differently, the fraternity would have had a corpse for a brother and a lot of plaining to do."

"A year ago a senior got thoroughly drunk with beer and decided to put an end to some of his 'enemies.' Luckily, someone had had the foresight to remove the cylinder and bolts from the firearms. I remember the incident most clearly, as it ended in a brawl of which I got the center and the worst."

"As these illustrations must necessarily be drawn from my own fraternity, please don't think too harshly of my college. I assure you, ours is a typical, even a more moderate fraternity than most."



Courtesy Galloway

Professor Lloyd Webster, instructor of health education at the University of Southern California, striking against the idea that the fight against the use of alcoholic beverages is a hopeless one, surveyed freshmen and sophomore men enrolled in health education classes and found that the majority revealed no particular scruples against drinking, with many indulging occasionally themselves. The *Daily Trojan*, published at the University of Southern California, said editorially: "This much is certain: college students are doing too much drinking. So far as this writer is concerned, it is not a question of 'narrow-mindedness' or 'broadmindedness'; 'bigotry' or 'tolerance'; 'priggishness' or 'good-fellowship.' It is popular to justify any kind of quantity of drink by lofty reference to these broad ethical questions which are supposed to be connected with drinking. People like to think they are demonstrating a fine urbane broadmindedness when they go about practicing the stylish ritual of cocktails. It's very smart, you know. "It is a fallacy of the most dangerous kind to attach the issue of tolerance and intolerance to a practice which destroys health, wastes time, befuddles the intellect, undermines character, disturbs the peace and wastes money. It is not customary to tolerate disease, and waste, and insanity, and stupidity—yet many people today pride themselves on broadmindedness."

edness about drinking. 'Live and let live,' they say. Most of these liberal-minded individuals will protest that they really do disapprove of excessive and habitual drinking. What they don't mind is that famous 'occasional drink.'

"Almost anything provides sufficient reason for celebration. And inebriation is now the only acceptable state of mind for a respectable celebration. The ritualistic, ceremonial element of drinking promotes intemperance on a large scale. No business deals, sales, purchases, conferences or any other transaction it seems can be conducted today without a preliminary round at the bar. Cocktails precede, accompany, and follow dinner. They precede the theater, concerts, sports events, and every other form of entertainment and recreation. Finally they are a recreation in themselves."

"The worst that prohibitionists predicted is coming to pass. It's time that reaction set in and particularly among college

students. It has not reached this part of the country insofar as I am able to judge." This from the campus of the University of Illinois. Continuing, the leader says, "Relatively, there is not a great increase in drinking among students. But there is much more than there was in prohibition days; there is more evidence of drinking among the freshmen this year than formerly and there is much more evidence of drinking on the part of women students than before prohibition, or during prohibition days."

At Syracuse University, the rule is: "Intoxicating liquors must not be brought into the house. Any student entering the house under the influence of liquor should be reported to the university authorities." —Student Desk Book.

A Syracuse University student says: "We've got a regular brewery up at our place," meaning, of course, that there was lots of drinking going on. "I believe most of the students drink to a certain extent. I also believe that most of the approved houses for men students find it very unprofitable to abide by the rules



The Grill at Northwestern, and, left, a game in the great Yale Bowl, one of the greatest of our football stadiums

students."

The publishing of the *Daily Trojan* editorial brought forth a number of letters, from one of which I quote:

"When drinking among students reaches such a high that one cannot drop into a Los Angeles café after 11 o'clock in the evening without running into drunken students (not solely from this university) the time had certainly come when, as you said, a reaction against this condition should set in by college students. I am certainly against the chronic alcoholic drinking by young men and women one sees on Friday and Saturday nights. It seems that the worst fears of the temperance leaders have come to pass with the repeal of prohibition."

A report from Massachusetts Institute of Technology indicates that "the majority of students do not shun a drink, but neither do they feel that drinking should be a constant habit. At the larger school dances drinking is quite prevalent, and after exams most of the students 'loosen up' on liquor. However, very few students become intoxicated habitually."

"Flaming youth is out," said a Midwest student, "but I have not discovered the zeal as regards the liquor question suggested by Mr. Van de Water in *Har-*

mented above. Drinking is prohibited on the campus, of course.

"I believe there is a noticeable difference in the extent of drinking on the part of the upper and lower classmen," continues this Syracuse student. "The upper classmen drink more. The lower classmen, having more freedom than they have previously experienced, drink more, I believe, than they were accustomed to before leaving home. At the same time, they have not worked up to the extent the upper classmen have reached. The lower classmen, in general, are still a bit scared of drinking too much. Most of the upper classmen that I know drink."

The *Daily Princetonian*, Princeton University, in its poll of the new class of 1941, found that the drinkers outranked the teetotalers 281 to 261.

From Brown University comes the report that the situation there is nothing like Mr. Van de Water pictures. "By far the great majority of students here drink to some extent. Few of them get drunk, except very occasionally at fraternity dances, or one of the two major social occasions (Continued on page 55)



FOUR-FOOTED

THESE
drawings of dogs were made
by the artist mentioned in
this article, Mr. N. B. Hensley

A story of human traits in Animals that shame and inspire their human masters. By RICHARD MAXWELL

 HOW often do you hear some-
one say, "Why, it acts almost
human!" Of course, that is
intended as a compliment—to some little
animal. When an animal is observed to
demonstrate an especially keen bit of in-
telligence, or an emotional concern, we are
inclined to take it as something very un-
usual. We consider it more of a tribute
to the human race, than to the actual
brotherhood of all living creatures.

Every so-called "human" trait is pres-
ent in some of our lower animals. We
have no virtue that is distinctly and purely
peculiar to the genus homo, and by the
same token, there is no "animal" trait,
however vile, which is not found in cer-
tain members of the human family.

Some of the human traits of animals,
birds, fish, insects, etc., are well known to
all of us. A recent poll among college
students to ascertain the greatest trait
of the human race, showed loyalty to be
regarded most highly.

If I were to ask you what form of life
was best known for its loyalty, I expect
there would be little hesitation in awarding
that great virtue to the dog. Examples
of his undying devotion to his master, his

loyalty in life and death are common. There was the famous case of "Shep." His master told him to wait for him outside the door of the hospital in which he was going for an operation. The operation was fatal—the boy was taken out another door—but Shep remained at the front door for eleven years. He died there, faithful to his trust. Many a loyal dog has refused to leave the grave of his master, and pined away in loneliness.

There are many other human traits in our dog friends. The first dog I ever had, half fox hound and half English setter, would greet any member of the family with as broad a grin as any person, and after a long absence, almost became hysterical with delight. "Jack" was quite a diplomat, too. I remember when he was getting old, and had lost the desire to romp and play, a neighborhood pup was trying to rouse him to action by nipping him on the tail. The old dog stood just so much of it, then tucked his tail under him and sat on it. That was that!

One day when I was hunting, and it was almost dark, Jack "treed" a skunk in a small pile of brush near the banks of a stream. When I got close enough

to see what he had, I "sicked" him on the skunk. Now Jack was an old hand with these fellows, and wasted no time. He made one leap for the skunk, grabbed him in his powerful jaws, and gave one tremendous shake. As quickly as he had seized the skunk, he dropped him, and in four huge jumps, head-longed into the creek. After swimming around in a few moments, he crawled up the bank, and sniffed around in amazement. The air was still as sweet as new-mown hay. He had broken the skunk's back instantly. However, he had not waited to ascertain that fact. He was taking no chances. But I never saw a sillier expression on any person's face than the old hunting dog had on his when he crawled out of that creek.

Not all of a dog's keen perception is confined to his nose. All I needed to do was to drive past our house in our car to bring Jack out of the back yard—a yelp with every leap. He knew the sound of our engine, and could not be fooled. If I was being extremely secretive for one reason or another, and attempted to "coast" by the house, the few individual squeaks of our car would always betray me to the loyal hound. Of course, it was next to impossible to leave home in the car without him. Furthermore, he liked speed. Once you had attained a speed of forty miles an hour, he would stick his head out and around to the side of the windshield, sniffing the fast-flying scenery with the greatest delight. If you reduced speed ever so little, Jack would pull in his neck, look very glum, and reproach you with little soft yelps and distressed whines, until you resumed speed again. Then he was content.

One of the most intelligent dogs I ever knew was a great big over-grown Chesapeake Bay Retriever, "Sandy." He arrived in New York at the age of three months, and here I kept him for two more. Then he had grown too large for a small apartment, so I took him to our home in Ohio. After a few days, I returned to New York, and resumed broadcasting. Of course, Mother always listened to me, and the radio was turned on. At the first sound of my voice, the big five-month-old pup gave one yelp, hurled himself right through the screen door and into the living room, upsetting the radio. He thought his master had returned.

Although Sandy was just a pup, he was most alert mentally. He would play hide and seek with the children—with the added advantage that he couldn't be fooled. He would hide in the bushes, or around the corner of the house, just like any one of them, crouching low, and never moving a muscle. When he was "spied," he would run for home—and always get there first, too. When he was "it," he would put his head on his paws, close his eyes (frequently peeking), and wait until they called ready. Then he would hunt

LOYALTY

them out. It was too easy for him, though—he smelled them long before they could be seen.

When eight months old, Sandy gave us a grand example of human reasoning, and a sense of responsibility. We had a cat—that is, our housekeeper did—and Sandy knew that cats were in good standing around our house. There had been a litter of kittens located in the neighborhood. One by one the triumphant children had carried the whole litter home to mother. One by one, the dismayed mothers had thrown kittens out of their houses—bag and baggage. Nobody wanted them, except the motley assortment of dogs in the district. They bore down on the poor little half-blind kittens in a body. Three of them were killed instantly, and the fourth arched its back, and intuitively hissed at its age-old enemies. For a moment, the dogs hesitated. We heard the commotion, and rushed to the window in time to see our big retriever come bounding into the midst of dogs and cats. With a roar, he scattered the smaller dogs, picked up the tiny kitten—which by this time had collapsed from fright—and carried it in his mouth over to our front door. Here he put the kitten down while he barked for us to open the door. When we opened it, he calmly stalked in and deposited the half-paralyzed kitten on the rug. Of course, we took the little waif in, and the dog and cat grew up into inseparable friends.

We had many such examples of Sandy's "human" intelligence. Mother used to play a recording frequently, on which I sang, "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Sandy heard it often. Later I brought him back to New York. He was sleeping over in a corner



THIS Belgian shepherd dog grew up with the baby, and remained a loyal friend and protector until death separated them

of the room, and the radio was turned low. A tenor came on the air singing the same piece. The dog pricked up his ears, raised his head, and looked at me. Apparently he was not satisfied, for he whined, rose to his feet, and deliberately walked across the room to where I was sitting. After sniffing of me to make certain I was there, he went over to the radio, listened and looked into it intently, and then returned to his corner. Who can tell what he thought in those few moments?

Every boy should have a dog. From the friendship and companionship they develop come the greatest lessons of life—those of mutual sacrifice, protection, loyalty and love. Who doesn't love a dog? One of my friends told me of his "Pooch." May I tell the story to you in verse—or is it just "doggerel?" (Read the poem "Pooch" on page 26.)

Seth Parker used to have a feist of miscellaneous background called "Pealer." He looked like a cross between a Boston bull, a Scottie, and a dachshund—if you can imagine such a creature. Pealer loved to play with the children, and take an active part in their little games. When they went swimming he went in, too; when they played ball he did his best to be one of them—not always to advantage either.

His chief delight was in sliding down the children's slide in the yard. Pealer would line up with the youngsters, awaiting his turn. When his chance arrived he would scramble up the steps, sit down on the slide, and away he would go. He enjoyed the trip down as much as the best of them, too.

Moreover, he hated to be left home. If you put on your hat to go and did not invite him, his head dropped and he looked sad and hurt—very hurt. If you picked up a handbag or suitcase, his head would drop low, and with his tail between his legs, and he would half crawl out of the room, his head almost scraping the floor. Poor Pealer—he was so, so easily offended. Don't you know people just like that?

Dogs have a great sense of obedience and honor. Many a time have I put down a sandwich I was eating and said, "Don't touch it" to good old Jack. Then I'd go away for a few minutes. When I'd return he'd still be eyeing it—long slobbers hanging from his mouth, but he never touched it unless I gave him permission. Incidentally, I never remember whipping this dog, either.

A friend of mine had a certain chair in his house he called the "naughty chair." If his dog had disobeyed or had been naughty, he would say, "get in your naughty chair" to him and a very humiliated dog would climb into it. There he would stay until the ban was lifted and he was again in good favor. Although it was a perfectly good comfortable chair, the dog avoided it like a pestilence. It meant disgrace to him, and he never went near it except when penalized.

Yes, our little four-footed friends feel shame and disgrace, disappointment and neglect—our uncomfortable emotions—often as keenly as we do.

Not all our human virtues are confined to dogs. One of the most stirring tales I ever read told of one of our prominent society ladies up in Canada, hunting moose. The party came upon a large bull moose, with a cow and calf. The three moose scented them first, and started to run. The calf was so young and wobbly on its new-found legs, that it could scarcely move faster than a person could walk. Of course, they were soon overtaken. So the bull moose planted himself in the path of the hunting party and waited. As the huntress drew near she stopped, took aim and fired at the big bull. She hit him, but did not succeed in mortally wounding him. Off he ran after his fleeing family. When he caught up with his cow and calf, he slackened his speed, still staying behind. Again the eager hunters caught up with them, and again the big bull fell back to cover their retreat. The brave huntress aimed and fired again. At the impact of



THE collie waited at the hospital door for his master, who never came back

the bullet, he fell to his knees—but was up in a moment. Off he bounded for the second time, the blood gushing from his wounds. Still he might have escaped and saved himself—but no. Again he slowed up when he reached his little family. When the dainty lady came close enough for another shot, the bull fell back once more to guard his cow and his calf—to draw the fire to himself. This time the bullet took deadly effect, and the big bull moose dropped, never to rise again. Could any human being have shown a more noble spirit, than this animal father in defence of his family? Whose virtue was the nobler—human or animal?

We used to have an old hen that tried to mother chickens almost as large as she was. At night, forgetting them temporarily, she would go to roost with the others. One plaintive peep out of the great big "babies", down she would hop, and cluck her way back to them. They all huddled around her and everybody was happy. She overflowed with our "human" maternal instinct.

Once my nine-year-old visiting cousin attempted to catch a little baby chick. The courageous hen chased him all the way around the house and right up on the porch into the kitchen—the tearful boy sobbing breathlessly, "That old pick!" Not all courage is confined to the big and powerful; not all human virtues to human beings.

One spring, along in the early evening, we were disturbed by a peculiar "tick-tick" constantly sounding at intervals—coming from somewhere below us in our home. When we went into the basement to investigate—it ceased. Finally, father waited quietly in the cellar—and the secret was out. It was done by a robin. It came to the cellar window, flew down into the box-like opening, and pecked on the glass with its beak. Night after night, it returned, always at dusk, and pecked at the glass window. We opened the window—it would not venture in. All summer it returned to its twilight vigil until the fall, then it flew south. With the return of spring our forlorn robin was back again each evening vainly attempting to break through the cellar window glass. It was so persistent—so hopeless, so futile. What did it want? The only plausible explanation we could figure out was that a cat must have caught its mate and jumped down there with it. The frantic mate had returned night after night in the vain hope of finding her lost love. Evidently it was as deep a devotion and loyalty as is given to human mates,

over whose bowed heads, godly words are uttered to sanctify their love.

We may learn many lessons from our little non-human friends, too. Before me is a letter from one of the listeners to my daily radio broadcasts, a young artist. He had lost his business, his wife, and his little girl in the Midwest, and had come to New York, terribly discouraged. Faith in God and in himself were gone. One day he sat in his room in the Sloan House Y.M.C.A. at 34th Street, looking out the window: no family, no job, and no prospects of one. He had only seventy-five

spair. As he looked up, he saw a tiny bird fly up and light on an arch just outside his window. It began to sing. He could see the cold wind blowing its little feathers up. Standing there in the snow, first on one foot, then on the other as it drew one up against its little body for warmth, it held its head high and poured out its tiny song.

The young man reached for one of the crackers on his table—to feed the bird. When he looked back, the motion had frightened it, and it was gone.

What did it have to sing for—thought the artist. The ground was covered with snow, and it had no idea where its next meal was coming from either. Yet it sang with its head up. The picture was so strong in the artist's mind, that he made a little sketch of the bird as he had seen it, then another as he imagined it, among the flowers. He painted a little Scottie dog looking up at it, head on one side as if wondering what the bird was saying.

By this time it was the middle of the afternoon, and a little more hopefully the artist started out again to attempt to sell some of the dress designs he had conceived. Later that day, as an art director was glancing through his designs, he came upon the sketch of the bird, which had slipped in among the designs by mistake. It caught the fancy of the art director. He bought it, and gave the artist another small job to do. That was the beginning of a modest connection which has at least kept the man employed. How much of it does he owe to the little bird, singing while shivering on his window sill? I wonder.

I have drawn only on my own experience for these illustrations—and each one of you can add as many or more from yours. Many a man has thought more of his horse than of any human friend, and tales of such affection and mutual understanding would fill books.

Yes, we love our little earth companions for their "human traits." As another writer has said, "The average animal has character, personality and conscience, pretty much like the average human being. There is much pleasure in discerning these traits, and adroitly directing them." Their greatest value to us, however, undoubtedly is in their non-human traits. Their powerful intuitions, their keen senses and perceptions—many unknown to man—some day will be used to augment man's limited senses. This is a wonderful field we have scarcely begun to appreciate and investigate—but that is quite another story.



POOCH

By Richard Maxwell

He came to us an awful sight
Just a poor tramp—who had been white.
Hungry, tired, bedraggled, worn,
With eyes so sad, and so forlorn.

We gave him drink at our back door:
He gulped down food and begged for more.
We very sternly told him, "No,"
And said, "That's all, get out now—go!"

The stubborn dog sat down and whined,
He thumped his tail, his eyes just "shined!"
We told him that he could not stay,
We shooed and chased the pup away.

We threw a stick at him, and then
He brought it back to throw again.
He thought that everything was play,
Pretended it was—anyway.

He took possession of the yard
And over everything stood guard:
He chased a cat, played with the boys,
He barked and made an awful noise.

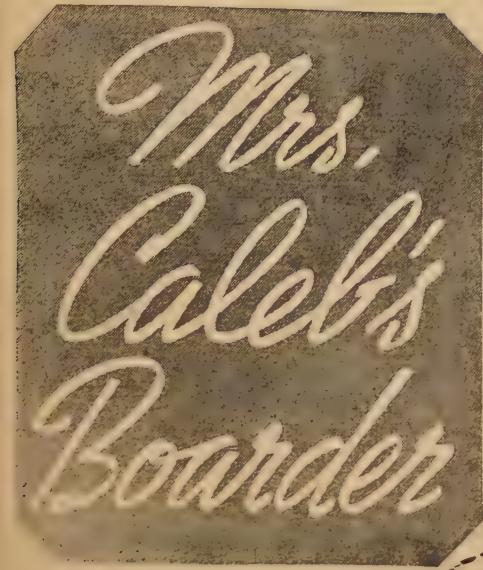
To shut him up we took him in,
And firmly said, "Don't think you win,
But if you only stay an hour
You'll simply have to have a shower."

The years have passed, one, two and three,
And still that same white pooch we see,
A playful, loyal, little friend,
We're glad he won out in the end.

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cents to his name, and fifty cents of that would go for his room: then what?

Outside the snow was falling. Suddenly a large object hurtled by his window. A man several floors above him had just committed suicide. The hopeless young artist was tempted to do the same, and buried his head in his hands in utter de-



Arthur C. Baldwin

Synopsis: Bruce Hardy is a young minister in his first pastorate at Millvale, a factory town. He boards with Mrs. Caleb, a kind, motherly, but gossipy old lady. The town generally likes him. Among his supporters are Deacon Hart, Col. Knowles and his pretty daughter, Mary, Tom Moore, a laundry owner, and Mandy Peel, Tom's eccentric aunt. His only avowed enemy is Blair Clouse, landlord to the Spigers, a poor family. Bruce meets Sam Darnley, political s. In order to gain the good will of the young men, Bruce agrees to play baseball with them. He makes the catch which should have won the game, but voluntarily declares over-ran first base; and the game is then lost. Blair Clouse, son of the Squire, accuses Bruce bitterly. Now continue with the story:



[PART THREE].

BLAIR had gone on with the others. They were sullen and angry. As Bruce went on alone, a hand touched his arm, and someone said, "Good luck, Dominie. My name is Hoag, Stephen Hoag," continued the owner of the voice as he turned.

It was Mary Knowles' fiancé, he realized. He was a young man of about thirty, well proportioned, compact without being fat, possessing a blond mustache and blue eyes that twinkled in friendly mien.

"You certainly handed it to us today," he laughed. "What did you do it for?" "What else was there to do?" Bruce turned hotly, but careful not to lift his voice. "Keep quiet and get something that did not belong to me? I've got to live with myself and I'd like to live with an honest man."

Stephen laughed tolerantly. "Rather rough on the rest, don't you think? Those

boys would be mighty happy right now if you had kept still. You denied them happiness to be happy yourself. Why not let it go? It was the umpire's business. A player ought to take the decision and not kick either way it goes. Just think about that. Goodbye. See you later."

An easy nod and wave of his hand and Stephen turned off into a by-path. Bruce watched him for a moment before he went on. He was going to marry Mary Knowles, lucky dog. But if this was his way of looking at right and wrong, he would have more than one ruction with Mary.

"Hello, Pastor," Silas Hart clapped his shoulder. "I was looking for you. You got away too soon." Hooking an arm in his the Deacon kept pace with him. "We were proud of our Pastor," he chirruped, a catch in his voice. "I never saw a braver thing, never." He squeezed Bruce's arm lovingly. "That's the way, Pastor. A game's a game and win or lose, a man has to be honest if he's a Christian."

Bruce's arm answered the pressure but he did not trust himself to speak. He was conscious of many staring eyes as they went along. They were looking at him curiously, resentfully, mockingly. Ahead of them Bob was walking with Kathryn and close behind them were John Dale and Gwen. They seemed unaware that he was near. As he was leaving the diamond, Bob had said, "I suppose you had to do it, but the boys are sore."

Of course they were sore. Bruce paused, Silas Hart at his side, while the last of the crowd went on. The exhilaration of doing right under hard conditions had been replaced by a wave of weariness. He was feeling bruised and battered.

"I'm afraid I had no business to get into that game," he said at last. "I like baseball tremendously, you know, and I tried to think I could use it as a way of approach. Probably I was just kidding myself." His smile was bleak.

The Deacon eyed his Pastor solicitously.

They had found a seat on a little knoll covered with warm pine needles. Bruce looked very young in his uniform. He was kicking the turf moodily with a spiked shoe. The eyes of the old man glowed approvingly, "Look here, Pastor," he said at length. "Don't let anything that happened today bother you. You did right and that was enough. They know it was right, too. They won't think less of you on that account. You're playing the game straight and we all love you."

Mrs. Caleb and Silas Hart, veterans of a long succession of pastorates and great expectations which had too often been disappointed, were watching the congregation as it passed out into the warmth of a July day. Standing in a side aisle they had the air of shepherd dogs which had just convoyed the flock into the fold.

"Land sakes," observed Mrs. Caleb with huge satisfaction. "That would be a good congregation most any time of year. Ain't it a sight for sore eyes?"

"This is the day I long have sought and mourned because I found it not," chirruped the Deacon, his smile broad within the encircling rim of his white whiskers. "Look at those young fellows. It don't look as though what the Pastor did in that ball game hurt him any." His twinkling eyes took in Bob Wallace and Dan Spiger. "Bob was mad as a wet hen last Tuesday."

Mrs. Caleb compressed her lips. "I wa-ant afraid 'bout that. It ain't goin' to hurt Mr. Hardy none for folks to know he's honest. It was good advertising too. There was a lot of talk about it and I shouldn't wonder if some folks come today just to see what he is like."

The object of their attention was standing in the doorway where the human currents from the three aisles converged. His red head was bobbing like a channel buoy in the tide, conspicuous above the many heads and hats that in their turn were bobbing and bowing as they passed.

"It ain't his bein' so honest that's goin' to hurt him," continued Mrs. Caleb thoughtfully. "What skeers me is some of his funny notions."

The Deacon chortled. "I'm not bothering 'bout his notions. He's a good boy and a smart one and if he wants to do the Lord's work—"

"There she goes, the little minx," Mrs. Caleb interrupted in huge disgust. "That's what I was afraid of." Her eyes were on Gwen Dale who had waited until the people had largely passed and then approached the minister. Mr. Hardy was greeting her warmly and smiling into her upturned face.

MRS. CALEB watched them suspiciously. "I guess if Blair Clouse was here he wouldn't like the minister any better'n he did the other day. It beats all how foolish young girls are. Gwendoline's got more strings to her bow than she knows what to do with and there she is makin' up to the minister."

"Is Blair taking up with Gwen?" queried the Deacon surprised.

Mrs. Caleb nodded, her eyes still on the pair before her. "I don't suppose they're engaged or anythin' like that but Blair has been with her a lot. Mebbe it don't mean much, Gwen's flighty and so's he. He used to go with Emma Spiger, too. I do hope Mr. Hardy's goin' to be able to keep his head with girls."

As Bruce talked with Gwen Dale he was not unconscious of the eyes that were watching him. Mrs. Caleb's frank solicitude concerning his feminine interests had first amused him and then become something of a bore. It was annoying to have the most innocent conversation watched and commented upon. Perhaps there was a bit of added attention, a little extra in the way of smiles and looks for Mrs. Caleb's benefit as Bruce talked with Gwen, a mischievous desire to give that good lady something to talk about.

His face was innocent of guile, however, as later, he informed his landlady that Gwen was going to take him out to make a call at the Darnley's country home. "I was wondering just how I would get out there," he said in matter of fact fashion. "Kathryn and her mother have been inviting me, you know."

Mrs. Caleb watched them go with no lessening of her forebodings. Very trim and competent Gwen looked in her linen duster. She was bare-headed, her blonde curls bound with a blue ribbon and shining like gold in the sunshine. Dressed to kill under the duster, Mrs. Caleb gloomily surmised, as Gwen headed for the business section. Going that way just to show off, she grumbled to herself as she returned to the house. Innocent as a new born babe, that's what the Pastor was. Before half an hour passed Fannie Law and every other member of the church who had a telephone or a neighbor would know that the minister had gone out riding with Gwen Dale.

"AREN'T we going the wrong way?" Bruce suggested as Gwendoline passed two turns that would have led them to the open country. "I thought the Darnley's lived on the lake road."

"That's right, they do." Gwen was skilfully threading the heavier traffic of Millvale's downtown district. "I usually go this way. The pavement is better."

Passing the Squire's office, they were halted by a truck. At that moment Blair Clouse emerged and faced them without smiling. Bruce had not seen him since the ball game.

"Hello," he called as genially as he knew how, "how's the young man?"

"All right," said Blair curtly, his eyes on Gwen. Then he came out into the street and stood by the car, his foot on the running board. "How about a run up to Spa City tonight?" he demanded, ignoring the minister. "There's a good show on."

The girl shook her head. "I promised dad I wouldn't go up there again, not with you." Her smile took some of the sting out of her words but Bruce could see the angry color mount in the young man's face.

"Look here," he began.

"Sorry. We must go," said Gwen with finality starting her car. "That's the way with boys," she went on, her eyes flashing to Bruce's for a moment. "They never know when to stop. I went up to Spa City with Blair ages ago and he wants to make it a habit. He's only a boy anyway, —so young. I have made up my mind to think about more serious things." Again her eyes flashed to the young man at her side. "I was so interested in your sermon last Sunday, Mr. Hardy. It made me feel I must give my life to something worth while."

HER eyes were on the road and Bruce watched her with a young man's appreciation of a girl's beauty. She seemed very competent also as her gauntleted hands held the wheel. He wondered just how serious she really was, but his thoughts were disturbed by the memory of Blair. Bob and Dan seemed to have come round in a reasonable fashion since the game but Blair was more difficult. Like his father he was going to be a problem.

They were speeding along the lake road and Gwen seemed to be bubbling with happiness. "Don't you just love this car?" She pressed the accelerator and Bruce grabbed for his hat.

"That was pretty fast," he laughed, raising his voice.

The car went faster. Gwen's hair was streaming out from the protecting ribbon. "Daddy tells me not to go over thirty," she screamed, "but it is so easy to do more."

"You're doing more than forty now," Bruce roared alarmed, his eyes on the speedometer. "Hey, look out!"

There was a quick veering of the wheel and a scattering of squawking fowl. "That was close," the girl admitted, slowing up a trifle. "I'm always killing chickens. Daddy pays for them." It was evident she was highly amused over her father's quixotic behaviour.

The Darnley home was a fine old mansion canopied with high elms and overlooking a long lake in a broad, wooded valley. They called it their summer place even if they did live in it the most of the year. Sam had a small house in town, Gwen informed him, where he kept his voting residence.

Seated in the great living room, surrounded by colonial furniture, polished brasses in front of a huge fireplace, Bruce feasted his eyes on a rich array of books standing on white shelves and some well-chosen oil paintings. Sam's politics must

pay well, he realized, to maintain such an establishment; or perhaps Mrs. Darnley was wealthy. He hoped it was the latter. Uneasily, he was recalling Emma Spiger and the Squire's office, Spike Gregory and the rents that went from the saloon block to Sam. He wondered how much Mr. Darnley and Kathryn knew about all this and what difference it would make if they did. Why should some have so much and others so little?

Mrs. Darnley had welcomed them with a gracious friendliness that seemed to say nothing surprising in Gwen's service as chauffeur. She was of a stately, patrician type. Sitting in a small, straight-backed chair opposite him, Bruce noted the erectness of her figure, her well poised head and her quiet eyes. Then Kathryn swept in like a breeze, threw her arms around Gwen, gave her hand to Bruce and danced across the room to show her friend a box of china. A moment later, the two girls were back again and hovering like butterflies settled lightly on the divan before the empty fireplace.

"WE ARE expecting Bob—Mr. Wallace—before long," Mrs. Darnley's gentle voice interrupted Bruce's meditations. "He comes as soon as he can after bank hours. You know that he and Kathryn have an understanding." Her eyes turned proudly to her daughter. "She is a good girl, Mr. Hardy, even if she is my daughter. Mr. Darnley," she hesitated a moment while Bruce waited, curiously, "isn't so well satisfied. I don't believe anyone could satisfy him. He thinks the sun rises and sets for Kathryn. It is very hard for him to give her up. That is why we are waiting but there will be an announcement soon. Kathryn usually gets what she wants."

The mother's confidences were here interrupted by Bob's arrival. He kissed Kathryn, bowed to Mrs. Darnley and Gwen, and shook hands heartily with Bruce. "This is great," he boomed, grinning broadly on the company. "I saw your car, Gwen, but I didn't know the Domine was here, too." Again he nodded to Bruce. "I might have guessed it, though Gwen will pick up a good-looking man when she can." He turned to the girl. "Why don't you take me sometime?"

Gwen grimaced and tossed her head pertly. "That's the condition. He's got to be a good-looking man."

TEA was served and Bruce devoted his attention to Mrs. Darnley. He could hear Bob's booming laugh, punctuated with admiring squeals from Gwen and Kathryn's rich contralto. Bob was evidently telling them something thrilling. "A long shot," "big odds," "a killing—Bruce could hear tantalizing phrases, but missed the larger part in the smooth flow of Mrs. Darnley's conversation.

On the way home, he spoke to Gwen with careful casualness. "I heard Bob telling you about the horses."

"He won almost a hundred dollars," said Gwen in awe.

Bruce whistled. "Isn't that too bad?" Gwen slowed the car in order to look at him. "What do you mean, too bad? Bob was just tickled to death. You should have heard him laugh."

"I heard him," Bruce assured her. "Bob was on top of the world. I thought he



was because he was in love."

"I guess it was both." They had come to a quiet spot in the woods and Gwen stopped the car. "Let's stop and talk a while," she remarked softly. "Don't you think it is nice to get off this way sometimes where there isn't anyone to interrupt you and you can just pour out your soul with someone you can trust?"

She was leaning forward on the wheel, her eyes giving rapt attention to the road ahead. Bruce looked at her uneasily. He was uncertain to what extent a school girl crush might lead her and hoped he could keep the conversation out of dangerous waters.

"The reason I said too bad about Bob," he said seriously, "is that he won't keep the money. He will lose it on another horse. They always do. The thing is stacked. Poor Bob, I don't like his getting it in this way." He was going to add something about bank connections but a bump of caution restrained him.

"Oh, Bob," Gwen gestured disdainfully. "Who cares about Bob? Honestly, when I was talking to those two I felt like a moth fluttering round outside a window. You couldn't get near them. They're just wrapped up in themselves. I didn't count. Do you 'spose anybody cares about poor little me?" she added softly, an empty hand fluttering near his.

"Oh, look at that?" Bruce was excitedly pointing into the woods behind her and Gwen turned to look.

"What is it? O-oo-oo-ooh, a snake," she covered her face and leaned toward him. "Oh, Mr. Hardy don't leave me. Oo-oooh."

Bruce had quietly opened the door and stepped out. "Not a snake; a fern—a Christmas fern, a beauty," he called enthusiastically as he stooped down. "I'd like to take it to Mrs. Caleb for her garden. Have you got a trowel?" He approached the car and looked in carefully. "I wonder if there is a bit of newspaper," he suggested, absorbed in his purpose. "I could dig it out with my knife. Mrs. Caleb would be so pleased."

His smile was engaging but her face was stony. "I haven't a trowel or a newspaper," she said icily, "and I certainly don't want to dirty up the car with anything like that. If you will crank the engine, Mr. Hardy, we will go home."

But Mr. Hardy refused to be frozen. "I'll remember this spot," he said innocently after he had cranked the engine and resumed his seat. "Sometime I will come out and get it. I'm going to get a car myself, you know."

"That will be very nice," she snapped. Sitting very straight, her hands holding the wheel with unnecessary tightness, her eyes fixed on the road, she drove for several miles without speaking while Bruce, quite content to have it so, remained silent.

Finally she snapped, "I'm going to Spa City with Blair tonight."

"I thought you (*Continued on page 52*)

"Perhaps I can get our ladies to do something for Bill Spiger," said Bruce. "Would you give him a job here in the foundry?" Tom nodded. "Sure. Just happens that I need another hand. I can set him to work in the yard."



Alice in Wonderland



Aladdin and his wonderful lamp

HOW an inspired woman has discovered the remarkable response of children to lessons in ethics, fine conduct, and high ideals, conveyed by simple dramas in which they take part—lessons which become a permanent part of their lives

By

HELEN WELSHIMER

MAYBE you've been to a Children's Theater play. It might be that you bought two pink tickets because you wanted to give a little boy or girl you know an hour and a half of vicarious frolicking in a glamorous land.

Or maybe you just wanted to shed a few years and see Alice step through the looking glass into Wonderland, the Prince waking Sleeping Beauty with a kiss, or thrill to the perennial adventures of Heidi, Pinocchio, or somebody else whom you used to know between the covers of a storybook.

If you were there—no matter why—did you notice the rapturous quietness in the children's shining eyes? Did you catch the genuine triumph in their voices when the pirates were routed, wrong righted, and truth carried the gallant day?

Did you notice how critical the boys and girls were, how quick to appreciate sincerity?

And—

Did you realize that the youthful audience was acquiring a standard of ethics, fine conduct, and high ideals which would

DRAMATIZING and Beauty in the Children's

become a permanent part of its life equipment?

I took Peter, the neighbor's "bad" little boy to see the "Five Little Peppers" one winter. Peter has four brothers and sisters. He also has a habit of wanting to play tag when hide-and-go-seek has carried the family vote, and crying when his mother bakes the potatoes instead of mashing them.

Teaching Peter a lesson pictorially wasn't any part of my plan. I merely meant to entertain him with the story of Phronsie, Polly, Joel and all the other little Peppers working as a family unit.

Peter was quiet as we walked home. At his own door he said: "Gee, those kids got along swell together, even if they were brothers and sisters, didn't they?"

Peter had noticed that you're happier when you cooperate. His mother had told him so, his father had tried to spank the knowledge into him, his Bible School teacher had lectured, even the minister had mentioned the fact in the pulpit.

But the play, a make-believe world which he had watched with no interference on the part of grownups, had shown him. He had identified himself with the group, so he had to play their way!

The drama is the simplest and most effective method by which to work out the principles of Christianity in the lives of children, according to Clare Tree Major, founder of the Theater for Children and recognized as the world's foremost au-

thority on drama for children. More and more this opinion is being shared by religious leaders. Each week Mrs. Major receives an increasing number of calls to bring her plays for children to churches and religious groups.

"The Church must encourage the adoption of the fine ethics of living which Christ taught," says Mrs. Major. "They must become part of one in childhood. Children draw their conclusions from what they see. In the Children's Theater everything is planned in order to play on the child's emotions, presenting truths in such a fascinating manner that he will agree with them."

"All day long a little girl or boy observes the circumstances of life and draws conclusions, but in the theater he reaches an intensity of feeling. There aren't any grownups to interfere with his thoughts. Even when he reads a book he has the author's viewpoint advising him. Now, in the darkened playhouse, he is alone."

"He is presented with a problem at the beginning of the play. He watches it being worked out through a boy or girl who demonstrates the ideals and standards which we accept as the finest in living. Children learn so much through imitation. They want to be big, praised, secure. When they see a good boy obtaining such a status because he led his family to happiness, through demonstration of high principles, they identify themselves with that boy and try to behave that way, too."



The captive maid of old Carlisle

RUTH Theater

That is what Peter had done. Oh, of course, he broke his resolutions time and again, for eight-year-old flesh isn't very sturdy. But after the play that evening, for the first time in his life, he ate a baked potato—and liked it!

Mrs. Major has discovered from her thousands of contacts that children will respond to stories when talking merely impresses them. You yourself know how interest perks up when a minister injects an illustration into the middle of his ecclesiastical pronouncements.

Better than any teacher who ever lived, Christ knew the value of narrative appeal. Over and over, His four biographers tell *He spake by a parable.*

"A sower went out to sow . . ."

"A certain man had two sons . . ."

"What man of you having an hundred sheep . . ."

Some place, back of our eyes, in an imaginative corner of the brain, there's a miniature stage where human beings enact stories. Christ constantly rang up the mental stage curtain.

A long time later, the old miracle and mystery plays made active use of such principles by assembling actors and riding round town on big wagons where the scenes were depicted. As Mrs. Major explains:

"Drama came out of the Church, and the Church, in these days, it is returning. Just as the Church used dramatizations of Biblical stories to vitalize reli-

gious teachings during the Middle Ages, nowadays church leaders are more and more coming to see again that the theater can be an asset to them in reaching and impressing people. This is especially true for children. Nothing makes the religious ideal of conduct more attractive to them than seeing it presented in a delightful and entertaining play."

Mrs. Major, whose authority is accepted without question in educational and social welfare fields, also has the backing



Clare Tree Major, founder



Ben and Sanche in "Under the Lilacs"



The four "Little Women" and Marmee

of the children, nearly two millions of them, who every year see the plays she presents. Six companies of adult professional players, personally trained by her, are touring the United States from coast to coast, bearing color, fantasy, joy, cultural development and—most important of all—a code of Christian ideals to the generation that is growing up.

"Children really believe in the play that is unfolding before them," Mrs. Major asserts. "They are so quick to recognize evil and they hate it. In the book of 'Heidi,' which we have adapted to the stage, there is a governess named Miss Rittenmeier, who is noted for her meanness.

"Not long ago we were playing in Schenectady, New York, when the actress who had this role became aware that every time she appeared a small girl in the audience was sticking out her tongue. Then the child would grin gleefully. That actress, to her, really was the cross old governess and she hated her.

TORCH BEARERS

WOULD you set your name among the stars?

Then write it large upon the hearts of children.

They will remember!

Have you visions of a nobler, happier world?

Tell the children!

They will build it for you.

Have you a word of hope for poor, blind, stumbling human kind?

Then give it not to stupid, blundering men. Give it to the children.

In their clear, untroubled minds it will reflect itself a thousand fold

And some day paint itself upon the mountain tops.

SOMEWHERE a Lincoln plays and learns and watches with bewildered gaze This strange procession of mismannered souls.

Have you a ray of light to offer him?

Then give it, and some day it will help To make the torch which he will use To light the world to freedom and to joy.

Clare Tree Major

"After the performances we always have the children come back stage to meet the cast. They are eager to shake hands with their favorite characters—Peter Pan, Robin Hood, Wendy—but they make up excuses so they won't have to meet the ones who played the evil parts. Instinctively they hate wrong-doing, and the stage points it up for them."

Let's go back to 1914, for a moment. A young English actress came to America that year. Her name was Clare Tree Major. She had been appearing in London with Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Nancy Price Tree. She was successful but she had an urge to do more. America, she believed, presented greater opportunities.

So she came. The Washington Square Players, who later became the famous Theater Guild, shared her spirit. They were in the process of organization and she became an original member.

But this wasn't enough. Her conviction was growing that the stage was more, much

(Continued on page 58)

A sign like this, suggested by Mr. Osborn, would be a strong factor in inducing people to attend church

By ALEX F. OSBORN

A FRIEND recently startled me by asking: "Just why do you go to church?" We had long worked together, both in business and as social-service volunteers. I knew his curiosity to be sincere. So I told him: "I go to church because it makes me feel better." He thought a minute, then let me off with: "Well, it's a bit fuzzy, but even so, it's as good a reason as I have heard."

Millions of splendid men and women are as puzzled about churchgoing as he is. The nation's 250,000 churches have over sixty-three million members, and yet never, except on Easter, do more than thirty million of us go to church.

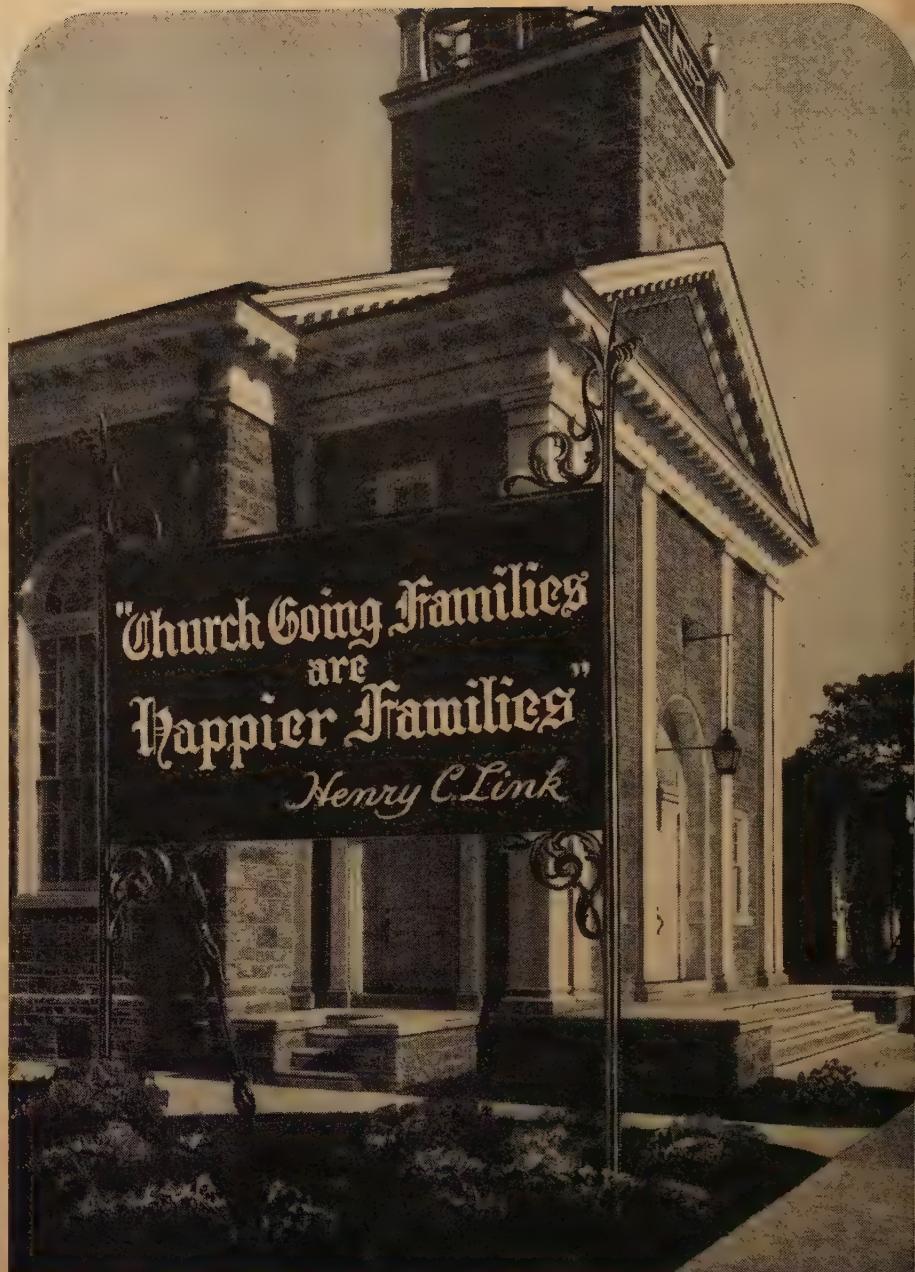
"What of it?" many a non-churchgoer will ask. . . . "What good will it do to try to get us to go to church? We don't need church any more. The school has taken its place."

But is that so? Can the on-rush of education make up for the standstill of religion? Was H. G. Wells right in saying that civilization is a race between education and catastrophe? Or was George Washington right when he said: "Whatever can be conceded to be the influence of education, national morality cannot prevail in exclusion of *religious* principles." Educators like Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, President of University of Chicago, agree with Washington. "Schools cannot take the place of the church," said Dr. Hutchins in a recent writing. And even arch-scientists agree with Dr. Hutchins. In "Man the Unknown," Dr. Alexis Carrel wrote this: "Moral sense is more important than intelligence. When it disappears from a nation, the whole social structure slowly commences to crumble away."

More and more business men are realizing that churchgoing is the lifeblood of our civilization. Colonel Samuel W. Fleming, Jr., told the Chamber of Commerce of Harrisburg: "A sympathetic interest in the church may be the fundamental solution of our national difficulties." Donald Adams recently put it this way: "A keen spiritual hunger stirs in the world. It is leading men in other countries to accept baser equivalents in the form of dictators' calls. . . . We must find our own faith or perish as free men."

Yes, to go or not to go to church is a truly vital question. And yet nothing is being done about it, nothing compared with what we do to cure cancer, or to prevent tuberculosis, or to support the Red Cross, or to get votes.

What can be done? "Nothing," a lot of intelligent stayaways will say. "We don't like church as it now is. Make



Let's Ask Them

churchgoing more attractive and we will go." Toward that attitude, many true friends of the church will feel some sympathy. They will admit its sermons, its music . . . yes, its "showmanship" . . . could be bettered. But they know it takes time to improve an institution as old and as successful as religion. Life-long loyalties of millions of devotees stand in the way of any speedy program of streamlining. And anyway, isn't today's model right enough so that it *should* attract a far greater part of the public? It is an axiom of business that if anything is good enough to win its way without advertising, it can win its way a lot further if it is advertised. And the church as it now is, proves itself good enough to attract thirty million fairly steady churchgoers. Church-

going is about the only thing these millions do without persuasion of some kind.

To fill more pews, we must find the right appeal and then propel that appeal. The right appeal must be based on the simplest, the most moving reason why so many millions of us *do* go to church. In our search for this key, we must tear tradition from our eyes. We must see that appeals to duty will not do. To say: "You ought to go to church . . . otherwise the nation will go to the bow-wows" would be as futile as if General Motors were to say: "You ought to buy our cars because we pay \$91,000,000 a year for taxes."

My business partner, Congressman Bruce Barton, once wrote: "Unless business holds steadily before its eye a spiritual ideal, unless the church learns some

promotion methods to the practical problems of the Church has been discussed in *Christian Herald* many times. Here is a workable suggestion from one of the nation's leading advertising men, and business partner of Congressman Bruce Barton. A sincere and loyal churchman himself, Mr. Osborn offers a plan whereby many more people can be inspired to regular church attendance



of the lessons that business has been forced to learn under keenly competitive conditions, neither will measure up to its opportunities." Practicality is the first lesson the church can learn from business. This means that any churchgoing appeal must be pragmatic. It should dodge the doubts that keep so many away. I know these doubts. I never would have joined a church had not my minister confessed that even he had doubts. I still have them, but they have been largely erased by the feeling that churchgoing really works and, as William James said, that which works is true.

Let's find out first what is the most wanted thing that the church can offer. Dr. W. Russell Bowie, rector of New York's Grace Church, states a minister's view: "Without ideals, life is mean. Without a purpose, it is flat. Without inspiring power, it will fail. The church gives men ideals, purpose, power."

"Ideals, purpose and power," do they add up to anything that everybody wants, such as happiness for instance? Dr. Henry C. Link summed up his ideas in this way: "The findings of psychology are largely a rediscovery of old religious truths. . . . Individuals who believe in religion or attend a church have significantly better personalities than those who do not. . . . My reason for attending church again is that I have recommended it to so many others." And another outstanding psychologist, Dr. Carl Jung, says the same thing in these words: "Among all my pa-

The application of business methods to the practical problems of the Church has been discussed in *Christian Herald* many times. Here is a workable suggestion from one of the nation's leading advertising men, and business partner of Congressman Bruce Barton. A sincere and loyal churchman himself, Mr. Osborn offers a plan whereby many more people can be inspired to regular church attendance

made such a survey. Its editors prompted over 7000 readers to write in and state just why they go to church. These letters confirm the fact that the combination of individual-and-family-happiness looms up above all other reasons for churchgoing.

Intelligent planning also calls for a critical analysis of the resistance that must be met. In selling almost anything, the seller is up against both cost and habit. In persuading people to go to church, purse-resistance would be almost nil. The redirecting of habit would be the chief task. Dr. Albert G. Butzer found this to be so when minister at Ridgewood, New Jersey. On questionnaireing citizens as to why they didn't attend church, he listed ten possible reasons. The reason indicated by the great majority was this: "Just gotten out of the habit." Next came "Household duties." Third came the claim, "We go to church at home via radio."

It is likely that church prospects may be more receptive than some of us might expect. This fact was recently indicated when a business man in New York was asked whether he went to church. He replied: "The last time I went to church was two years ago when my mother died. If we had children, we would send them to Sunday School. I wish I wanted to go regularly." There are probably fifty million people like him . . . people who would go to church if they could be made to feel it would do them enough good.

Granted a sound appeal, how could it be propelled? Probably by the same forces which have changed so many other habits . . . have led women to use three creams on their faces . . . have led boys to gather box tops . . . have led men to switch from dental powder to tooth paste and then back again to dental powder. Nearly all these forces could be put behind churchgoing at a fraction of what they would cost a commercial advertiser.

The first step would be to organize an Interchurch Promotional Committee in each major area. Catholics should be included. Catholics are eager to take part in any effort for the good of the whole community. They could lose nothing by helping to make churchgoing more popular, for if all churches stood higher with the public, Catholicism would be indirectly benefited.

In each city, a good advertising agency would doubtless be glad to donate its services, services that would cost a manufacturer from \$5,000 to \$25,000 a year. The moderate funds needed could be raised mainly from citizens who feel that the future of their community, and of the nation, will be safer if more people go to church.

The go-to-church appeal could be propelled in many ways: On billboards and other outdoor signs that reach motorists and pedestrians. Through newspaper space. Over the air. On car cards in trolleys and busses. Through news articles in newspapers.

As to outdoor advertising, most churches are in fine locations. These locations for go-to-church advertising should be made available by every church. At small cost, to be paid out of the Interchurch Promotional Committee's fund, a dignified but impressive sign could be erected in front of each church. For example, in semi-ecclesiastical lettering, painted in gold against a black (Continued on page 44)

to Come

tients of over thirty-five, there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because they had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers. Not one of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook."

Roger Babson has packed into one simple sentence his selfish reason for going to church: "I enjoy my church as I enjoy my daily walk." A physician, writing in *The Forum*, puts the same thought backward: "For a good many years I have stayed away from church. Quite recently, however, I decided to return. I realize now that I was unhappy outside the church."



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by
*Honoré
Morrow*

Lost Americans

Mr. Searle's cottage, which he named Mayflower, in honor of Mrs. Morrow

THE English post-office service, as far as delivering letters is concerned, is beyond criticism. I'm sure there is none better in the world. But when it comes to telegrams, which are a part of the post-office service—well, it's not so good! Anyhow on the day on which I knew the *Christian Herald* touring party was to arrive at Liverpool, I sent them a long telegram of welcome and an invitation to take tea at Hearthstone. The party never received this telegram! So naturally, they never answered it. So I didn't know whether to prepare tea or not. And, preparing tea for fifty people does take a bit of doing, even for such experts in hospitality as Mrs. Searle and Searle. So I started on a telephone hunt for the *Christian Herald* party.

You'd think that in a country the size of Michigan, it would be pretty hard to lose a group of such members, wouldn't you? But that was a particularly clever group. And its members managed to keep themselves incognito for five whole days and nights while I sleuthed after them. You see, I had a list of the towns they were visiting but not of the hotels wherein they hid themselves. I asked Mr. Winslow, our consul in Plymouth, for help and he asked the Consul General in London. They all drew a blank. I telephoned a newspaper friend in London who wanted to interview the group. No help there! And finally, I turned to our little Chamber of Commerce here in Brix-

ham via the Town Clerk's office—and in twenty minutes I had the information. The party would be reaching the New Inn in Clovelly, that evening! And that evening as ever was, I got a member of the party on the telephone. Yes, they were reaching our town the next day at ten in the morning. They'd never got my telegram!

Ten! And for days Mrs. Searle had been baking cakes and buns for a tea party. We had pounds of clotted cream and jam. We had borrowed tables and benches from the Methodist Chapel. And we wanted to extend hospitality to these friends. I told all this to the *Christian Herald* leader and explained to her how bitterly disappointed we'd all be unless they all broke bread with us. If they couldn't stay for tea, how about lunch? Yes, they could make lunch, if we served it early.

And so I went to tell the Searles we must change our tea to a lunch party. They never turned a hair! They just added salads and eggs, and Mrs. Searle sent for her sister to help with sandwiches and preparations went merrily on.

By ten the next morning, everything was ready, tables set up in the garden, the house in the pink of orderliness. And then a heavy fog settled like a dripping blanket on the world! It would be impossible to eat out of doors. Just as this fear became a certainty, the two great char-a-bancs drew up to our door and I went out to meet my friends and take

them to view some of Brixham's lovely gardens, leaving the Searles and my sister Cornelia to cope with the food complexity.

Well, fortunately, Laywell's gardens, and King's Barton's gardens are so lovely that even the foul weather couldn't hide their beauty. And the mistresses of Laywell and of King's Barton not only showed their gardens but invited the group indoors to get a glimpse of how English people make their homes. They would have been only too glad to offer still further hospitality but now the wretched mist turned to a downpour of rain and we were obliged to hurry back to Hearthstone. And there fires were blazing in all the grates and the Chapel tables had been brought into the living room and the Devon-tea-turned-into-a-lunch was spread and waiting. Rain on the thatch, fires on the hearths, food and forty-seven extra-pleasant Americans! What more could I ask for a perfect party! I loved it. And so did the Searles, pouring cups and cups and cups of tea, and so did my family, and so did Cnüt, pacing from room to room and wondering if the end of the world had come!

It all ended much too soon. As soon as lunch was over, the rain having relented, and Mayflower, the Searles cottage, having been inspected, the two huge char-a-bancs drew up again, our new friends embarked and the party was only a memory.

And now we are planning a fortnight's motor trip on the Continent. We shall cross France to Geneva, stop a bit in Switzerland, then go along the bank of the Rhine to Brussels, where we shall see

my daughter and her young Belgian husband, and I shall stay with her while the others do more sightseeing. Our group will be what it was when we went to Scotland four years ago, except for Felicia. We shall miss her gay chatter. The way to the Continent is very easy, by our method. The motor car starts from the door of Hearthstone and we drive straight east across England to Dover. Here the English Channel is only nineteen miles wide and, car and all, we cross to France in an hour and a half. As easy as that! I shall have much to tell you all.

The silly season is on, here in England. All the vacations are crammed into the month of August, partly because it is the only month when schools are out and partly because it is the only month when one can be fairly sure of hot weather. Consequently roads, lanes, fields and beaches are a shambles and we are glad to escape the overwhelming crowds. If American tourists can possibly come here for any other month, I certainly advise them to skip August and leave the British to it! After all, the island and the climate are their own! And the very week after the *Christian Herald* group left, we had a sample of August weather. At four o'clock in the morning, a thunderstorm

broke upon us, tropical in its intensity which continued for eight hours. Our telephone was struck by lightning and hurled in bits across the room. The Frigidaire went crazy and buzzed without ceasing at a pace which froze solid everything in the box. The telephone posts were struck. A cow walking up the lane on her lawful business was struck. A Boy Scout camp in the field above us was washed out and the boys rushed to the neighbors for shelter while, literally, blue balls of fire pursued them. A huge tent camp near the sea was so over-set that the populace rushed in a body to the railway station to go to their homes, only to find that no trains could run. Manholes blew off sewers and hit shop windows and floods from the hills washed the back doors out of the front doors! The oldest inhabitant vows there never has been such in the history of England. And we who had bemoaned the bad luck which gave us rain on the day of our party, gave thanks now that we had not drawn this.

And, to return to our party; so many of our visitors ask how clotted cream is made that I promised to give Pilgrim's Progress Mrs. Searle's recipe.

"One gallon of new milk. Let it stand
(Continued on page 51)

in a blue suit that matched her eyes and the day, and she led us through the lovely gardens of a village that adores her. She could have been a statesman, an actress, a leader anywhere, we told one another among the roses and fuchsias and blood-red myrtle bloom. Then we left the story-book street in the story-book town and came through the low door to "Hearthstone." There were crooked walls and crooked stairs and crowded, crooked book shelves that filled every inch of space not needed for the diamond-paned windows that smiled at a lily pond in a misty garden.

Have you room in your memory for the long tables that were set across the cottage, low tables resplendent with cakes and sandwiches, salads and fruit, and strawberry jam served with Devonshire cream? I am sure you, too, sometimes catch the gleam of firelight as it lays its lambent shadows on chintz and silver as a group of happy people eat and talk and drink tea.

Oh, you would have to keep a Samuel Pepys diary to record everything of fun and happiness and adventure that we crowded into fifteen days, as the *Christian Herald* Motor Tour of Great Britain rolled smoothly through the isles! But speaking of Samuel Pepys, remember his canopied bed at the Old George Inn at Salisbury, and how we all went up to look at it and envied the two members of our party who drew it?

Do you recall the wild storm on the moors while Bristol Bay pounded on the rocks far below?

And the night some of us were almost locked on the town wall at York because we didn't know that the custodian turns the big brass key in the gates at midnight?

There was a genial peddler, at Loch Lomond, with a cartful of scarves made from gay tartans, and we bought most of them. Remember? There was a bright rack of plaid raincoats in an Edinburgh store, too, and we didn't buy any of them. But we heard a dignified store patron explain to her small daughter that, "They are things that only the Americans buy!" That was one time we wanted to fly the Stars and Stripes.

The small disturbances that worried us briefly, now and then, are only amusing now. How swiftly they righted themselves! Take the elevator in the hotel at Edinburgh, for instance. Though we boarded it on the street-level floor, we went down, down, down, until we wondered if we were being given air-raid protection in some subterranean passage. Then we climbed out and looked from wide windows to discover that our hotel was built against a cliff and we were still far above the street.

Lincoln Cathedral is famed for a clock where four knights joust when the hour strikes. York has the famous Seven Sisters Window, and Salisbury a marble pillar for every hour in the year. I have to consult my notebook to remember which feature belongs to which minster.

But it requires no notes at all to recall the graciousness, the sympathetic cooperation, the gaiety of spirit of those *Christian Herald* pilgrims who toured Great Britain when the flowers bloomed in England and heather laid a purple carpet on the Scottish highlands.



Part of Higher Brixham, showing the Cathedral

Do You Remember?

By Helen Welshimer

DO YOU remember . . . ? Do you remember how hard it was to keep our balance on the steep, cobbled slope at Clovelly one dark, wet night? We were walking down the hill to the fishermen's guest houses to go to bed by candlelight.

And remember how those cottages, white as popcorn balls, almost bumped into each other across the narrow street? Have you forgotten the flowers that rioted around their doors? Can you still catch the smell of salt? And don't forget the donkeys that some of us rode—and some of us didn't, because too many people were putting fresh films in their kodaks! Do you remember how we moved back

one seat each day in the luxurious motor coaches that were our traveling homes, until everybody knew everyone else and it seemed we had been good companions forever?

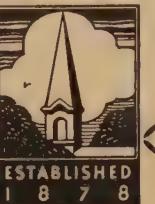
There is the memory, stored away forever with sprigs of England's own lavender, of that noon when our busses paused in a cool, sweet rain, on a narrow street, by a bright green gate in Brixham, and a tall, dark-haired woman with eyes as blue-gray as the Devon skies, bade us welcome. For years we had been traveling to Honoré Morrow's thatched cottage, through the *Christian Herald* pages—and here we were!

Mrs. Morrow was taller than some of us expected, slim and straight and lithe

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE; that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



FAR LANDS AND NEAR PROBLEMS

Summary of sermon by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, on Sunday evening, October 2, 1938

TODAY there are no "far lands." Australia is still 12,000 miles from New York and South Africa is nearly, if not quite, as distant. But the old sailing time of 175 days has been reduced to less than fourteen. The *Queen Mary* and the Imperial Airway Flying Boats have done that. I talked from Central Africa near Victoria Falls to my family in Philadelphia, held a twenty-minute conversation without missing a word. Amateur short-wave radio has done that! Hour by hour on the most remote seas, we knew details of Europe's growing war menace a full day in advance. The International Date Line did that! The geography of distance has been destroyed. The seas no longer divide—they unite. The ends of the earth listen to our confidential whispers and the farthest peoples are dooryard neighbors.

ALL problems that affect lives affect our life. Have we labor difficulties? Well, I was inconvenienced by a strike in New Zealand, and another loomed in Australia. Have we a "color question?" South Africa, with its two million whites and eight million colored, has one immeasurably greater. Do we struggle with problems created by repeal or socially inherent in the liquor problem? Every nation of the earth struggles with us and asks eagerly for our latest findings. Philadelphia has her Grand Jury investigation of vice and crime, New York grapples with gambling, but Australasia and Ireland have gone far beyond us in corrupting youth and social morale with public lotteries for "sweet charity." Social security is a world issue. Slum clearance speaks a universal tongue—Melbourne was in the midst of that debate. Politically, every land we touched recently in girdling the globe is heatedly discussing the relative merits of Totalitarianism and Democracy—and Totalitarianism means Communism whose other name is Fascism, and Fascism whose other name is Communism.

All problems, wherever centering, are near problems. It has come now to be that all men, all colors and conditions, are either hopefully or hopelessly "one of another."

WHAT is America going to do about it? Do you say "stay out of it"? *We are in it.* Now realism must validate idealism. Another armed conflict may send you to the colors or to Leavenworth; you as an individual may preserve your idealism, but it will send the rest of us and the institutions of civilization, both good and bad, to—or close to—destruction. That matters, must matter, to all of us.

Realistically, then, let the North American continent achieve unity and solidarity—unity, not uniformity.

President Roosevelt's speech to Canadians at least suggests the greater consummation. Dwight Morrow's way with Mexico points out the road these three North American nations should travel as comrades, to save not only themselves but to help save Democracy in the world. Such solidarity must be anticipated, planned for, sacrificed for. Idealistic? Yes. Realistic? Yes. As beautiful as freedom, but in preparation "as terrible as an army with banners." That which we believe to be the only life worth living to achieve and perfect, "demands our life, our all."

But there is something more—infinitely more. Norman Thomas tells us that only a new social order can save the world from another world and cataclysmic war. Well, what of it? How can a new social order be achieved? Hitler has a formula,

Stalin has a formula. These Americas will have none of either. A new social order without new social units is a catch phrase and worse—it is an opiate to deaden peoples while their destruction draws near.

If this world is "headed straight for self-destruction and moving fast," there may be many formulas, but there is only one imperative—"Power enough to turn it around." *Jesus Christ alone has that. But He must have us.* "All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth," marches always with the command "Go ye." Here is the genius, the completeness of the Gospel. "The Good News" is comprehensive. It includes Leagues and courts, slum clearance and social security, reciprocal treaties and "justice for all." But His plan is fundamental. Where these have failed and will fail again for lack of character in the individual, the Gospel begins with the individual.

General Smuts has said, "The war has shown us that there is the greatest danger in believing in paper and in institutions. What we want to see brought about is not merely agreements between nations. We must have this change in the hearts of men."

The Gospel begins right. That is something. But it is not all. The Christian Church must either preach and practice the whole gospel, or die. Die before Communism and Fascism; die before Militarism; die before human hates and fears.

The Christian Church will not die.

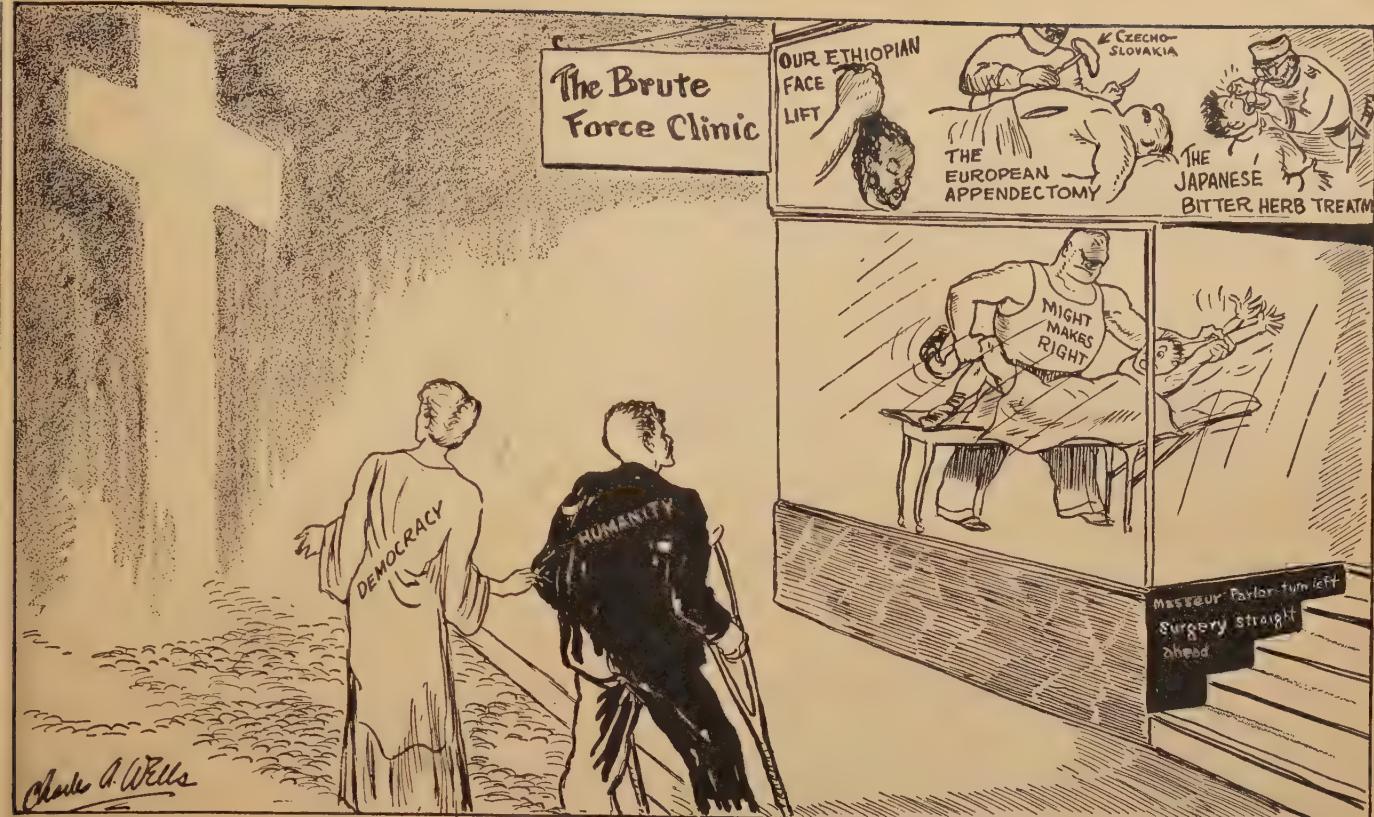
All else has failed. All other institutions, all other formulas, have broken up or are even now breaking up. Call the method of the Master slow if you choose, but what is mere speed, in the presence of these millenniums of human futility and failure? What else has man to offer? Where else may the rocking world turn?

"All Power is given unto Me."
"Go Ye!"

DANIEL A. POLING

Christian Endeavor's Tenth World's Convention

THE greatest religious gathering in the history of Australia," was what the Bishop of Melbourne said in the Victoria House of Parliament about the closing Session of the Tenth World's Christian Endeavor convention. More than 20,000 people, young and older, crowded into the historic "Exhibition Building" on that memorable night of August 9th. For the preceding six days thousands had thronged the structure, the largest of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere and the one in which the "Commonwealth of Australia" was declared by the Duke of York who became King George V. Six sessions were attended by audiences of 15,000 or more each: twenty-six countries were represented—this in spite of "wars and rumors of wars" that kept all of Europe away and reduced prospective large delegations from China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines to less than a handful of representatives. The conference features so popular to American youth were new to Australian young people, but eagerly supported. The exhibits, particularly the missionary, Junior and Bible displays were the finest and most extensive of their kinds I have yet seen. The Junior Demonstration, with more than 8000 children participating and



BRUTE FORCE—OR BALM OF GILEAD?

nearly 10,000 more people looking on, presented an amazing pageant that I hope to see duplicated in the United States. No American convention choir has ever surpassed that Australian chorus of 700 voices.

One of the more deeply moving incidents of the Convention followed the address of China's delegate, Andrew Gih. A cablegram of sympathy was by a unanimous and cheering vote sent to Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai Shek. Within twelve hours came the reply "Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai Shek appreciate greatly prayers and sympathy from World's Christian Endeavor Convention and express their thanks."

However, the significance of the gathering was not in numbers, nor in the after-dark parade called by our Australian friends "The Procession of Witness," which brought the entire city of Melbourne to attention, nor yet in any other spectacle or single incident, but in the dynamic, vitalizing program for life and service that, centering in all sessions and activities, swept Australia as I have seen no other nation moved by any single religious event. Newspapers gave pages of space. Radio commentators devoted daily broadcasts with national hookups and both state and Federal governments joined with civic institutions and the churches of all faiths in recognition of a unique spiritual experience, moving through the soul of youth but touching all ages and all affairs of a people's life. In witness of this let me write that more than 700 young people made definite public decisions to give Jesus Christ first place in their lives and His cause the preeminence in their plans. A rocking world may well turn its an-

THANKSGIVING

For Thy wondrous love revealed
In the wealth of wood and field,
And a bounteous harvest yield,
We thank Thee, Lord.

For freedom and a peaceful land,
For friends who love and understand,
For all the blessings from Thy Hand,
We Thank Thee, Lord.

Mary L. Kempfer



guished eyes toward so great a thing as this. "Melbourne 1938" has an answer for the question, "Can man escape his own destruction?" The answer is "Yes!"—through Jesus Christ alone." Nor was the answer of these Christian youths confined to hymns and speeches and spectacles. Nor were the final proceedings burdened with lengthy resolutions. But Christian Endeavor did come away from her greatest world gathering with a program for world advance that touches every interest and problem of youth and that enters every troubled area of human relationships. "The gospel of Jesus, the gospel comprehensive and complete, the 'good news' that is personal first and social always," was the rallying call that came at last from those never-to-be-forgotten August days as to Australia herself.

The American delegation was hardly prepared for the vastness of the island nation, equal in area to continental United States of America. A delegation of 300 traveled by special train from Perth in West Australia, 2500 miles, to be present! But the welcome of "Down-under," the

hospitality and the always-to-be-cherished emotions of that last night's greeting and farewell, when the flags of the nations changed hands and the Christian flag floated out over all national banners, will color the future political relations that affect mutually the United States and her sister Democracy under the Southern Cross.

NOTE: As President of the World Christian Endeavor Union, *Christian Herald's* Editor-in-chief presided over the sessions referred to above. Among the principal speakers were Dr. E. Stanley Jones, Dr. Jesse Bader, Mr. Harry N. Holmes, and Dr. Stanley B. Vandersall—the latter being Editor of our Sunday School Lessons.

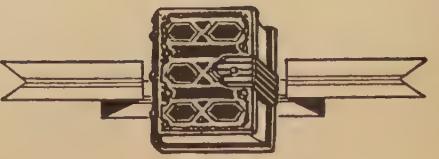
Sowing Acres of Diamonds

THE recent article in *Christian Herald* about Russell H. Conwell, suggests that it is not only possible to discover hidden treasures all around us, but also greatly to enrich the desert places that circumscribe our lives.

For instance, we may think of Russell Conwell as a man who sowed acres of diamonds, scattering forth enough of them to beautify every square yard of a ten-acre plot with a gem worth one hundred dollars. Or we may fancy that he took handfuls of sparkling stones, and threw them into the sky until there were enough of them to take the places of all the stars that are visible to the naked eye.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

J. D. ROBERTS, Milford, Conn.



The Why and How of Prayer

A Sermon by
Charles Alexander Ross

ALL that ought to be said about prayer cannot adequately be encompassed within the time limits of one sermon. We can only hope to lay down the general lines of its operation, and the proven field within which personal experience has something to say. As Tennyson makes King Arthur say, just before his earthly departure, "Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

It is evident that because we assume Prayer to be the golden chain that binds us as pilgrim spirits to God Who is our Home, we will not be able to understand aright what Prayer is unless we first understand what kind of a God it is to Whom we pray. In other words, the function of Prayer and the nature of His answers to our prayers will depend entirely upon His character and His intentions for His world. If, having a comprehensive plan for all men everywhere, He has set certain laws in operation in order best to insure the consummation of that plan, then it should be evident that anything for which we ask individually which runs counter to that plan is not going to be answered according to our desires. That would be setting your wisdom and my judgment above the wisdom and judgment of the Almighty, and would result in a world of chaos and confusion.

You cannot run a business, if there should be in operation at the same time fifty different ideas and opinions as to how a certain situation with respect to that business ought to be handled. Nor could you expect this orderly universe to run one single week if God's control of His laws were turned over to a hundred thou-

WE GIVE THANKS

Dear Lord, we give Thee thanks to-day
For all the blessings that we know,
Kneeling with grateful hearts, the way
The pilgrims knelt, long years ago.

For happy homes and hearth-fire's glow
Dear Lord, we give Thee thanks to-day,
For summer rain and winter snow,
For joyful hours of work and play.

We take so little time to pray:
Forgive us that we careless grow.
Dear Lord, we give Thee thanks to-day—
"Praise Him from whom all blessings flow."

Whate'er the future may bestow
Give us, O Lord, the strength to say
Through cloud and sunshine, weal and woe,
"Dear Lord, we give Thee thanks to-day."

—Beulah Ridgeway Winans



sand people, each of whom demanded a special answer to his prayer.

If God is unchangeable in His wisdom, as the Shorter Catechism teaches, then He will not accept as substitutes for His wise plan the inferior plans we hurl at Him in our prayers. Unchangeable wisdom bars out any such substitution. And if He is unchangeable in His goodness, then He has purposed from the beginning to give us whatever things are best for us, *when we have done our part and have fulfilled the conditions which precede their reception.* Prayer should therefore never

In nothing be anxious; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus.
Philippians 4:6-7



be looked upon as a powerful weapon to change God's mind, or to alter for our personal benefit His eternal laws.

Too often when we pray we are motivated by our own petty, personal plans which is concerned only with our present comfort, or prosperity, or safety. Our self-centered individual wishes lie so closely to us and so fore-shorten our horizon of life that it is hard for us to see the greatest good for the largest number which lies out beyond it, and which is part of the Father's larger plan. Take, for instance, St. Paul with his "thorn in the flesh." Naturally he wished to be rid of this aggravating physical infirmity, whatever it was, and so he tells us in his second Letter to Corinth, chapter twelve beginning at verse seven, "I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness.'" That must have been a first a terribly disappointing answer to Paul's prayer: but see what it did to him! "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." The thorn in the flesh was not subtracted, but manhood was added to him, and a more spiritually sensitive and sympathetic Paul resulted.

Or, take that more solemn instance of Jesus in Gethsemane. The weird flare of torches borne by His enemies will shortly flicker through the low-branched olive trees and they will bear Him away to bitter Golgotha and to His death. Who would not pray for deliverance from that? Listen to Him: "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me! Let some other, kindlier way be found wherein Thy will may be done!" But that cup did not pass from Him. Steadfastly, step by step He trod His Via Dolorosa to His agonizing, shameful death. But before they took Him away, He crowned His prayer with the diadem of utter faith in His Father's wisdom and ultimate goodness, and His victory was won when He finished His prayer with this: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

O friend of mine, you too must bear a cross of some kind. Not a man or woman who reads this page is free from it. Each knows of what that cross consists. Some memory, some bitter loss, some grievous and irksome affliction of body, mind or estate, some carking care or fretting anxiety,—how earnestly you have prayed that it might be removed from your bundle of the stuff of Life! And after your agony of prayer, you found it still there-to be faced and carried! No answer, apparently, from the Most High. But wait! If you prayed as Jesus did, something happened to you! Not less burden, but more strength! Not the removal of the thorn, but a Divine applica-

(Continued on page 62)



The Charm of OLD NEW ENGLAND

A delightful new biography—and other books selected from the fall lists

By ALBERT LINN LAWSON

THANKSGIVING again! And in common with all other Americans, I am increasingly thankful that I live in the United States, with the Atlantic between me and Europe's troubles. So say we all!

Thanksgiving naturally reminds us of New England, where it originated. And one of the pleasantest books about the New England of ante-bellum days, as well as one of the most vivid pictures of people and places of that time, is *The Happy Autocrat*, by Hildegarde Hawthorne, from which illustrations on this page were taken (Longmans Green, \$2.00). The Autocrat, of course, is Oliver Wendell Holmes; and the author is the granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, New England's most famous novelist; so in this book two of Massachusetts' most distinguished families are associated.

That of itself is interesting; and the book measures up, fully, to what we would expect from such a writer and such a subject. It is delightful, no less. In places the author's style reminds us of her grandfather's, and he never surpassed some of her best passages. Here is the opening of the first chapter, "The Gambrel-roofed House."

"The house, like the landscape in which it stood, was essentially New England. Painted butter-color, with green blinds, it stood sidewise to the Common, fronting south over its garden. . . . There was plenty of room in the Gambrel-roofed House. Besides the two storeys, there was a spacious garret. . . . Two porticoed doorways, adorned with pillars, one giving into the garden, the other opening directly on the Common. . . . A comfortable house, a friendly house, stoutly built to endure for generations, even to the long iron

nails that held it together." Doesn't that make you long to live in such a house?

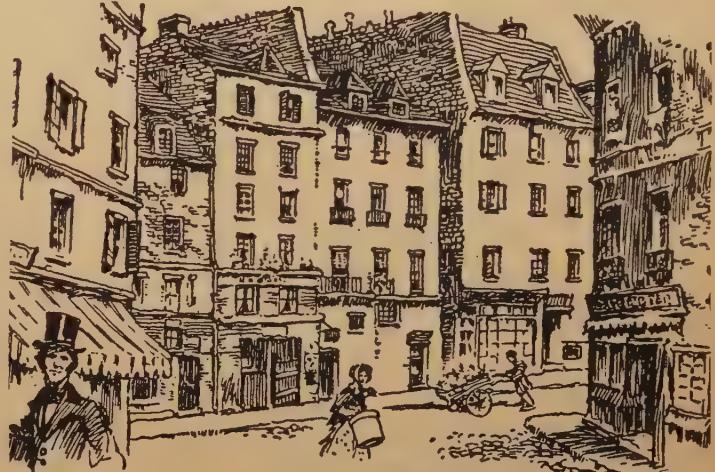
The Gambrel-roofed House was the childhood home of Oliver Wendell Holmes—his mother was a Wendell, and the house was hers. It had a distinguished history; "Here Washington himself came to discuss the plan of war. Here the Battle of Bunker Hill was planned, and, in the chamber above, General Warren passed the night before the battle, his last in this world." And here, later, in 1809, the baby was born who was to grow up into the Happy Autocrat.

He was always small, the author tells us, but a very active boy. Slim, short, he was chockfull of vitality, of fun, of courage—of mischief, too. Indoors or out, he was never idle. "A true Yankee, he adored whittling." He once made a present for his mother—a ball rolling inside a cage that hung from a linked chain, all carved in one piece, out of a single block of wood. Active as he was, he was still fond of books, and writing was one of his favorite occupations—a forecast of what was to be, in later years, his real profession.

Although the whole book is well done, to me much the most interesting and delightful part is the first half, dealing with Holmes as a youth, telling of his schooling, his friends, the distinguished people with whom he came in contact; and I think no better picture of the serene, un-

troubled, happy life of those days has ever been written. A pleasant life, a pleasant people, and a pleasant time and mode of living that we, alas, shall see no more. For the mighty cataclysm of the Civil War inevitably came; and whatever it may have done for America, it did destroy much that was beautiful, North and South.

Although Wendell—as his parents always called him—studied medicine (he even spent two years in Paris, and applied himself well)—and although he did practice, yet writing was his real life work. While yet a student in Harvard he wrote "Old Ironsides,"—"Aye, tear that tattered ensign down"—which brought him immediate fame. His life in Boston, at that time the literary center of America, his success, his connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*—which he named—his novels, his immensely popular "Autocrat" papers—all these are described here. But they are pretty well known;



Illustrations from *The Happy Autocrat*, courtesy Longmans Green & Co.

to me the picture of his boyhood, and of New England in the old days, constitutes the finest part of the book. Hildegarde Hawthorne breathes into it the true spirit of Old New England, the New England of her grandfather, and of Longfellow, and Emerson, and all that immortal company whose like we can find nowhere, today. She writes most effectively, for she writes with love—these of whom she writes are, to her, "mine own people." A most enjoyable, readable book, and unless I miss my guess, it will have a wide sale.

One of the best poetry anthologies that has come to my notice is *The World's Great Religious Poetry*, compiled by Caroline Miles (Macmillan, \$1.69). This book contains over 700 outstanding poems by famous writers, from all nations and all ages—from the Psalms of David down to the most recent. You will find nearly all of your old favorites—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," Kilmer's "Tree," "The Chambered Nautilus," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many more. Too, there is a wide variety of others less familiar, but important. We find R. W. Gilder's "How to the Singer Comes the Song," Amy Lowell's "What instinct forces man to journey on," and many others; and, one of the loveliest, by Sidney Lanier:

(Continued on page 72)



November, 1938

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

NOVEMBER 1, 1938

A LARGE CANVAS

A THOUSAND YEARS.
READ PSALM 90:142

BAFFLED by the state of the world, with its wars and oppressions and fears, and ghastly contradictions of the Divine order, I take refuge in a fresh realization that the Infinite Artist needs a large canvas for His portrayal of history. We think in minutes, in hours, in days, in years; God thinks in terms of milleniums and eternity.

So we cannot see the whole of the picture He is painting. We must enter into the patience of God before we can even glimpse the greatness and goodness of His plans. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Whatever is being done in the world, or by the world, an Infinite Father God is either doing it or overruling it.

Before Thine immovable greatness and wisdom, O Eternal Father, we bow in submission and adoration. Our times, and the world's times, are in Thy hand. Amen.

NOVEMBER 2, 1938

A PAUSE FOR FRIENDSHIP

YE ARE MY FRIENDS.
READ JOHN 15:1-17

MILADY and I have returned to our Canadian camp; and we are suffused with a glow of appreciation for our friends. Many intimates have sojourned with us amid the refreshing pines by the lakeside; and their characters and kindness have caused us to thank God afresh for close and understanding friends.

Is any part of life quite so important as that devoted to cultivating and enjoying our friends? Surely, this world has nothing finer to offer mortal than the fellowship of friends who hold life's deepest interests in common.

And when the Friend of friends is one of the company life is rounded to its fullest completeness.

"We love, because He first loved us." We thank Thee, bountiful Father, for the congenial friendship we have found in Thee. May all earthly ties but bind us closer to Thee. Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS
For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

NOVEMBER 3, 1938

HOW DEBORAH TEACHES

BE THOU AN EXAMPLE.
READ 1 TIMOTHY 4:6-16.

IT IS rather unusual that Dockie, before he was five years old, was a confident swimmer. The explanation is simple. Deborah, two years older, could swim; and whatever Deborah does he emulates. He was taught by the power of example.

Since the world began the most potent teaching has been practicing. If a mother wants her daughters to be noble, she has to be noble herself. A father can employ no instructors who are able to offset his own example; the price of good sons is a life lived on a high plane.

The Dockies always learn from the Deborahs. Big brothers shape little brothers. Christian example converts more persons than preachers' talk. Happy are all the Dockies who have such fine big sisters as Deborah to imitate.

We would pattern our lives, our Father, after the Perfect Example, Jesus Christ. May we ever be found walking in His steps.

NOVEMBER 4, 1938

FISH AND FROGS

WORKING WITH OUR OWN HANDS.
READ 1 CORINTHIANS 4:6-16.

I "GET a kick," as the young folks say, out of being provider for my family, in the primitive fashion. Daily I bring in fish for the next day's food; and occasionally I shoot enough frogs for a fine feast. And at the outdoor fireplace I broil the meats. I sometimes have doubts about its being enough of a job for a man to spend his days making marks on paper! My role as a provider is a sop to the prehistoric man in me.

Our over-civilized times have given us a crop of women who cannot cook or sew; and of men who cannot fish or hunt or dig or build a fire or wield a workman's tool. Perhaps we shall all be forced someday back to these elemental pursuits.

At least it is sure that the simple essentials of life and character are in especial need of strengthening today. We need a revival of the simple life.

We pray to Thee, O great Creator and

Provider, that we may become strong in all simple qualities and gifts. Amen.

NOVEMBER 5, 1938

"THE PEOPLE, LORD, THY PEOPLE"

AND THE MULTITUDES . . . CRIED.
READ MATTHEW 21:8-11.

WE ATTENDED the dedication of the new Thousand Islands Bridge across the St. Lawrence. It was a great privilege to hear President Roosevelt, Premier King and the other speakers.

Best of all was to see the crowds, and to be a part of them. Twenty thousand interested, appreciative and well-behaved folk took part in the ceremonies. I could not distinguish between Canadians and Americans, but was proud of them all.

In the people is our strength and hope—the great mass of well-meaning, God-fearing, flag-loving people. They are democracy.

Save us, O Lord, from ever feeling apart from or superior to the masses of people, whom Thou lovest. Help us to be potent members of this greatest brotherhood. Amen.

NOVEMBER, 6, 1938

IN A LARGE ROOM

ALL THE WOMEN THAT WERE WISE.
EXODUS 35:20-29.

MILADY and four women guests are gaily off in a car this morning for Ottawa, which is nearly a hundred miles distant from our camp. As I wave them farewell, a sense of the emancipation that these times have given to women sweeps over me. What a new range of interest and freedom and self-reliance our wives and daughters and sisters have! At this moment a myriad of them are at the wheels of automobiles.

One sure thing God has done uniquely for this generation: He has enlarged the area of our living. And to those who so desire, He will increase the capacity and power for life. Every automobile, every airplane, every radio is a challenge to

*"Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll."*

Thou hast been peculiarly good to us, our Father; in that Thou hast set our

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



feet in a large room. May we measure up in our souls to our opportunities.

NOVEMBER 7, 1938

MOTHERS OF SONS

UNTO CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.
READ PSALM 103.

MY FRIEND, Queen Marie, is dead. As I recall our associations and correspondence, there stand out our talks concerning her children. Not all of her fame and beauty and power could save her from a broken heart because of her sons. God planned it so: that a woman's supreme satisfaction or sorrows should be in her children.

Of late, I have listened in to the talk of a number of friends whose children are grown, most of them successfully. And these children were all reared in pronouncedly Christian homes. We do best by succeeding generations when we train children in the fear and love of God.

That the children we have had from Thee, O Heavenly Father, have grown to honor our name and Thine, is our thanksgiving today. Amen.

NOVEMBER 8, 1938

PILOTING PREXY

REST A WHILE.
READ MARK 6:31.

ONE of our present guests is president of a great university, which he needs to forget for this holiday. He is tired and nervous, and should have complete rest and diversion. So, without his knowledge, Milady and I and our other guests are quietly directing his time into the simplest pursuits—fishing, woods-walks, shopping trips to the village, etc. At the moment, he is off with Harry catching minnows for bait.

Every real vacation is an escape from the usual engrossments. Wise persons plan for such diversions. Even Jesus had to "get away from it all" by His lonely nights on the mountain tops.

Give us wisdom and courage, O Father, to go apart and rest awhile, that we may return to our duties with strengthened powers. Most of all, teach us the reinvigoration of prayer. Amen.

NOVEMBER 9, 1938

DEBORAH'S DIVE

TRIBULATION WORKETH.
READ ROMANS 5:1-8.

NO MORE interesting sight has ever been seen about our Canadian camp than the fearless, delighted swimming and diving of Dockie and Deborah. They are perfectly at home in forty feet of water. Seven-year-old Deborah, who for two years has been jumping from a fifteen foot rock into the deep, recently essayed a dive from that height.

Alas! She landed on the water prone,

instead of head first. She was stung to tears, and swam ashore weeping. Poor Deborah! What a foretaste of life, with its new and unexpected experiences that hurt. For in the hard school of experience, life teaches us all. Today's mishaps are but steps on the way to tomorrow's victories.

Give us teachable minds and stout spirits, O Lord, that we may accept life's experiences as sessions in the school of Providence. Amen.

NOVEMBER 10, 1938

CLOUDS AND SUNSET

TRIBULATION WORKETH PATIENCE.
READ ROMANS 5:1-8.

A FRIEND and I were fishing on our lake, and revelling in one of the superlative sunsets which have made this year's evenings memorable. It is a pity that no words, and no artist's brush can transmit the glory of the sunsets which a beauty-loving God so lavishly offers mortal eyes.

My friend, a man of affairs who has lived vitally, quietly remarked, "If there were no clouds, there would be no sunsets such as this." Of course, his implication was plain: If there were no difficulties and hardships in life there would be no revelation of the majesty and sovereignty of God. The least of the clouds in an experience may reflect the goodness of God.

Thou hast written Thy Glory in the heavens, O God; and as we consider it, we would be heartened to the understanding of the place of dark providences in Thy bright plans. Amen.

NOVEMBER 11, 1938

GETTING THE BIG IDEAS

THE SAME YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER.
READ HEBREWS 13:1-9.

OURS is the day of the great awakening. The machinery of the common mind is working faster, and more generally, than ever before in history. A question mark is the symbol of this generation. The home, the Church, the State and the Ten Commandments are all under challenge.

As all sorts of persons everywhere are getting hold of new, big ideas and thinking in larger terms, we need to hold steady to the truths that abide—truths that were old before the pyramids were built. Among such are the reality of personality; the existence of a Supreme Being; the difference between right and wrong; and the love of man and woman.

Times change; but God does not change; right remains right and wrong remains wrong; duty abides; love still reigns.

Grant us the boon of clear thinking in a muddled day, O wise Father. May we hold fast to the things that are good. Amen.

NOVEMBER 12, 1938

THE CHURCH FOR THE HOUSE

TO THE CHURCH IN THY HOUSE.
READ PHILEMON 1-7.

ON SOME Sundays, when our camp is full of guests, we have our own Divine Service in our big living room, with prayers and hymns and a talk or an appropriate reading. Our friends ask for this; and since the Early Church set the example of worshiping in homes, we are glad to follow after.

At our latest service, instead of talking, I read Ian Maclaren's beautiful story, "His Mother's Sermon." All of us were moved by it. I think the purpose to "speak a gude word for Jesus Christ" took lodgment in every heart. The very informality of the occasion heightened its effectiveness. Some guests have said that these little religious services are their outstanding memory of Blue Heron Point.

We would not forsake the public assembling of ourselves for worship, O Lord; but we would also make our homes as churches where Thy name is honored. Amen.

NOVEMBER 13, 1938

THE CHILD WITH "AMMONIA"

I WAS BLIND, NOW I SEE.
READ JOHN 9:1-34.

I FIND little Dockie's conversation more entertaining than that of many older folk. He is fertile in initiating topics. One day he said,

"There was a little girl in Bryn Mawr that had ammonia . . ."

"Pneumonia, you mean, Dockie."

"I don't know whether it was new ammonia or old ammonia, but she was very sick, and Daddy cured her."

Dockie could not be diverted from the point of his message by any discussion of definitions. The little girl had been ill, and she had been made well. Suppose we follow Dockie in our religious thinking, and stick to the essential fact of God's healing, helping power.

We confess, O Father, that our times' mood of speculation often drives our thought from the simple essentials about Thee. Give us grace to see Thee clearly as our Lord and our Redeemer. Amen.

NOVEMBER 14, 1938

THE DOCTOR TURNS WOODSMAN

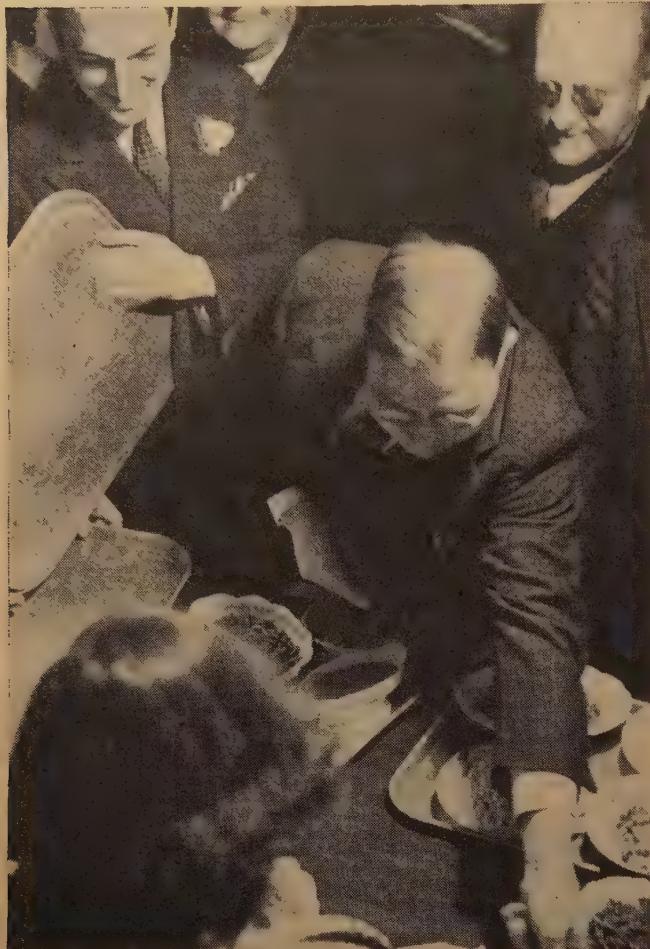
YIELDED THEIR BODIES.
READ DANIEL 3:24-30.

INSTEAD of golf clubs, our physician's son brought to camp this summer a woodsman's axe, and he spent many (Continued on page 68)

HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Clementine Paddleford, DIRECTOR

Planning, Preparation and Serving Meals for Home and Church. Suggestions for Decorations and Entertainment for the Social Side of Church Life



... and there are seconds for every one at this Annual Harvest Home Supper

TICKET reservations are in full swing for the annual Turkey Supper to be held this November by the Woman's Organization of the West Center Congregational Church of Bronxville, New York. This Harvest Home Supper is the big social event of the church year and families began putting down their names for reservations as early as the Fourth of July.

It's a turkey supper with plenty of turkey and plenty of fun. The price is \$1.00 a plate but every eater gets his money's worth, and sometimes more. Second and even third helpings are permissible. But the Organization gets its recompence for work and careful planning. For eight consecutive years the profits have totaled over a hundred dollars net. Last year \$125 was cleared. One hundred and sixty guests were served.

The dinner goes off with clockwork pre-

While the happy crowd of youngsters, below, is devouring turkey and trimmings, others—left—are bringing their trays for more, and the expert carver, bottom, is kept busy carving, carving, carving. Pictures courtesy of Woman's Day Magazine



MORE TURKEY Please!

cision. Early in September this Woman's Group meet and elect their supper chairman. The chairman selects sub-chairmen for committees to oversee tables, vegetables, hostessing, serving, coffee making, dessert making, tickets, decorating. Most important is the committee in charge of the ordering, stuffing, trussing, roasting, and carving of the birds. Each chairman selects the women she wishes to assist her.

MENU

Curled Celery, Ripe Olives, Shoe-	String Carrots, Radish Roses
String Carrots, Radish Roses	Green Pepper Rings
Roast Turkey with Sage Stuffing	Mashed Potatoes Gribet Gravy
Mashed Potatoes Gribet Gravy	String Beans
String Beans	Buttered Whole Kernel Corn
Buttered Whole Kernel Corn	Cranberry-Orange Relish
Cranberry-Orange Relish	Rolls Butter
Rolls Butter	Cherry Tarts
Cherry Tarts	Coffee



Once a committee unit is organized they alone are responsible for their particular work. There is usually one meeting, two weeks before the big event, when committees compare notes and coordinate their plans. The final week, every work group slaves like Trojans—then the turkey sup-

per is over for another year, and the net profits are deposited in the local bank.

Tickets are mimeographed in the church office. These carry table numbers, so friends who wish to sit together can do so by simply buying tickets in one group. Hostesses meet the arriving guests at the door, direct them to the coat check girls, then to the dining room. The young people have tables in the church clubroom; no oldsters around to squelch their fun. Last year there were three tables for the 'teen age, twenty-four young people, having a party all to themselves.

For several years twenty young girls were asked to serve the meal; a free dinner for their trouble. To save this extra

are bare except for silver, plates, water, cream, sugar and relishes. After the blessing, the guests with work directions get busy on the various jobs, amid a volley of wise cracks and advice from the lucky sit-downers. Serving tables are placed across the kitchen doors to prevent table helpers from mixing with the cooks and blocking kitchen traffic. Food for eight, or enough for each table, is arranged in large bowls, the turkey on platters. The host of each table sees that every guest in his party has enough to eat. There is plenty of food—no stinting on servings, and there are seconds for those who wish, "a little more turkey please!"

No dishwashing after the dinner. Dishes are cleared, tables put away, then chairs turned to the platform—and the entertainment committee takes charge. After vigorous plate scraping the kitchen is quiet for the night; workers join the crowd. Dishwashers arrive the next day, when with the aid of the electric dishwasher the clean-up job is done in three hours.

This Harvest Home menu is always the same, except for slight variations in vegetables and desserts. Turkey with sage stuffing is the main thing. Eight birds, averaging twenty-one pounds each or six birds averaging twenty-five pounds each provide a pound of turkey to a guest. The turkeys are ordered several weeks in advance by a member of the church who heads the poultry

department of a national grocery chain. The birds are purchased wholesale and the group profits by this saving in price. Cooks prepare the turkeys the day before the dinner, stuffing and trussing them and cooking the giblets for gravy. Kitchen windows are left open through the night and the birds keep perfectly without refrigeration. The gas range in the church kitchen accommodates four big roasters, leaving four birds to be farmed out to home cooks with big ovens.

Carving begins at five o'clock—two hours before the supper. Three men, known as expert carvers, are called in to do this job. There is considerable loss, you should know, when birds are not carved clean to the bone. White meat and dark meat are laid in separate trays, these carried to the steam table to keep hot, uncovered, until the platters are served. On each platter goes an equal amount of white and dark meat, which the host of the table deals out according to individual requests.

Mashed potatoes and giblet gravy are always on the bill-of-fare. The potato preparation is one woman's job with the aid of an electric beater borrowed from a home kitchen. She starts the job promptly at five o'clock, beating one big bowlful at a time, each batch seasoned individually. The crockery containers of the steam table keep the potatoes hot until served. The last batch is turned out of the beating bowl just as the crowd arrives. Exactly two hours is required to whip up seventy pounds of potatoes in small amounts, for 160 guests. The water in which the potatoes and the beans were boiled is saved to make the gravy.

Green vegetables vary according to seasonal price. One fresh vegetable is served, usually two, but last year the buttered whole kernel corn suggested here was tried and proved so popular that it will go on the menu again this month.

Soup or a fruit cocktail as a dinner introduction slows up the service of the main course. It is hard to keep the turkey and vegetables hot while guests dilly-dally and get acquainted over soup and tomato juice. Turkey dinner should start with turkey, this group believes, and guests agree. Those fresh tidbits, celery, ripe olives, shoe string carrots, green pepper rings, take the place of salad. These are arranged in bowls one for each table.

The cranberry orange relish is ground out by gallons, fresh cranberries, oranges (pulp and skin) and sugar. That's all there is to it, but it crowds even king turkey for first honors on the plate.

Dessert of course—but this is an afterthought, the least important item on the menu. Guests fill up on turkey and are not interested in heavy endings after a double main course. Some years these women have made a crushed pineapple, marshmallow sweet, perhaps a light pudding, or, as last year, cherry tarts, these ordered through a local bakery.

This group knows almost to a can of corn, to a pound of turkey, the amount of food 160 people eat. Last year there were two pounds of turkey left and this was sold; a few cans of corn, and these were returned to the grocery store. Four dozen rolls were salvaged and divided among committee workers. A quart of cream and a quart of milk were sold. Nothing is wasted. Turkey bones are saved for soup, (*Continued on page 46*)



Behind the scenes, before and after—above, preparing; below, this mountain of dirty dishes will be cleared away in three hours



expense of giving away twenty dinners, a new method of serving was developed, cafeteria style. Now guests at every table serve themselves. At six of the eight places at each table are cards bearing typewritten orders for the guests. Each card different:

You are to go to the kitchen and get the food.

You are to keep the water glasses replenished.

You are to get more food from the kitchen if seconds are in demand.

You are to remove the dishes after the first course and bring in the dessert.

You are to serve the coffee.

You are to clear the table.

When dinner is announced the tables

The Best in RADIO

Selected Programs on November Airwaves

[All Time is Eastern Standard]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.
11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. Time For Thought—RED. Talks by leading Christian men.
1:45 P.M. Edward McHugh, The Gospel Singer—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Irene Beasley's R. F. D. No. 1. Songs and comment of rural America—CBS.
2:30 P.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends. Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.
6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAY

9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft, with Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro choir and talks by outstanding Negro leaders—CBS.
10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination—CBS.
10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Series of musical programs picked up in various cities featuring music by students in the public schools—RED.
12:00 Noon Radio City Music Hall Concert. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Europe Calling. Talks from European Capitals—CBS.
1:45 P.M. The Farmer Takes the Mike. Farmers talk over local and national problems—CBS.
3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York directed by John Barbirolli—CBS.
4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers—Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatization program under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
5:00 P.M. Phil Cook's Almanac—CBS.
6:00 P.M. New Friends of Music. Chamber music concerts—BLUE.
7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner-table conversations with Lyman Bryson as host—CBS.
7:30 P.M. John Nesbitt's Passing Parade—CBS.
7:30 P.M. Seth Parker. Sunday night get-togethers of the Jonesport Neighbors—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Jose Iturbi conducts—CBS.
9:30 P.M. American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, Tenor—RED.
10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines with H. V. Kaltenborn, Gilbert Seelers and Ralph Edwards—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talk with music—BLUE.

MONDAY

12:00 Noon Mary Margaret McBride, columnist; also Wednesdays and Fridays—CBS.
12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman lawyer's fight against slum conditions—CBS.
12:30 P.M. Dr. Daniel A. Poling, Talks to Youth—NBC—RED.
1:30 P.M. Let's Talk It Over—interviews with interesting personalities—also Wednesdays and Fridays—RED.
2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson. Also Tuesdays and Thursdays—RED.
3:00 P.M. United States Navy Band. Lieut. Charles Benter, conductor—BLUE.
3:00 P.M. Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Let's Pretend. Fairy tales with child actors. Also Thursdays—CBS.
6:00 P.M. Science in the News. Guest speakers who will comment on a specific item of scientific advancement in the news—RED.
8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks, tenor—RED.
9:00 P.M. Lux Radio Theater—CBS.
10:00 P.M. Carnation Contented Program. Marek Weber, director—RED.
10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAY

12:00 Noon Kate Smith, commentator; also Thursday and Saturday—CBS.
1:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra Educational Concerts—BLUE.
1:30 P.M. Consumers Program of the General Federation of Women's Clubs—RED.
4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
4:45 P.M. Of Men and Books. Book reviews by Professor John T. Frederick—CBS.
5:00 P.M. Music for Fun. Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
8:30 P.M. Information Please. Question and answer program—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Dr. Christian. Jean Hersholt in a drama of a country doctor—CBS.
10:45 P.M. Be Sensible. Dr. Joseph Jastrow, noted psychologist applies psychological principles to our everyday problems—BLUE.

WEDNESDAY

8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel. Old-fashioned hymns and psalm—CBS.
2:00 P.M. Your Health. (In cooperation with American Medical Assn. Dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.
6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley will again conduct this dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.
7:30 P.M. Uncle Jim's Ask-It-Basket. Question and answer program—CBS.
8:00 P.M. One Man's Family. Dramatic sketch—RED.
9:30 P.M. Texaco Star Theater, with Adolphe Menjou, and Max Reinhardt directing his workshop—CBS.
10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done, with Edgar Guest—CBS.

THURSDAY

8:30 P.M. Eastman School of Music Orchestra—BLUE.
9:00 P.M. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour—CBS.
9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air, George V. Denny, Jr. moderator—BLUE.
10:00 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.
10:30 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in different industries—CBS.

FRIDAY

2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour, Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting—BLUE and RED.
5:15 P.M. Exploring Space—CBS.
8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert—RED.
8:00 P.M. First Nighter. Original plays by unknown authors—CBS.
9:30 P.M. The March of Time. News dramatization—BLUE.
9:30 P.M. Death Valley Days. True Tales of the Pioneer days—RED.
10:30 P.M. Story Behind The Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger's observations of history-making events—RED.

SATURDAY

10:30 A.M. The Child Grows Up. Talks by Katherine Lenroot—BLUE.
10:45 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. Talks on subjects of interest to parents and teachers—RED.
11:00 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.
11:30 A.M. Eastman School of Music Concerts—RED.
12:00 Noon Call to Youth. Talks by George Stewart—BLUE.
1:55 P.M. Broadcast from Metropolitan Opera House, beginning Nov. 20—NBC.
6:45 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
8:30 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS.
9:00 P.M. Men Against Death. Dramatizations of Paul de Kruif's book—CBS.
9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade, with Mary Eastman—CBS.
10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini, conducting—BLUE.
10:45 P.M. Four Corners' Theater—CBS.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

HOW does he do it? That is the query which has been coming in to the Columbia Broadcasting System from thousands of listeners to the analyses made by H. V. Kaltenborn of the current European crisis. One of the answers is the fact that since he began talking over the radio in 1921, he has trained himself to avoid a prepared script as he would the plague. Another of the answers is a background in the study of world affairs that goes back to his first cattle-boat trip to Europe as a runaway boy. Kaltenborn makes it a practice to devote three months of every year to world travel. In this way he observes world happenings on the spot and maintains his acquaintanceships with important international leaders. In covering the European crisis Mr. Kaltenborn was greatly aided by his fluent knowledge of German, French and Spanish. While there is trouble abroad H. V. Kaltenborn packs his grip and takes up uninterrupted residence in the CBS studios.

AN OLD silver bell made long ago by the son of Paul Revere rings out the theme for the "Greenfield Village Chapel" program heard over CBS each Wednesday morning at 8:30. Greenfield Village is a project of Henry Ford, whose object is to recreate life in America as it was lived a hundred years ago. The people of Greenfield Village carry on old-fashioned trades and each morning attend the chapel service, which is broadcast once a week. Old, non-sectarian hymns and psalms from the Old Testament form the bulk of the program. A student announces all the numbers and reads the psalms. There is never a minister about, even on Sundays.

DR. DANIEL A. POLING continues throughout November in his "Opportunity" program incorporated in the "Time for Thought" series broadcast daily at 12:30 p.m. over the NBC Red Network. Dr. John S. Bonnell will broadcast on Tuesday, Dr. Wm. Hiram Foulkes on Wednesday, Dr. Harold Paul Sloan on Thursday, and Rev. Elden H. Mills on Friday. Dr. George Stewart will be heard in "The Call to Youth" every Saturday from 12:00 noon to 12:15 p.m. over the NBC—Blue Network.



"Gramp! Sonny's gone!"



1. MOTHER: Look at this note Sonny left, saying he's running away.

GRAMP: If I had to take that nasty-tastin' stuff you give him, I'd run away myself!



2. MOTHER: But, Gramp—you know very well the child's digestive system is tied up. And I'm going to get that laxative down his throat if I have to hold him and *jam* it down!



3. GRAMP: Now, Clara. I heard the doc tell your cousin that using force on a child can do a heap more harm than good. He said a child should get a nice-tastin' laxative. But **NOT** one made for grown-ups—'cause that might be **TOO STRONG** for a youngster's insides.



4. GRAMP: So the doc told her to get FLETCHER'S CASTORIA because it's made special for children, even to its pleasant taste. It's **SAFE**, not a harsh drug in it. So it won't gripe!... D'ja ever figure Sonny might take Castoria and like it?



5. MOTHER: Oh, Gramp—if I ever find him I'll get him the biggest bottle of Fletcher's Castoria I can buy!



6. GRAMP (looking into rain barrel): All right, Sonny—you can come out now. Your Mom's agreed to get you that Fletcher's Castoria.



7. MOTHER: Gramp, you old conniver—look at him go for Fletcher's Castoria. At last we've got a laxative that's good for him—and good for our peace of mind, too!

Why Fletcher's Castoria is so **SAFE** for your child

1. It's made especially for children—has no harsh "adult" drugs—won't cause cramping pains.



2. It has a pleasant taste! Thousands of doctors recommend it.

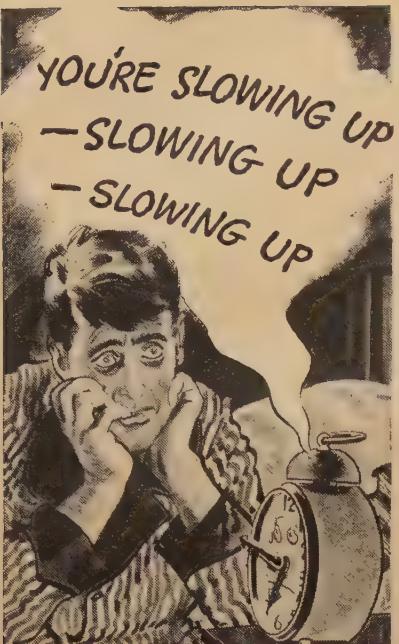


3. Get the *thrifty* Family-Size Bottle from your druggist *today*—and save money!

4. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative made especially for babies and growing children



YOU d-r-a-g in the mornings when you get out of bed. Your step has lost its "spring" . . . your hand its cunning, at work or games. Your shoulders sag—and then your waistline. No wonder "they" begin to watch you—ask if you're the man you used to be.

Life CAN Begin at 40! Yet life can begin at 40! You're smarter—more experienced than you ever were before. All you need is to get that body of yours tuned up till it begins to hum again—till you feel the power inside you raring to go—till your nerves are something to laugh at.

What Science tells You! A sudden decline in health at 40 is often due to vitamin deficiency.

"Oh," but you say, "I've taken vitamins. They didn't seem to help me."

All too often that's the experience of people over 40 . . . because weaker digestion at middle age may prevent you from getting full benefit from vitamins you do consume.

There is a food that can help correct these "after-40" troubles—Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast. Eat it regularly, and we promise, not a miracle of rejuvenation, but a steady improvement of that rundown feeling due to lack of certain vitamins and slow digestion.

Especially Helpful after 40 For Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in four vitamins that many people particularly need at middle age. And in addition this fresh yeast acts like a vitamin "booster" for people with a weak digestion. It provides vitamins in a helpful form and aids in their assimilation by stimulating slow digestion. In this way it also helps you to get more nourishment from other foods . . . helps to give you better elimination, helps keep your system free of toxic intestinal wastes.

It's Up to You Every grocer has Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat it regularly one-half hour before meals—plain or dissolved in water.

"A few years ago my digestion went back on me. I noticed a gradual effect on my work. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. It stimulated my digestion and helped me a lot. Now—at 44—I'm getting new business, and my chances for promotion seem good." **ALBERT P. SMITH**

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(Continued from page 31)

background, such a sign might display this message:

"CHURCHGOING FAMILIES

ARE

HAPPIER FAMILIES"

Dr. Henry C. Link

Displays such as these would be of great value. For instance, a man whose sole business is outdoor advertising, figures the lease-value of such locations in a medium-size city to be worth \$25,000 a year. This is figured on what he now gets for signboards in ordinary locations. Thus, in one urban area alone, \$25,000 worth of inescapable advertising would be available for the small sum it would cost just to put up the signs. Thus could be drilled into non-churchgoers' minds the fact that "Churchgoing Families Are Happier Families." And when those words had been driven home, new messages along the same line could be substituted, such as: "GO TO CHURCH . . . You'll feel better," says Dr. Alexis Carrel. Year after year, these signs would be building the desire to go to church.

Considering the nation as a whole, these displays, available in the front of churches, would have an advertising value that no commercial advertiser could match for \$10,000,000 a year. And display space in many non-church locations could probably be had at a fraction of the usual cost. For example, owners of large paper-covered billboards (called 24-sheets) would probably be willing to devote some of their regular spaces free. Likewise, owners of advertising franchises in trolleys and buses often find unsold space on their hands. Much of this would be gladly donated for churchgoing appeals, IF all denominations were joined in the cause. Such space would add several millions more of advertising value for almost as little as the asking.

As to newspapers, human-interest advertising could be built around the theme of "Go to church . . . You'll feel better." For instance, a series of ads might feature famous popular figures, such as Glenn Cunningham, Colonel Lindbergh, Dale Carnegie, Grantland Rice, Lowell Thomas, David Lawrence. In their words, it could be pointed out that churchgoing tends to make a person feel better, and make a family a happier family. Newspaper advertisers might even devote some of their own paid space. For instance, a bank in Newark once ran a large advertisement which said: "Attend again the church of your choice or childhood. We, whose business is built on character, urge the truth that what the country needs most is a reawakening of the religious sense."

Radio stations would probably be glad to contribute some time on the air. Daytime radio has proved that it can sell merchandise to women. It could likewise persuade them to go to church. Women

love to listen in on family problems which are settled by buying a new car, installing another radio, or switching soaps. They would likewise tune in on daytime problem-sketches in which the solution would be churchgoing. Many would take the solution to heart, would wind up in church with father and the children.

Each Interchurch Promotional Committee should command the services of a trained publicity man to write news articles for the papers. Other forms of publicity might include schools, with messages on report cards, on posters, and through speaking and essay contests. Even the movies could be enlisted for short films, program notes, posters in lobbies, special music. Then, too, there could be special events such as services for police, firemen, boy and girl scouts, community-chest workers, ushers, students, newsboys, perhaps an early Protestant service for golfers.

These special events would supply new lifeblood to the program from time to time. For instance, after six months, the general momentum might be rolled into a city-wide event, a "GO-TO-CHURCH-SUNDAY." Every churchgoer should be urged to bring one or more friends on this special day. Church members could be inspired to make this a "Standing-Room-Only" success. The practicability of such volunteer solicitation was recently demonstrated on a small scale in a large city. Church members became canvassers in a drive to increase attendance for all churches in one section. According to the chairman of the campaign: "More than 800 families were interviewed by the workers. We are confident that many new members will enroll in churches in the area our canvass covered." A few difficulties cropped up. At one home, a worker was met by two policemen. The owner had learned from neighbors that somebody was canvassing the street, had become suspicious, and had called for protection. Everything turned out all right when it was explained that a churchgoing campaign was under way. On the whole, the workers were warmly received. Nearly all of those visited showed "cordial courtesy," according to the executive secretary of the local council of churches.

That test indicates the probable power of a city-wide churchgoing canvass, backed by all churches, and artilleried by many months of advertising in advance of the personal calls. And a successful "GO-TO-CHURCH-SUNDAY" would do many things. It would put new enthusiasm into the loyal army of present churchgoers, it would bring back to church a substantial number of stayaways, it would awaken the community to a new sense of the churches' vitality.

With wholehearted, united effort, the possibilities challenge the imagination. In the average city, a few thousand dollars, plus countless hours of volunteer effort, could develop an unprecedented power. Done as it could be done, this drive could equal or eclipse any other appeal, commercial or civic, that the community had ever known. All told, if the nation's 200 urban areas were to generate similar power, the aggregate would roll up into a national force that no commercial advertiser could buy for less than \$10,000,000 a year. And that is an understatement.

At

Christmas Time

Give THE QUIET HOUR
A Perfect Christmas GiftFrom friend to friend — From
teacher to pupil — From pastor
or superintendent to layman

Use

GIFT

ORDER COUPON

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY
23-R LINCOLN ST., ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Please enter subscriptions to THE QUIET HOUR for _____ quarters, beginning with the January quarter, to be sent to names and addresses on accompanying sheet—Christmas card to be sent free to all leatherette case to be sent as indicated.

I enclose \$..... in payment for same.

My name _____
Street _____
Address _____
Post Office _____
State _____

THE QUIET HOUR is a 96-page daily devotional guide — vest-pocket size. It contains a full page for each day's devotions—a selected Scripture verse, a suggested Bible reading, a meditation, and a brief prayer. Its daily use will bring help and spiritual enrichment to every individual.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION: The price of THE QUIET HOUR for a single subscription is 25 cents per year; with leatherette magazine cover, each single subscription is 50 cents per year.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS: If five or more subscriptions to THE QUIET HOUR are ordered at one time to be mailed to separate addresses, the price of each subscription is 20 cents per year; each subscription with magazine cover is 45 cents per year.

A PERSONAL GREETING!

We will send to each person for whom you order THE QUIET HOUR with or without the magazine cover, a distinctive Christmas greeting folder similar to that shown in cut, with your name written on inside. Greeting will precede first issue of THE QUIET HOUR. If leatherette cover is ordered, this item will accompany first issue. Later issues will be mailed as published.

LEATHERETTE MAGAZINE COVER

Beautiful leatherette magazine cover to fit THE QUIET HOUR is offered for only 25 cents extra for each subscription. The little devotional guide so enclosed may be carried in vest pocket or purse without becoming worn or soiled.

NAME STAMPED IN GOLD LETTERS

When leatherette cover is ordered with subscription, the name of the person receiving the publication will be stamped in gold letters on leatherette cover.

ORDER EARLY—DO NOT DELAY

Be sure to send names and addresses of those for whom you subscribe to reach us by December 15th. Otherwise we cannot guarantee to deliver gift cards and magazines before Christmas.

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

23-R. LINCOLN STREET, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

IT'S NO
TROUBLE TO
KEEP TOILET
BOWLS
SPARKLING
LIKE NEW



SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets easily. You don't have to scrub the bowl. Don't even touch it with your hands.

Just sprinkle in a little Sani-Flush (follow directions on the can). Then flush the toilet. Film vanishes. Stains go. The porcelain gleams like the day it was new. Even the hidden trap is cleaned. Sani-Flush can't injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning auto radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING



WANTED

MEN AND WOMEN TO MAKE \$32.00 IN WEEK

Introducing Hose Guaranteed 4 to 8 Months
EARNINGS START AT ONCE! Bring new Ford green producers. Everybody buys hose. Greenfield has been from 4 to 8 months without holes, snags or runs or replaced FREE! Big repeat sales. Grace Wilber, Iowa, earned \$37.10 in 9 hours and received 3 new cars; Charles Mills, Mingo, Iowa, \$32.00 in one week; and many new cars, at extra bonuses. Your own hose given you, plus a \$1.00 bonus. Send hose size, Rush name on penny card for sample outfit, details. ACT NOW!

WILKNIT HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 78-L Greenfield, Ohio



Send
No
Money
FOR YOUR
PERSONAL
USE SENT
THROUGH
OUTFIT

10 2 YR. OLD FIELD GROWN ROSES \$40.00 ONLY



GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY!
Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied with this amazing bargain! Collection includes 3 Red and 7 White roses, 1 Mrs. Arne Quinnard, 1 Edel, 1 Pres. Hoover, and 1 Mrs. Chas. Dell. Send just \$1.00 today for rose collection No. 100!

NAUGHTON FARMS, Dept. R100, WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS

KNITTING WOOLS

Send for 600 Samples FREE
HOOK RUG YARNS

Prompt Mail Service

COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1231-M Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

(Continued from page 15)

war that was almost begun, is it not reasonable that those forces could be even more potent in urging the establishment of a just and lasting peace? Statesmen, even dictators, must keep their ears pretty closely tuned to the demands of the people; and, if the people of the nations unhesitatingly demand peace, then the statesmen must follow that demand, whether they desire it or not.

It is my conviction that the Christian churches and moral agencies have a singular opportunity to vindicate their authority in the next few months. They will need to keep very wide awake, for the forces of greed and power will not relax in their desire to further increase their holdings. It is nonsensical to think that a new world of brotherhood and good will has dawned. The war against war has not been won. Thus far the forces of peace have only gained the first skirmish. To be foolishly optimistic and retire into a com-

(Continued from page 41)

which the clean up committee eat for lunch the day following the feast.

The cranberry relish recipe is from the Organization's Supper book. Giblet gravy recipe and tips for roasting the birds are directions approved by Helen Evelyn Jones, in charge of *Christian Herald's* demonstration meals for crowds.

The fine quality of the modern turkey is the biggest factor in simplifying the preparation and cooking. Several grades of turkey are available in freshly killed and frozen birds. Broad, full breasts, thin layers of fat discernible underneath the skin over the back, hips, and breast, and clean unbroken skin indicate the highest grade. For roasting, a young bird should be selected. The breastbone will be flexible at the end, the feet soft and pliable, and the skin on the feet smooth and bright. Either a hen or tom turkey is good. The hen has a wider, deeper breast. Whether or not there is a difference in meat quality is debatable.

For size, three-fourths to one pound of turkey (undrawn weight, head and feet on) for each person is a generous allowance. A turkey loses about twenty-five per cent of its live weight when completely dressed and drawn.

Request the market man to do several things: to remove the leg tendons, to cut off the feet rather than chop them off, to leave the wings tips on, to remove the crop from the back, and to take out the wishbone. By making an incision down the center-back of the neck skin and pulling the skin away from the neck, the neck may be cut off close to the body, and the crop and windpipe easily removed. To remove the wishbone, first pull the neck skin back over the breast, cutting away each tip, slipping the knife along the bone on either side to the "fork," pulling it loose, and cutting it off. The wishbone piece impedes the carving of the breastmeat.

All cleaning on the outside of the bird should be done before the bird is drawn. But if the market man draws the bird, take care that water and other materials

placent attitude that the struggle is over, is to invite even greater disaster in the near future.

There are many people who ask God to stop war, but, in His Almighty wisdom, the Creator will not fulfill their desire. That is not His way of bringing His Kingdom into being. Jesus stated that He could command legions of angels to do His bidding, but He never called for their aid. A kingdom established by such divine intervention would be a hollow thing, indeed. It is God's method to cooperate with free men and women who desire His help to bring to pass that which they have come to realize is true and good. And God will establish peace through the agency of those who desire peace, and are ready to work unceasingly for its realization. That is what the Almighty has done in these weeks. He has granted to mankind a respite from war; a respite which is our great opportunity to see that peaceful cooperation of the nations shall be the permanent future behavior of mankind.

used in cleaning the skin do not contact the inside flesh. Flavor will be washed away. Wipe the inside of the bird dry with a damp cloth before the dressing goes in. If wing-tip feathers have been left on, immerse the tip in boiling water for a few minutes before pulling these out. Pin-feathers are removed easily with a strawberry huller or a pair of tweezers. Wash outside skin thoroughly. A soft brush facilitates the job. Dry cornmeal or salt makes a good skin abrasive. Soap or soda may be used, but care should be taken to rinse the bird thoroughly after using either. The oil sac at the back must be cut away, but kidney and lung tissue embedded on either side of the backbone need not be removed. It is relished by some people.

It is good planning to prepare the bird for the oven a day in advance of use. In addition to the usual advantages, the exchange of flavors between the meat and the dressing improves both for many tastes.

Stuff the neck cavity of the bird first. Pat the dressing in, gently rounding out the hollow above the breast bone, then fold the neck skin back, and pin it to the back bone with an aluminum pin, or one of those sharp black-headed pins used by dressmakers. Now fold the wings back, bringing the wing tips behind the bird, to help hold the neck skin in place, and give the turkey a base while resting in the pan. Insert a skewer through the wings but do not pierce the body.

The idea of trussing a bird is to make it as compact an object as possible, to promote even baking, and to prevent the jutting parts from drying out.

Fix the neck end first as directed, and then proceed to stuff the body cavity. Drop in the dressing with a light hand—it will swell during baking and if packed in, the turkey might burst before it cooks tender. Bridge the opening with aluminum pins, sticking them through the skin. Then lace the opening with string, pulling the skin together. Tie string and cut it off.

Run a skewer through the body just below the legs. Using the center portion of a long piece of string, tie one drumstick to this skewer; run the string across the body and fasten the other leg to the op-

posite end of the skewer. Then draw the strings down and circle the tail piece, pulling the legs close to the body. Without cutting the string, turn the bird over, wind the strings once more around the skewer ends, forcing the tail straight, then pull the strings straight up and wind them around the wind skewer. Draw them tight, tie a knot and cut off. And there is the turkey tightly tied, yet no strings across the breast to mar his golden perfection when he is carried from oven to table.

It is not the custom to salt the outer skin. Rub it instead with oil or cooking fat, and set the bird on a rack in a shallow roasting pan. Do not cover. If desired, place a strip of salt pork across the breast.

A bird which is going to cook for 3½ to 4 hours need not be seared. Put it in a very moderate oven (325° F.) and bake for 25 minutes per pound. Weigh the bird after stuffing and trussing. A meat thermometer inserted as far as the center of the thigh muscle, will register 185° F. when the bird is well done. As a "done" test when roasting without a thermometer, grasp the leg and move it a bit. If the hip joint moves easily, the bird is tender. Remove all strings (they will come off easily, since none have been in the bird) pull out the skewers and pins, place his majesty on a platter, garnish him as you will, and serve.

Liver, heart and gizzard—the giblets—may be used in the dressing, but are better in gravy. Wash them well, especially the gizzard. Then drop the gizzard into cold water, cover, bring to the boiling point and simmer two hours, or until tender. When pierced easily, add the liver, the heart and the neck and simmer 15 minutes longer. Remove from liquor, and chop very fine, discarding all gristle and fat. Use this broth in making gravy, adding more water to dilute as needed. Just before serving, the giblets go in.

The drippings from the turkey can be used for fat in making the gravy, though a gentler flavor is obtained by using butter and giblet broth. Do as you like, but measure the fat carefully, adding an equal amount of flour, and blending it well before adding the liquid. Use 1 cup giblet broth or 1 cup water for each 2 tablespoons flour. Cook over low heat 5 minutes or until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly.

SAGE AND ONION STUFFING

1½ cups fat	2 tablespoons, or more,
1 cup chopped onions	sage
1½ gallons soft bread	4 tablespoons chopped
crumbs	parsley
1 teaspoon pepper	2 tablespoons salt

Cook onion in hot fat until almost tender. Add soft bread crumbs mixed with seasonings and cook until bread is thoroughly heated and well mixed with onions. Yield: Stuffing sufficient for a 20 pound turkey.

CRANBERRY ORANGE RELISH

1½ gallons cranberries	6 pounds sugar
12 oranges, peel and	pulp

Put cranberries through food chopper with orange rind and pulp. Add sugar. Chill 2 to 3 hours before using. Approximate yield: 7 quarts relish.

JUST WHEN I WANTED TO IMPRESS JOE'S MOTHER MY CAKE WAS A FIZZLE!

MARY was so anxious to make Joe proud of her! To show his Mother what a fine cook she was. And just that day her cake had to go wrong!

Sometimes Mary's cake was good. But she couldn't depend on it. Apparently for no reason at all she'd have streaks when every cake she baked was coarse . . . dry . . . flavorless.

What a pity Mary didn't know the important baking secret experts have learned. That any woman who bakes can be more certain of success every time—with Royal Baking Powder!

Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a steady baking powder action that assures a close, even texture. Your cake will be fine-grained . . . stay fresh longer . . . keep its goodness and flavor to the last delectable crumb. Uneven baking powder action often breaks down the tiny cell walls. This broken texture allows moisture and flavor to escape. Cake gets stale and tasteless quickly.

Royal is cheap "baking insurance"

The greater assurance that Royal gives costs only about 1¢ per baking. The rest of your ingredients cost 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference per baking between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a fraction of a cent!

Wouldn't you spend part of a penny to be more certain of getting a light, fluffy cake?

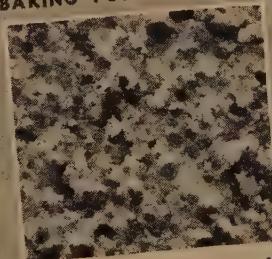
Cream of Tartar is the secret

Royal is the only nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid "baking powder" taste. Your cake, biscuits, muffins—everything you bake will be delicious.

So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. It's worth the difference in price.



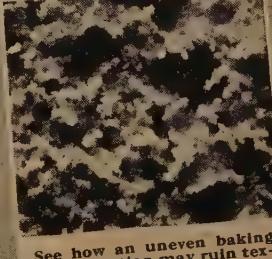
STEADY
BAKING POWDER ACTION



These photographs of cake, magnified, show why your choice of baking powder is so important to success in baking.

This is the normal result of steady baking powder action. Note the delicate but firm grain and fluffy texture of this cake. It will retain its moisture and delicious flavor—stay fresh longer.

UNEVEN
BAKING POWDER ACTION



See how an uneven baking powder action may ruin texture by breaking down the tiny cell walls . . . make it coarse . . . crumbly. This cake will dry out—lose its flavor—get stale quickly.

FREE COOK BOOK

If you bake at home, you should have a copy of the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins and pies. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington St., New York City. Dept. 2011.



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KNITTED SLIPS

For Cold Weather
Stylish and Warm

INDEREA FIGURFIT (Cold-pruf) Knit Princess Slips and Underskirts keep you warm and comfortable even on winter's coldest days. Knit by a special process, these smartly styled slips lie smooth and close without bunching or crawling. Choice of beautiful colors in cotton, wool mixture, rayon and wool, 100% wool, worsted, silk and worsted. Easy to launder, no ironing necessary. Exclusive STA-UP shoulder straps.

Ask for INDEREA FIGURFIT by name at your favorite store. Correct sizes for Women, Misses, Children.

Write for FREE Descriptive Catalog No. 509.



Indera
FIGURFIT
PAT'D

INDEREA MILLS CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C., U. S. A.

Spiritual Revival in Full Sway

The war in China has added greatly to our material burdens. It has greatly deepened the spiritual life of all at the Home and also increased the number we are caring for. Your prayers and aid will now go further in winning souls for Christ than perhaps ever before.

This faith work is one of the largest Christian institutions in the Orient.

Write today for FREE picture and story of Chinese girl shown in this ad, also receive "Helping China's Helpless" telling how God led Rev. and Mrs. Anglin to open the Home and how He blessed the work, a thrilling story.

HOME OF ONESIPHORUS — American Office
2811 North Racine Avenue Drawer 5 Chicago, Illinois



Hearing Ease



...with New Principle
Western Electric
HEARING AID
Ortho-technic Model

USERS say the new Audiphone is remarkable!—that they now hear clearly in group conversation; hear in any position. They say it widens their hearing circle; gives them natural tone, greater volume.

Based on new principles in hearing aid design—assembled after Audiometric tests to meet your exact needs—this latest achievement of Bell Telephone Laboratories will help you. Try it!

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO., Graybar Bldg., New York.
Please send details on New Western Electric Audiphone
(Ortho-technic Model) and name of nearest dealer.

CH-37

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 18)

games of those who like to play "heads I won, tails you lose." But his enemies find none: he's a good churchman; his family life is idyllic, and he is not given to habits that are censurable. Boake Carter, when devoting a broadcast to Frank Arnold last May, called him "an American who has lived close to the soil, fears his Maker, and is of the homespun variety—the kind of man whose type made America great."

The second factor that makes him a shifty mark for political criticism is: he keeps his crusading absolutely free from party politics. The league of which he is president is as aloof from politics as Edward Everett Hale's hero was a man without a country. It supports no candidate, endorses no party platform, affiliates with no political person or group.

"I certainly want to emphasize," he says, "that insofar as this organization is concerned we are not even remotely interested in partisan politics, for the very excellent reason that we don't believe that partisan politics ever cures anything. All too often all it does is kick out one group of hungry brothers and lets in another group of still hungrier ones—hungry, of course for political pie."

Moreover, Frank Arnold feels no itch for public office. He has been hounded to run for governor; he has been boosted for a big job in Washington; he has been offered a seat high in the councils of his party. But if his friends ever railroad him into a political job, it will have to be by methods they haven't yet thought up. He is utterly cold to the idea of making this avocation of his a money-making scheme—this despite the fact that all he is now doing is a labor of love and takes far too much of his time from his real estate and insurance business.

Thus has halcyon day dawned out in Nebraska, with Frank G. Arnold being mainly responsible for shoving the sun up over the horizon. It was last December that the state itself awoke to its own superiority. It looked at itself in the mirror, and was not long in deciding that it possessed a sudden new charm the world should know about. What, then, but a high-powered publicity campaign, aimed at telling, through the medium of national advertising, that Nebraska is "America's White Spot"? Sponsored by the Associated Industries of Nebraska and managed by a highly capable firm of advertisers in Omaha, this campaign has been most effective. At the moment of writing it seems that an exodus to Nebraska is on the way. Business men and industrial firms, their vitality drained by taxation and their spirit battered by labor troubles, have sent thousands of inquiries to the Cornhuskers to inquire into the wisdom of packing up and starting anew in a state where neither taxes nor labor doth corrupt and where politicians do not break through and steal.

But don't think for a minute that the battle's all over and the devil's quite dead in Nebraska. This work is never-ending, calling for eternal vigilance and a large-sized dose of that "watchfulness" on the part of the citizen that, as Arnold has demonstrated, is the salvation of the state. Members of the Nebraska legislature (which since 1937 has been a unicameral,

or one-house, body), to say nothing of county office-holders, are still preyed upon by what is called "public payroll pressure groups" who sidle up to members and, with juicy bribes in their hands, whisper: "Support our program and we'll make you Governor!". And, no doubt, there is an occasional legislator who falls from grace. But so far as getting elected to high office through supporting the bribing interest is concerned, such a brother hasn't the chance of a snowball in Sahara, things being as they are now in Nebraska.

And Arnold and his associates have their own methods for fighting the professional propagandists. Lobbies, the most powerful outside force in politics, are many and various in their demands, and are ingenious in the art of thinking up new ways to raid the taxpayer's pocket. But Arnold's strategy is that of any good military tactician: fight fire with fire, swipe the enemy's ammunition, give him his own medicine—and make him like it. So the Taxpayers' League employs a capable lobbyist in the State House; and it is this expert's duty to study all measures introduced into the Legislature. Thus, when a bill involving the levying of "nuisance taxes" comes up, the entire force of the clean-up squad, from Governor Robert L. Cochran down, pounces upon it and reduces it to mince-meat.

Another thing that encourages legislators to keep their feet in the straight and narrow path is a record which Arnold publishes and circulates at the close of each session, detailing the way every member votes on every bill introduced, with those involving tax increases and decreases being duly underscored.

But in his vast experience in cleaning up politics, Arnold has found that there are others besides politicians whose morals need a refurbishing. He speaks with a crusader's fire against what he calls "that Judas of society, the individual or business firm who gives the dullard public official favors and then takes an excessive profit without conscience." "There are two parties to political corruption," he says, as quoted in an article by Harvey Newbranch in the Omaha *World-Herald*: "one is the faithless public servant who betrays his trust; the other is the faithless private citizen who, for illegitimate and dishonest profit, connives in his corruption. "Morally there is little distinction between them. But the latter is the more dangerous. Often he is the more despicable. He may be big and powerful, while the official may be small and weak-willed, easily seduced. The briber—gloss the ugly word over in any way you like—is the Judas of society!"

We were anxious to find out what was being done to keep the "White Spot" white. This two-fisted reformer, who has been mainly responsible for giving the chambers of commerce something to brag about, replied:

"At the last session of the Nebraska Legislature we secured the enactment of three laws that I think will make our gains permanent. One law requires the counties of Nebraska to set up a budget in advance of their expenditures, with public officials to be held liable if the budget is exceeded. Another law requires all counties to keep their accounts upon a uniform basis, and a third provides for uniform auditing of all public offices."

Frank Arnold has lately been called upon to tell his experience throughout the country to groups interested in public expenditure control. He has lectured before groups in the East, the South and the West, in addition to his own Midwest. Recently he has accepted the post of executive secretary of the Colorado Governmental Research Association, through which he has already put his relentless audit surveyors to work there.

And out in Colorado, as in Nebraska, the fur is still flying. One quick result is that the University of Denver has this year opened a Department of Government-Management, announcing a program of six quarters of graduate training in the field of Taxation and Public Expenditures, with ten research fellowships under a grant from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation.

But wherever he goes, his message and method is largely the same. Broadly speaking, it is this:

FIRST, get the facts about every expenditure, whether it be in a town, county or state.

SECOND, publicize those facts in a simple, graphic, and dramatic way.

THIRD, have a reply for every counter-question that may be put to you by the tax exploiter.

"We know from experience," declares Arnold, "that when you protest about taxes, the stock question and alibi of the official is, 'Where are we wasting money? Tell us where can we make reductions!'

"To find the answer for these questions in Nebraska we have gone into the various political subdivisions and itemized, classified and analyzed every dollar of income and every dollar of expenditure.

"Then we can lay our finger on one item and say, 'You paid too much for this'; on another item and say, 'You bought too many of these'; on still another item and say, 'You should not have bought this at all.' I don't care what state it is, or what community in a state, there is no other way that it can be done. And it must be done by an organization that is no part of the government payroll."

Simple, isn't it? As simple as David's stone. And just about as effective. To point up its possibilities, if worked on a nationwide scale, Frank Arnold cites an annual saving of \$2,000 effected in just one small item in Nance County's budget, and says: "In this country there are 175,000 political subdivisions, or taxing units. It would be very easy to find at least one—and perhaps several—such items in each of these 175,000 units where as much could be saved. But do you realize that in that single item you would have saved the nation's taxpayers 350 million dollars annually? Multiply this by scores of like items and you see the present waste—and the future possibilities, providing you and I are citizens awake."

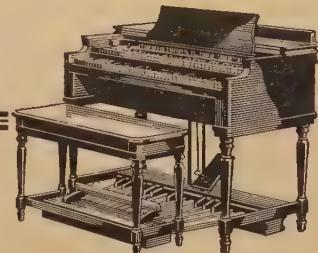
Those are the words of a practical and fearless business man.

No wonder they say that legend on the State House might well stand for an epitaph for Frank G. Arnold! He's proved that "The salvation of the state is watchfulness in the citizen."

THE HAMMOND ORGAN

*Is Unaffected By
Atmospheric Changes—*

IT CANNOT GET OUT OF TUNE!



\$1250 and up
f. o. b. Chicago depending
upon size of installation

● From mountain valleys, from northern woods, from mid-desert cities, and from the seashore come enthusiastic letters from pastors of all denominations, testifying to the perfect functioning of the Hammond under all atmospheric conditions.

Without pipes, reeds, or vibrat-

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Following is the list of fall books selected by Dr. Foulkes' Committee:

THE REDISCOVERY OF MAN, by Henry C. Link. (Macmillan, \$1.75.) So far as we are concerned, this is the book of the year. It is a leading psychologist's proof that there are in man any number of deep spiritual and moral and intellectual reservoirs that have remained untouched all too long. The work is scientific, optimistic, enlightening, heartening. You *must* read it.

LIFE OF CHRIST, by Hall Caine, Doubleday, Doran & Co., \$3.50. Forty-six years ago, Hall Caine wrote in the Windsor Magazine that he was beginning a search for a personal life of Christ. Published posthumously, the Life of Christ was assembled from a mass of notes and reference material making a volume of over 1,300 pages. Starting from Creation, this book outlines the development of the belief in God and the hope of the Messiah, basing the findings on human history rather than doctrine. Here is described a personal Christ and what evidences have been found for Him to express what He probably knew about God and man's relation to God.

While we are not in full accord with the ideas put forth, we do not hesitate to recommend this work as thought-provoking and stimulating.

THE BOND OF HONOUR, by Burton Scott Easton and Howard Chandler Robbins. (Macmillan, \$1.50.) Should be on every preacher's bookshelf. This is a fine work on the background, history and meaning of marriage. Gives ministers a definite basis for explaining the responsibilities of marriage to bride and groom. The ministry has been crying for such a book as this.

THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIOUS POETRY, by Caroline Miles Hill. (Macmillan, \$1.69.)

This work, long a classic in its field, is reprinted in a cheaper edition, with exactly the same material as the more expensive edition. This reviewer has had it in his study for years, uses it constantly, values it highly. Scope: the world's best sacred poetry from the Egyptian Hymn to the Sun God to Rupert Brooke's "Heaven." A fine buy at \$1.69.

THE PROBLEM OF FOLLOWING JESUS, by James Gordon Gilkey. (Macmillan, \$1.50.) Another triumph for a great preacher who is also a great writer. Gilkey is always worth reading. Great for group discussions. Reads like a novel. Given much help on problem: "But is it possible to follow Jesus in our kind of a world?"

THE GOD WHOM WE IGNORE, by John Kennedy. (Macmillan, no price given.) A fine book, written by a keen-eyed and alert Scotch minister who ponders the question, "Do men really want God?" Gives arguments pro and con, sugar-coated, with the whole narrative shot through with a deliciously

droll Scotch humor that makes you read till you fall asleep. Honest, real and provocative of thought about the much-needed spiritual revival.

THIS GREAT BUSINESS OF BEING CHRISTIAN, by Edgar DeWitt Jones. (Harper & Brothers, \$1.25.) Inspirational preaching from the pen of a great Christian. The "Great Business" is treated under chapters on Preaching, Prayer, Christian Unity and Seeking God. Packed with human-interest; full of illustrations for ministers, inspiration and challenge for the man in the pew.

A WORKING FAITH FOR THE WORLD, by Hugh Vernon White. (Harper & Brothers, \$2.00.) A good discussion of Christianity's problems in the modern world. Author holds that Christian liberalism is right, but that it now needs a return to God, a rebirth of prophetic passion. Conservative readers may disagree here, but will agree in his plea for a world-unifying faith. Not for ordinary readers.

THE FAITH OF THE CHURCH, by Charles M. Jacobs. (United Lutheran Publication House, \$1.00.) A series of chapel talks on the Apostles Creed by late President of the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia. Not at all denominational; directs attention to the basic certainties; scholarly, yet practical.

SINS OF THE SAINTS, by G. D. Rosenthal. (Harper & Brothers, \$1.75.) New, refreshing slants on sins of the Christian. A little negative in emphasis. Preachers will find a series of sermons in it, laymen food for thought. The first chapter, on "Sins Admired by Many" is a gem.

DOROTHY THOMPSON'S POLITICAL GUIDE. (Stackpole, \$1.25.) Brilliant exposition of Totalitarianism, Fascism, Communism, Socialism, Democracy, by the United States' most brilliant columnist. Her Methodist-parsonage background illumines the whole. She spares nothing, nobody, stirs thinking. Millions read her. You should.

ADVENTURES IN SELF-DISCOVERY, by David Seabury. (Whittlesey House, \$2.50.) Dr. Seabury uses a number of case histories to show that "A complete life containing love, power and security requires adjustment in all the areas of being." A psychological work designed for the layman, excellently done. It amounts to a private consultation with one of the world's foremost psychologists.

THE BOOK OF ORIGINAL PLAYS AND HOW TO GIVE THEM, by Gardner and Arnaud. (Lippincott, \$2.50.) This is a good one. Includes ten plays and a pageant planned and written for all ages for use in the churches, schools, etc. Full of backstage tips for coach, prompter, property man, electrician, cast, etc. Invaluable for Directors of Religious Education, or those in charge of church dramatics. A mountain of information for a mite.

TRAVEL

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, by Margaret Halsey, Simon & Schuster, \$2.00. This book has already become a best seller. Over 280,000 copies have been sold to date. Even though Miss Halsey approaches with naïveté the sacrosanct smugness of England, this book becomes alive with the scenes and flavor of the English countryside. The author's impressions of Europe are remarkably well written. The most stimulating travelogue on England we have seen for some time.

LISTEN! THE WIND, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh—Harcourt Brace, \$2.50. Anne Morrow Lindbergh has achieved another triumph in writing a successor to "North to the Orient." In 1933 she flew with "Lindy" from Brazil across the Atlantic to Africa. A completely charming and delightful account of this flight is told in "Listen! The Wind." Excellent reading for every one.



For These—

I'm thankful for the little things,
For home and food and rest;
For love which shineth all the way,
For friends with whom I'm blest.

For trees that give a cooling shade,
For water, pure and sweet;
For soft green grass and clear blue skies,
For waving fields of wheat.

I thank Thee, Lord, for little things,
For all my joy and gladness;
For daily care and watch by night,
For a shield from all Life's sadness.

Hope Hoekstra, 16 years old



(Continued from page 33)

for twenty-four hours. Take a milk pan a little larger than the one in which is the milk, fill it three parts full of water, bring it nearly to the boil, then stand in it the pan of milk which has stood for twenty-four hours and let it simmer. When you see a ring coming around the edge of the milk, very carefully, so as not to shake it, lift the pan out of the simmering water and stand it in a cool place for twenty-four hours. The milk must not have boiled. Be very careful in moving it not to break the top. When cold, take the cream off with a skimmer."

This is the old tried and true method of making clotted cream. It is curious that no other method will quite bring the flavor or consistency. Separator cream, scalded, is quite inferior. And for those who have not had the privilege of eating clotted cream, I will explain how it's done. You must have a homebaked biscuit or, better, a slice of fresh homemade bread. This you smear with a half-inch of clotted cream and on top of this you smear raspberry or strawberry jam. You pour yourself a cup of strong, fresh-made tea, rest yourself before the fire and let storms rage or wars carry on. You at least are in the gourmet's paradise!



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(Continued from page 27)

said your father did not want you to go with him," Bruce said concerned.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What of that? A girl can't let her whole life be spoiled because her parents are narrow."

The car stopped in front of Mrs. Caleb's and Bruce got out slowly.

"Goodbye," said Gwen frostily.

"Wait a minute." Bruce held the door of the car open and smiled engagingly. "I don't want you to go off in this way, Gwen, and I don't want you to disobey your father."

Her nose went up and if he had dared he would have laughed. She was so young, so silly, so deadly serious. "I don't know what business it is of yours, Mr. Hardy," she said coldly. "I should think you might be afraid to stand there talking with me. What will the neighbors say?"

Bruce laughed heartily and there was even the touch of a smile on Gwen's lips. He could feel the tension growing less.

"Do you really want to go very much, Gwen?" he said softly.

Tears came to her eyes and she dabbed at them hastily with her handkerchief. "You don't understand," she said in a fierce whisper. "There's nobody in this old town, nobody nice I mean. Kathryn's got Bob and there's nobody for me and a girl gets lonely."

Many tears were near the surface. Bruce leaned forward. "Don't go," he whispered. "Do what your father thinks best. He knows some things that you don't. So do I for that matter and I think he's right. Gwendoline, I'm your pastor and I'm your friend too."

She looked up and a smile glimmered through her tears. "You are nice," she whispered.

Bruce laughed in spite of himself. "Snap out of it," he said kindly. "It's not so bad. Do what is right and you won't be sorry."

Mrs. Caleb looked across the table anxiously at her star boarder. "I hope you ain't goin' to do this sort of foolishness very often," she ventured after Bruce had given a very sketchy account of the afternoon's experiences.

"Oh, I don't know," he said airily, helping himself to another muffin. "It looks as if you got scared for nothing."

"What I said holds good just the same," responded his landlady firmly. "If I've heard from one I've heard from a dozen 'bout your bein' out with Gwen. My land, everybody I phoned knew it 'fore I spoke about it, she paradin' you up the street that way. Fannie Law was settin' in her window and she most fell off her chair."

"You mean she almost fell out of the window in her eagerness to see what was going on?" asked Bruce gravely.

Mrs. Caleb bridled. "You can laugh if you've a mind to, but just the same if a preacher's goin' to be talked about it is just as well it shouldn't be in connection with a pretty girl, 'less, that is, he's going to be married. You take a girl like that out and then drop her,—what's she goin' to think and her father and all the rest of 'em? Of course, it's plain you don't think she is good enough and then what? You're in bad with her family, that's what." She broke off. "There's Bill Spiger now. Wonder what he wants to

talk with you about? You go to the door. Looks like he's drunk," she continued as the bell rang.

Bruce admitted his caller and out of respect for his evident unsteadiness did not attempt to take him up to his room. Ushered into Mrs. Caleb's parlor, Bill staggered to one of her best rockers and slumped into it. Immediately his head dropped on his chest and his eyes closed. Bruce waited impatiently for the man to reveal his errand.

"Been drinkin'," Bill made this unnecessary announcement at length with due seriousness. Then his head nodded again and he shook it as though trying to get rid of the fumes in his brain. "Shay somethin' to me, Dominie," he mumbled thickly. "Shay somethin' to make me stop drinkin'. Wanna stop. I wanna sign the pledge."

Bruce eyed the man sharply. This was not what he expected. Drunk as he was, the man was concerned about himself. As he hesitated, Bill began to cry in weak, maudlin fashion, wiping his eyes with a soiled bandana. Reaching into his pockets he pulled them out, one after another. "All gone," he mumbled. "Had my pay. Alt gone. What will the children do?" Again he wiped his eyes.

It was not a pretty spectacle but Bruce was stirred with pity. The lolling figure with several days' growth of beard, the bleary eyes, the strong reek of whiskey—it was a lost man crying out for help and everything in him responded to the cry. He must do what he could.

"Why don't you let it alone?" he asked.

Bill shook his head. "Can't. Ever' time I come past Gregory's I get the smell of it and I'm gone." He seemed to be a little more sober now and there was something in his eyes that reminded Bruce of a dog's, dumb, pathetic, appealing. "The men I'm with in the mill don't help none," he added.

Bruce nodded sympathetically. He could understand what Bill meant. Why was it that men were so ready to knock a man down? Poor Bill was up against it with little to help at home or where he worked. What could he do here to help the poor fellow? He wanted to sign a pledge. Precious little good that would do with all these handicaps. But he asked for it. He seemed to have some idea that it would help. Perhaps it would if he backed it up with something more.

In matter-of-fact fashion, therefore, as though it was not the first time he had ever composed such a document, he wrote out a pledge that promised total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors from this time forward, forever and ever.

"Now," he said after Bill had painfully scrawled his name, "I'm going to keep this on my desk. It is your promise to God, Bill. Next time you are offered a drink I want you to remember what you promised. Remember now." He laid a heavy hand on the man's shoulder and looked deep into his eyes.

Bill lifted a trembling hand. "I swear," he began.

Bruce stopped him. "Don't swear any more," he said shortly. "The thing to do now is pray."

Awkwardly, with more tears, Bill dropped on his knees and Bruce knelt beside him, an arm around his shoulder. "Oh

Lord, work a miracle," he prayed, "and save this man from himself. Amen.

"Now, Bill, you pray," he commanded.

For a few moments there was no response. The crouching figure remained silent, inert. Bruce shook him gently. "You must pray, Bill," he urged, "if you mean this, you must pray."

Bill shook his head and began to tremble. Then falteringly, he cried, "God help me. I ain't worth nothin'."

"Amen," said Bruce. "That was a real prayer. God will help you. Do your part now and remember, I am your friend."

He spoke confidently but doubts assailed him as he watched Bill's unsteady figure moving down the street. Where would he go now? It was probably too late for the mill and he was in no condition to work. If he went home, what would that mean—the slatternly wife, the dirty children, the lack of any occupation. The cure of souls, that was his business and nothing else mattered—but how?

That same afternoon he related Bill's story to Colonel Knowles. Just what he expected the Colonel to do about it was not clear in his mind. Perhaps with his experience he might suggest some place for Bill to work where he could be away from temptation.

The Colonel seemed dubious. "I've never been able to do much for fellows like that," he remarked when Bruce concluded his story. "When a man's got the habit, he's gone. No use in breaking your heart. Bill's a bad egg, that's all."

Mary Knowles came in while her father was speaking and Bruce welcomed her presence. Briefly he repeated his story and her father's comment. "I don't want to take that attitude," he said seriously. "Drunkards have been saved before, why not now? What's the use of a religion if it can't help you when you come up against a human problem like Bill. I believe it can."

"So do I," Mary agreed emphatically. "Daddy, you're just an old pessimist."

The Colonel snorted. "Oh, all right, all right. If that's the way you feel about it. Have it your own way. Of course, I don't know anything." The door slammed on the Colonel's disapproving back while Bruce and Mary exchanged glances.

"Poor Daddy," Mary sighed. "He's been looking on the dark side of things lately. He needs something to do."

Bruce nodded, too much occupied with his problem to be diverted, even by the Colonel's disposition. "What do you think we can do for Bill?"

"I don't know exactly. There are so many things." The girl knit her forehead. "He needs a better home for one thing."

"It's a regular hole. Makes you think of a slum."

"For a man like that, Gregory's with its lights, companionship, songs must seem attractive. I wish you had that men's club you spoke of, Mr. Hardy, with nice rooms where a man could spend his evenings, games, magazines, and such things."

The maid brought in tea and she served it while Bruce waited. There was comfort in her sympathy and while she was occupied he could watch her, her dark hair and mobile lips, the eyes that flashed so understandingly, her efficient hands with the engagement ring. He felt the perfection.

(Turn to next page)

AGAIN THIS WINTER • • •

TWO CHRISTIAN HERALD CRUISES

WE are happy to announce that arrangements have been made to repeat last winter's highly successful Christian Herald cruises. The rates will be the same, the duration the same, sailing dates and itineraries approximately the same, and the management will be the same. Don't again miss this remarkable opportunity to visit the world's most interesting and instructive places in the finest ships and with the most congenial companions.

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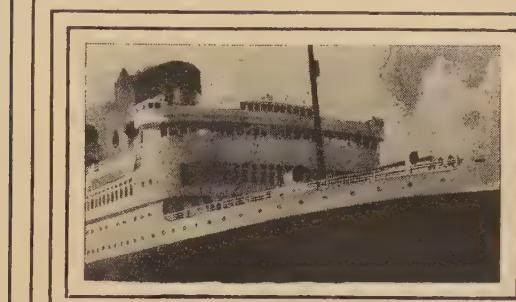
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(Continued from page 53)

tion of her dress, her manner, her culture. It was good to be near.

"Some day I hope to see a new building," he remarked as he sipped his tea. "When we do, we ought to have all you say and more."

He frowned thoughtfully and strong fingers thrummed the arm of his chair. His hair seemed very red and his chin was square.

"I wish I could get Bill another job," he remarked at length, "away from those cronies of his. That might help. I'm going to see Tom. Maybe, he'll help."

In the foundry a half hour later, Tom Moore was listening to Bruce's story. His eyes gleamed as Bruce discussed the problem involved and alluded to Gregory's saloon. Tom favored the minister with a knowing grin.

"Well, what would you advise?" Bruce

Lord had answered your prayers."

"Well, why not?"

"Because it's not true. The way I see it God didn't have anything to do with this. I'm the boy that has the say and I could say no just as well as yes. It just happens I need a man. There's nothing philanthropic about that. Work has been coming in pretty well and so I can take him on."

"You are helping a man who is down."

"That's as may be. It's just business with me."

Bruce grinned. The memory of Tom's many benefactions was in his mind, the way he had, relieved distresses here and there. "Say, Tom, you and I are not far apart," he said earnestly. "We both want to help folks when we can."

Tom laughed shortly. "Sure, Dominie, if it don't cost too much."

Bruce went over to his friend and laid his hand on his shoulder. "Why do we do

That Shivering Figure in the Doorway

IT'S a bitter cold night, with a wind that fairly takes you off your feet. The promise of a glowing fire in your comfortable rooms hastens the speed with which you travel homeward—and then you are stopped, for you cannot calmly pass that shivering figure in the doorway.

The street light lends no soft glow, but rather dramatizes in a pitiless blaze the overcoatless figure as he huddles, in the wind-protected corner. Memories of that extra coat that has been hanging in your closet for months bring shame with the thought of what you should have done—that you should have sent it to the Mission a month ago.

Most of us have to see in order to believe or feel—and you wish you could get a photograph of this man and send it to your friends; then they'd give! You'd get clothes enough to give every man who came to the Bowery Mission asking for them. But it's night, you have no camera, and doubt that the man would pose for a picture even if you had.

Well, there is one thing you can do—send the man to the Bowery Mission for the night, and then get that overcoat, yes, and some shoes, underwear, and anything else you're not wearing and send them to the Mission as fast as you can. With this thought your conscience is salved a bit and you're able to go your way with a promise in your heart.

Will you take our word for it, friends? There are men huddling in doorways, down subways, and at the Bowery Mission who are without coats, without underwear, and whose feet are practically shoeless. And this is but the beginning of a long winter. We can use practically any thing you send us, but we beg you to send it now and help reduce the number of deaths among the jobless and the poor.

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227 Bowery, New York City

Your contributions to the Business Office, Bowery Mission
419 Fourth Avenue, New York

queried desperately.

"Why don't you try prayer?" the foundryman suggested dryly.

"I have, I will," said Bruce seriously, "but you've got to do something besides pray. Perhaps I can get our ladies to do something," Bruce went on, "but the first thing is another job. Would you give him a job?"

Tom nodded. "Sure. It just happens I need another hand. Hiram can do more in the shop and I can set Bill to work in the yard."

Bruce was conscious of a feeling of relief that left him almost weak. He had not realized the strain he had been under. A mistiness was in his eyes. "I'm mighty glad," he muttered. "That will help a lot."

Tom laughed, then got up, stretched his arms and glanced at his watch. "I was just thinking how you would go back to your church people and tell them the

it? We never learned that sort of thing from the animals. You call it natural. It just happens so. I believe it is a divine thing that somehow has been breathed into us. When we accept this spirit of goodwill we are touching the hem of His garment."

"I can't follow you, Dominie." Tom was frankly puzzled.

"All right, old man. I don't pretend to explain things but I believe. We are like children on the seashore. A bit of wave touches us and we both call it goodwill. I believe the whole ocean is behind that wave and I call that ocean God."

Out on the street, Bruce headed his car for Boonville. He must tell Bill of the new job and perhaps win some support from his wife for her husband's redemption. Glad and eager to convey the news, he found himself wondering about the reception he might get.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 21)

of the year. When they get drunk they get very drunk. Wines are very rare. Scotch and soda, rum, and gin are the most popular beverages in that order. Mid-week drinkers invariably drink beer or Scotch. I see very little difference between upper and lower classmen, with the exception of the fact that as the men stay longer in college they swing more from beer to hard liquors."

An anonymous writer in the Ohio State *Lantern*, published at Ohio State University, who absolves himself by insisting that he is not delivering WCTU propaganda nor hiding behind a banner of self-righteousness, says, "It's not the drinks that spoil the show. It's the drunks. Fortunately, only a few souls insist on overdoing the thing but those few add to drinking a stigma impossible to overlook . . . And why do these few spoil the show? . . . Because it's smart. Because it's blasé. Because 'smoothies' drape themselves over brilliant bars and guzzle. Because some people can't feel at ease until they can't feel at all. And because some brummels are too weak, lazy, and disingenuous to think of anything better to do."

He continues, "A bartender I know made this observation, 'There's only one thing dirtier than a man drunk . . . and that's a woman drunk.' I'm not trying to say what's right or wrong . . . every woman to her wishes. What I'd like to get across is that there still exists in this funny little world an idealization of woman. There's no need to describe a woman drunk. There's no point in trying to picture what a miserable show a miss puts on when her pride, poise, and presence of mind are gone.

"Men don't ask for prigs, or shy-simple susans, and I'm not moralizing, but men will talk. Reputations are costly gadgets. Which will you have? 'I've got one of the finest gals goin',' or 'Boy, can my gal hold her liquor?'"

Washington and Lee University suspended a fraternity member for drinking ten years ago, yet a ministerial member of that same fraternity recently received an invitation to contribute toward the purchasing of a \$4,000 bar for the basement of the fraternity house!

From Dartmouth comes the report that from eighty to ninety per cent of the students drink and that all of the student officers and most of the faculty drink. Says one student leader, "Dartmouth has the reputation of being a 'drunkards' college,' but it is really not so much so as, for instance, Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. The Dartmouth fellows get their reputation from the fact that when they get into a sizeable city (once a month, or so) they celebrate. Thus outsiders give them bad reputations without enough knowledge of the situation. Beer is used quite extensively here, but excessive drinking seldom is seen outside of Saturday night—when hard liquor is substituted by some. The majority of Dartmouth drinkers do it quite moderately."

This student estimates that twenty per cent drink excessively on week ends.

Another Dartmouth student leader says that liquor is allowed in all dormitories and fraternity houses and "drinking is

(Turn to next page)



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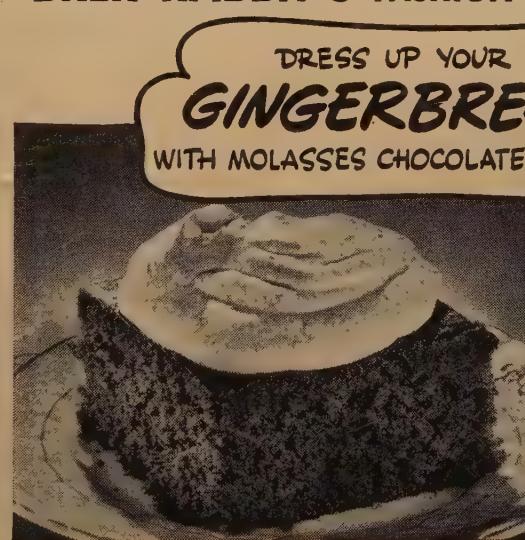
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MOLASSES CHOCOLATE CREAM
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(Continued from page 55)

quite prevalent with occasional 'blasts' by men following exams, during parties, etc."

Faculty members consulted by this student leader agree that this generation is more conservative than the one a few years ago. He also stated, "Men have been expelled for actions resulting from the use of liquor; such as bringing girls into rooms late at night or damaging property. These occurrences are few.

"The stress here is much freedom for the students with a stress on moderation and gentlemanly conduct. The knowledge of drinking moderately is of importance in a young man's education."

Says another Dartmouth man, "College rules permit a student to keep refreshments in his room and expect 'that a student will occasionally have friends' in for that purpose." The dean has said, however, that 'when the party reaches proportions where a keg of beer is necessary, the College feels that the party is too big for the dormitories.'

It is reported that except for beer, which is widely consumed in small quantities, there is little widespread drinking except at Pledge Night, spring and fall house parties, and Carnival. "Items about fraternity house bars, with descriptions of said bars, appear from time to time in the college paper; also ads offering portable bars, accessories, etc. (The state is dry, except for beer, but we're near the state line.)

"The college has served beer from time to time in the Dartmouth college dining halls and tap rooms and probably will serve beer in the rathskeller of the new dining hall as soon as the six-months' operation of the state law is complied with."

From Notre Dame it is reported that there is no drinking whatever on the campus but that most of the students drink at least a little. The student consulted says that he knows of no upper classmen who do not use alcoholic beverages but that he does know a large number of lower classmen who do not drink. "Drinking is against the rules."

A survey made by the campus newspaper at the University of California at Los Angeles reveals that eighty per cent of the women drink on a date, while but 65 per cent of the men do.

The New York *Herald Tribune* reported in June that the annual senior poll at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, revealed that eighty per cent of the class use intoxicating liquor.

From Bowdoin comes the word that but from ten to fifteen per cent do not drink.

Drinking at Harvard is general, according to student and faculty officials. Except at official college functions where serving liquor is prohibited, no attempt is made to curb it. Students may bring their own refreshments, so long as their behaviour remains within bounds:

Cases of excessive drinking are infrequent. Drinking to excess is not in itself a basis for expulsion from the college. Expulsion has followed, however, where misbehavior has resulted from excessive consumption of alcohol.

A yard official who has served with the college for almost a score of years stated he thought excessive drinking had decreased in recent years, perhaps because

it is no longer a novelty.

Several years ago students voted against licensed dispensing of liquor or beer in the houses. However, the college does maintain the 'Grill', a cafeteria in the basement of one of the houses, which is very popular with undergraduates. Licensed to serve beer, the Grill is a rendezvous for students from ten in the morning until eleven at night. All trade is on credit, the food and drinks obtained being added to the student's term bill.

Drinking is permitted in the dormitories, although not sold there. Cocktail parties are usually held in rooms before dances or other functions where liquor will not be served. The dormitories are operated in a manner somewhat similar to cooperative apartment houses—tenancy depending on good behavior.

Apparently, economic conditions govern the students' decision on whether to drink or not. Generally, the social clubman is the heaviest drinker, the sophomore most inclined to drink to excess, and the freshman the one to drink least.

At Tufts College, drinking at fraternity houses is general, beer being the favorite. The question in the fraternity houses is left to house managers but in college dormitories no drinking is permitted. Here, college authorities have found the student attitude toward alcohol to be largely one of indifference.

Very little drinking is evidenced at Boston University student meetings, proms and smokers. The college has made an effort to control the drinking situation by placing "no drinking" bans on all proms. The students are strict in handling the situation. There have been instances in fraternity houses where the organization has requested a member's withdrawal for unbecoming behavior as a result of excessive drinking. The university's R.O.T.C. requires high standards in conduct and deportment. Probably the greatest deterrent to student officers has been the result of a case of excessive drinking which occurred several years ago at a military ball. An officer, becoming intoxicated, succeeded in drawing public attention by his conspicuous behavior. He was later court-martialed.

Although administrative authorities at Radcliffe have intentionally made no ruling on the liquor question, liquor consumption is not an issue. College officials report no drinking in the dormitories. Public opinion, as manifested among the student body, is the only force restraining the women from bringing drinks to their rooms. This also applies at student dances and other functions; the social effect of disorderly or conspicuous conduct apparently being a sufficient deterrent.

No liquor is allowed on the Stanford University campus. Sale is prohibited within a mile and a half of the university. A prominent student official reports that while certain groups of students do drink considerably, this is not the case with the majority. In spite of the fact that California is a wine-growing state, little wine is consumed by the University students, beer being the favorite, closely followed by hard liquors. He also reports that a surprisingly small number of women drink and very few to excess. Most of the drinking is done by the men in groups.

Summing up, we find student leaders telling us that in most of the colleges and

universities the majority of students drink; that upper classmen drink more than lower classmen; that beer is overwhelmingly the favorite; that hard liquor is second and wine a very poor third; that at the bull sessions during the week beer is commonly used, with hard liquor having the preference with mixed groups and at week-end festivities.

A high proportion of these students testify there is not much excessive drinking, the greater part being at the end of each semester, during holiday seasons and at special functions.

With few exceptions the smaller denominational colleges report that drinking on the part of the students is a minor problem. It has been surprising to us to find student leaders from some of the largest universities reporting somewhat in this vein: "Comparatively speaking there is very little drinking on our university campus." A graduate student at the University of Chicago attributes it to the high scholastic requirements, the major stress on intellectual activities and the relative unimportance of frat and sorority life." The leader continues, "It is frowned upon by practically all the students here and because of the predominance of serious and intellectually minded young people here, it is not considered 'smart' in any sense of the term."

He indicates that there is probably more drinking by lower classmen, but these fellows soon stop the carousing or they find themselves unable to maintain a scholastic standard and are forced to leave the university.

One of the questions we asked was, "Is it the feeling that one has to drink to be a part of the crowd or is it possible for one who abstains to travel along with the crowd without embarrassment." In no uncertain terms and with a decided degree of unanimity these leaders take the position that while, to some extent, it depends upon the attitude of the individual, one who abstains can travel along with the crowd without embarrassment.

Even in the colleges where there seems to be the greatest amount of drinking, outstanding college leaders tell me that it is not difficult, if one can keep up with it in attitudes and feelings, whether he is drinking or not.

Another student reports that in most cases one can travel with the crowd without embarrassment. "However, there is some pressure exerted on the part of fraternity groups but on the whole, the boy or girl going to college will find to a great extent that their position on the question of drinking will be respected."

It is very evident that college young people are making their choices regarding the use of alcoholic beverages. Immediately upon arrival at college, many of these students are faced with this decision. Allied Youth believes that a great deal can be done to help young people at this point. Through the organization of an Allied Youth Post in every high school young people will be given the opportunity of getting the facts concerning alcohol and determining their own course before the college days begin.

In high schools from coast to coast the Allied Youth way is winning with young people. They respond to it as to no other program. It has definitely proved that something can be done about it.



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Mrs. Major presents some simple, but definite rules, to be observed in presenting a dramatization for children.

"First, make the play swift-moving, full of action and vivid characterization," she says. "If you do, you will give positive direction to the child's creative imagination and his inborn love for make-believe."

In the second place, use lots of gay color. Children love it. Put clear shades on your heroes and heroines. If you have a villain let him don the magenta, rust or dubonnet cloak. Children do not respond to such subtle colors. They'll hiss a villain more easily if he wears them—and you want your villains hissed.

For instance, if it's Joseph at the well you are dramatizing, put some active blue and some bright red in the coat of many colors. They'll enhance Joseph's appeal.

Then there is that matter of make-believe, which enters into any play. Don't be afraid to scatter glamor with lavish prodigality. The children adore it. Unconsciously they will identify high ideals of conduct with the glow induced by happy settings.

In that play about the Little Peppers, to which I took Peter, Mrs. Major had used a lovely blue sink for the kitchen in the house. She always does, she says. She never put a brown one on the stage. She makes all her chimneys lavender and purple and flecks them with blue or silver. Not one gray one graces a set.

Why? Because fine conduct makes more appeal when identified with beauty.

In the next place, be true to your story. Don't put Joseph in a tower. He was in a well and every little boy who goes to Sunday School knows it.

Lastly, watch the voices you choose for roles. Children are susceptible to vocal tones and may hear few enough well-modulated voices today.

"How can a child who has nothing but movies know the human voice? Or the dramatic effectiveness of silence? It's absurd to expect a child brought up in a movie house where a machine bellows the sounds and noises of all sorts to have any appreciation of his own vocal cords."

The far-reaching influence of the Children's Theater, Mrs. Major's organization, which came into being because some tenement children appreciated beauty, is revealed when you consider that her companies travel more than 100,000 miles each year. There are six plays now on the road. Three companies will tour for thirty-two weeks each, and three for seventeen weeks. The plays are given in a series, one performance every five weeks, from October to May.

Two hours before curtain time, the gaily painted trucks which carry the scenery and costumes for the play, roll up, and the stage is prepared.

The six plays on the 1938-1939 program are old favorites whose appeal never fails.

Long ago we were instructed to "train up a child in the way he should go." Then came the comforting reason—"when he is old he will not depart from it."

That appeal to the make-believe, that preference for purple chimneys with silver mist blowing over them, is God-given. If, through it, a clearer sense of the beauty of right living can be given, drama has a finer reason for turning up its stagelights and letting the play begin.

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STAMPS...

Send in Your Questions

By Winthrop Adams

IN OUR new "Question Box," which we are starting with this month's issue, you'll find a most interesting letter from a man who wonders, in spite of all we've said about it, if stamp collecting isn't a racket. That is a question we are hearing asked a great deal, these days, and it deserves more than a casual answer.

The answer is, I think: "Yes, sometimes." Just as book-collecting can become a racket for certain book-sellers; or coin-collecting for some artful counterfeiter; or even as religion can become a racket in the hands of some money-mad faker." Anything can become a racket. But in stamps, the collector can guard against it easily. He can outwit the racketeer more quickly than any other hobbyist, if he only keeps his eyes open.

He should know that many stamps are issued by countries not at all for postal service, but just for the albums of gullible collectors. More than once, Scott's Standard Catalogue has refused to list such stamps on the grounds that they were pure money-making schemes, and unworthy of the attention of a good philatelist. Some other stamps may not come under the head of rackets, but they are definitely issued to finance some special national project. The news columns are full of them. Germany, for instance, helped the financing of the Zeppelin flights by issuing commemorative stamps; these are, I think, good collectors' items. Poland has just put out a miniature sheet (a good-looking one, too) to pay for the 1938 Polish stratosphere flight. Spain, as usual, leads stamp-issuing countries at the moment for the simple reason that Spain has a war on her hands and needs money; the series honors the victors of recent battles, pictures a blacksmith at work and peasants being blessed. Those I would not buy. But Yugoslavia has a new Red Cross issue put out in the interests of that great organization, and I think I'll get that one.

You have to pick and choose in stamps, and let your conscience be your guide. Use your head. Never buy a stamp just because everybody else is buying it; buy it because *you* want it. And incidentally, remember this: the collecting of miniature sheets and commemoratives, racket or not, is, if you choose wisely, a good investment from the financial standpoint. These stamps soon go off sale; just so many are issued, and they increase in value more rapidly than other issues as their rarity increases. Remember that, and act accordingly.

Stamps In The News

All eyes on Czechoslovakia! All philatelic eyes, especially, for this will be a country much in demand from now on. Once before in this column we advised collectors to watch the smaller states that are here today and gone tomorrow; when they pass, their stamps go *up*. This may

happen in Czechoslovakia.

The Czechs planned some time ago to issue a special series commemorating the twentieth anniversary of their liberation from the old Hapsburg rule; if they still decide to issue it, it will be an item worth having. Poland has bitten off a piece of Czech territory; look for a Polish stamp in honor of that; Germany and Hungary may also have new issues calling attention to their conquests. History and the trends of the times make stamps. Why not a "current events" album?

Don't get excited over that \$50,000 "find" made by the Los Angeles dealer. There isn't any stamp in the United States postal system worth that much money. This is merely a very early cancellation of a very common stamp: the one-cent blue of 1861. Judging from the prices of other and rarer stamps of the same period, this one is worth not more than \$50 at most.

Howard Hughes turned down 1500 collectors who wanted him to carry letters for them on his great flight. But he did take several hundred covers, for those who helped him get off on the famous world-tour; they are rarities already, out of sight so far as value is concerned.

Watch for the government's Philatelic Truck, which will carry a million-dollar stamp exhibit from coast to coast. It will start this fall, visiting schools.

And watch out for those new Italian-East-African pictorials. They are pure propaganda, not worth album space. The letters written to and from Italian East Africa are negligible; which means that the most of these stamps will be bought by collectors, who will help pay Mr. Mussolini's bills.

Collecting Christmas seals, put out each year by the National Tuberculosis Association

EXTRA! EXTRA!

So many inquiries have come to Mr. Adams following his article on "Religion in Stamps" that *Christian Herald* has decided to offer its readers a complete, up-to-the-minute "Religious Stamps List."

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(Continued from page 36)

tion of the soothing oil of Understanding, and out of the experience a sweeter temper and a deeper sympathy for the troubles of others wherever you found them. That is the way God answered your prayer. He did not change: your circumstances did not change; *you were changed!* In the long run, isn't that far better?

We should notice that in these two instances neither Paul nor Jesus was asking for anything evil. Their requests were most natural. Yet in neither case would God interrupt a natural course of physical events in order to answer their prayers as they wished them answered. Why not? Well, this leads us into the whole question of the nature of our universe. There are certain laws which God controls and not man. These laws of God are termed in the Shorter Catechism "the decrees of God," which are "His eternal purpose, according to the counsel of His will, whereby for His own glory He hath foreordained whatever comes to pass." He has foreordained the rising and setting of the sun, the ebb and flow of the tides, the rotation

me to disobey Him or the laws of nature. I am free to this extent. But He has foreordained that if I disobey His laws, their logical consequences of punishment will fall upon me, and it would be blasphemy for me to pray to escape them. He has also foreordained that if I am obedient to His holy laws, they will work out to their logical consequences to my betterment and happiness.

Let us think again of the cases of Paul and Jesus. We do not know what Paul's "thorn in the flesh" was. Some say it was a periodic epileptic seizure, while other commentators believe it was chronic malaria. Well, whatever it was, we know it must have grown out of some perfectly natural cause either in something Paul thoughtlessly did in his early days or in some weakness inherited from his parents.

In the case of Jesus, the cross and its agony were not diabolical ideas conceived in the mind of a loving Father. The cross as an instrument of torture and death had been used in the Orient for centuries before Calvary. His cross was the result of wicked men using their powers of choice to destroy, if possible, the influence of

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of the seasons, the logical effect following the natural cause. Man cannot change these—they are foreordained.

But not only in the natural world is this so. God has done the same thing in the moral world. He has foreordained, for instance, the ultimate redemption of the world through our Lord Jesus Christ. He has decreed that if you are pure in heart, you shall see Him in a thousand manifestations. He has ordained that any of us who earnestly hunger and thirsts after Righteousness will be filled with righteousness. He has foreordained that the person having a genuine faith in Christ and who will follow Him loyally will overcome the lusts and appetites of worldliness. All these and other Divine laws are beyond man's power to divert or to destroy.

But while all these laws are foreordained of God and are kept going by the Eternal, yet within the compass of these laws God has given man a large amount of freedom. The greatest of these is the gift of free will within limits. God has not foreordained every step I take; He has not decided beforehand whether I shall step to the right of this pulpit platform or to the left. He has not made it impossible for

Jesus as a prophet of God by slaying Him. It stands to reason that if God was responsible for the cross, then the men who killed Jesus were not responsible and should not be blamed; for according to this theory they were only helpless instruments manipulated by an all-powerful God. If they were merely doing what God made them do, then God should be held responsible for the cross—not Pontius Pilate nor the Jews who demanded that Jesus be crucified.

If I had to believe that God made men murder and steal and blast their families, or caused steamships like the *Titanic* to strike against icebergs at night, carrying a thousand helpless souls to a watery grave; if I had to believe that it was God Who caused death-dealing epidemics and pestilences, sweeping little children into early graves, or Who sent the flames creeping into a room where one's only child lay asleep, or brought about the untimely death of some sweet-faced, fine-souled young mother, I would step down out of this pulpit and never enter it again as the ambassador of such a God. But I do not believe in any such God, nor did Jesus. God to Him was Love; and Love will not

use the brutal weapons of Chance or Carelessness as its instruments.

We have dwelt at some length upon this approach to a correct picture of God, in order that we might understand what Prayer is intended to do. Prayer is not a magical formula which, if correctly repeated, will change the mind and plan of God. They need no change. "God is unchanging in His goodness." Instead, Prayer is an attitude of soul which, upon finding out the will of God, will lay aside its own fond desires and follow that will; follow it because in the long run it is best for the world. Remember that from the tragedy and wreck of a man-made Calvary went forth the most potent influence for good that has ever blest our world.

In the earlier stages of religion—and in some individual cases even today—people looked upon prayer as an instrument much like Aladdin's Lamp. When Aladdin made a wish and rubbed his lamp the right way, he at once got his wish. So people had the idea that if you rubbed God the right way, your prayer would be answered just as you wanted it. This identified prayer with magic; and as the genie of the lamp became Aladdin's slave, so this kind of praying made God the slave of man's latest whim. Some folks imagine that if you whine long enough and in the right key, God will stop whatever He is doing, pull one or two levers, reverse the natural order of events and grant their requests. What a blasphemous caricature this is of the Father revealed by Jesus! It would be like the woman who had planned a garden party for her debutante daughter. But after sending out the invitations, she was informed that on that night there was to be a total eclipse of the moon. So she earnestly prayed that God would rearrange the lunar schedule and grant her a clear night as a special favor! Was that the true function of prayer?

Prayer does not arbitrarily change the outward circumstances of life, but it does change the temper and disposition and character of the man who has to live amidst these circumstances. A man who is in trouble cannot face that trouble at his best if he worries, or is anxious or doubtful or afraid. Prayer of the right kind will restore his mental balance, his moral poise, his spiritual equilibrium, and thus enable him to meet the situation in his right mind, with all the resources of a loving God as his allies. The finest tribute that the Psalmist could pay to God was to say, as he did in the Twenty-third Psalm, "He restoreth my soul." Well, prayer does just that.

If true prayer can school our souls for better manhood and womanhood beyond the hurts and losses and disappointments of this life, and can cause the things which happen unto us to turn out rather to the furtherance of an ever more Christlike character in us—and it can do just that—then no prayer offered in His Name is useless. But remember: to offer it in His Name is to offer it with His aim. Thus our text becomes a superlative bit of advice for all of us: "In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God which exceeds all human comprehension will guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus."

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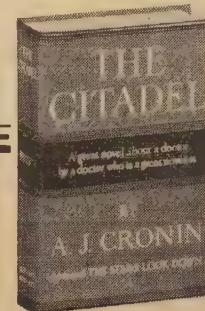
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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR NOVEMBER

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

NOVEMBER 6

Honoring Our Parents

EX. 20:12; LUKE 2:46-52; JOHN 19:26,27;
EPH. 6:1-4

FOUR natural teaching points are found in this lesson: (1) the commandment itself, with a promise attached; (2) Jesus' example of honor to be paid to parents by a child; (3) Jesus showing filial love as a man; (4) Paul's statement of the mutual responsibilities of parents and children.

1. *Honor in the home.* Honor to parents should begin among little children, and continue through all the succeeding years of life, even after the parents are no longer to be reached in the flesh. Among children it is more than obedience, being the habit of looking up to others with consideration and respect for them as better than we, with deference to their judgment and wishes.

Many sons and daughters find it difficult to grasp the meaning of the price their parents have paid for the mere privilege of being parents. "There is seldom a life behind which does not lie very genuine parental sacrifice. . . . Father and mother scarcely had a thought in which we did not occur, made no plan that did not include our welfare or pleasure, forewent many an interesting amusement and denied themselves many much-desired benefits that they might give us advantages, and day and night they freely spent and were spent for our sakes. Not to treat them with the utmost deference, not to yield them heartiest and most considerate affection, is to show ourselves contemptible ingrates." (Coffin, *The Ten Commandments*.)

This is the law of the family: Honorable father and thy mother. A part of it comes in the discipline of the home, when but one or two wills are to be obeyed. A part of it comes in the sharing of duties and tasks, of children taking over the loads carried by their elders. A part of it comes in the rigid continuance of the virtues which have marked the parents' lives, with a refusal to depart from praiseworthy moral or religious standards.

2. *Two parties to honor.* If sons and daughters are to honor their parents the latter must be worthy of such deference. "Most parents receive all the respect they deserve; and there are some who make it exceedingly difficult for their children to reverence them." How can parents whose lips speak vulgarity, falsehood and profanity expect their children to hold them in respect? How can mothers and fathers who indulge in the baser personal habits, such as smoking, drinking, gambling and sexual looseness, have any complaint to offer if their children point the finger of disrespect toward them? Parents, too, must play the game of honor, and a great part of this lesson is directed toward them.

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son; and Jesus, subject to them, holding them in honor and esteem. One of the reasons why Jesus claims our reverence and love is found in His attachment to His earthly parents.

3. *Honor to parents continues.* Our Lord, a grown man of thirty-three, did not in any sense humiliate Himself when He took loving account of His sorrowing mother (John 19:26,27). No man or woman is too old, or too busy, or too full of life's possessions to be exempt from the duty of paying loving tribute to father or mother. When occasionally grown men and women cast aside one or both their aged parents, on the pretext that they have their own family responsibilities, the entire knowing community rises in protest. On the other hand, one of the sure signs that a young man will be a good husband, or a young woman a good wife, is found in the fact that either knows how to treat well his own parents.

4. *The reward for honoring parents.* Paul was an adept at pointing out the essentials of Christian living. In Eph. 6:1-4 he mentions two: 1, that honor toward parents would bring prosperity, and a prolonged natural life; 2, that there must be mutual affection and consideration between parents and children. Each group must make the effort to understand and uphold the other.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How may honor of parents become for sons and daughters a selfish, and therefore an undesirable trait?

2. How may a child honor his parents by his deeds?

3. What should parents be and do in order to merit the reverence of their children?

4. Is the Christian relieved of responsibility for his parents when the State or any other agency assumes their financial support?

NOVEMBER 13

The Sacredness of Human Life

EX. 20:13; MATT. 5:21-26,38-42

THE teacher who deals with this lesson is apt to fall into two temptations. Either he may say, "The sin of murder is so detestable, and all people are so set against it, that there is little to teach about," or else, "There are so many opportunities for crimes of violence today, and so many of them are accepted by society, that it becomes difficult to know how to make the application of the commandment."

The following may be used as teaching points:

1. Deliberate physical violence on the part of one human against another is strictly forbidden by the Mosaic law, and has no defense among civilized people.

2. Carelessness or deliberate consent to conditions which result in the death of human beings are forms of murder. Ancient Jewish law held an owner responsible if his ox, known to have a record as a killer, became the cause of death to others. "The responsibility of the owners—be they stockholders, or directors, or managers—for accidents, when they know that they have neglected proper precautions, is the modern equivalent of



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that ancient statute. The corporation which in its eagerness for dividends allows grade crossings to remain, or to remain unguarded, which does not introduce safety appliances, which breaks the fire laws in its buildings, which permits unsanitary conditions to prevail in its plants, which caters to the desire for speed at the risk of disaster, which fails to insist on constant and careful inspection of machinery, work rooms, tracks, bridges and the like, is repeating the same perilous experiment of leaving a dangerous ox at large." (Coffin, *The Ten Commandments*.)

3. What shall the class do with the question of capital punishment, where the state demands one life for another, or with the question for war, where all who participate accomplish their desired ends by the destruction of human lives, or those who traffic in liquors, narcotics, war munitions and other agencies which destroy men, women, children, and even the unborn? What have these to do with the sixth commandment?

4. Jesus spiritualized the commandment against murder (Matt. 5:21-26). "You have been told not to murder; I tell you not to be angry with anyone, not to be contemptuous of anyone as a stupid fellow, not to condemn anyone as morally worthless." Thus Jesus got at the principle which underlies the old commandment. The sanctity of human life was its vital point, and Jesus declares that there are other ways of violating that sanctity. For one to be angry with another, and to deal with him in a fit of temper is to make the angry one guilty of the same sort of crime as murder, even though no life be taken.

5. The cause of violent actions among men is violent feelings. The deeds come only in response to the heart within. The sure antidotes for hatred are *forgiveness*, and *repentance*.

6. The world speaks much of revenge, retaliation, judgment. Jesus advises long-suffering, patience, forgiveness, and the second mile. Which course is better?

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Is it right to charge a soldier with murder when he takes one or more lives in battle? Are his superiors guilty?

2. How can the indirect murders coming from industrial greed be overcome?

3. Is it fair to call the liquor traffic, and those who sponsor it, murderers?

4. Does Jesus' rule of patient forbearance work as an antidote to violence?

NOVEMBER 20

The Sacredness of the Home

EX. 20:14; MATT. 5:27-30; MARK 10:2-16;
EPH. 5:22-33

(Printed Lesson Ex. 20:14; Matt. 5:27,28;
Mark 10:2-16)

NEXT to the sanctity of human life comes the sanctity of the home, and any group of Christians may well spend time in reviewing the bases upon which the home is to be built if it is to be effective.

1. The first of these bases is the seventh commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." It always strikes a telling blow against husbands or wives who would be unfaithful to their vows of matrimony, for adultery, as defined by Jewish law, is

the unlawful intercourse of a man with a married or betrothed woman not his own.

In a wider sense, personal purity is an essential of Christian character in our day—a day when physical passions and appetites are given free reign, all in the name of freedom and self-assertion. For both the married and unmarried comes this unchanging call of the Old Testament and the New, that the Christian life is a *pure life*—one man, one woman, cleaving to each other, and joined together by God.

Only on such a basis can the Christian home be built. If there is moral looseness or "experiment" before marriage, or if there is unfaithfulness after marriage, much of the integrity and sacredness of the home is gone, and all moral and spiritual teachings are correspondingly weakened.

2. The second of these bases is the teaching of Jesus Christ. He spiritualized this commandment, as He did others. The law was content to name the act and to prohibit it; Jesus went deeper and searched for the motives which would call for the act. "One does not need to connive with another man's wife to be an adulterer," He says. "If one has the motive for adultery in one's heart and lusts after a woman, that one is guilty just the same." This it is which makes Jesus' teaching about the moral life so effective. It deals with one's inner nature, and the fountain of good or evil. His salvation has to do with the *heart*, not with the hands or head alone; and with the *new birth*, so much more effective than any ritual or votive offering.

3. The third of these bases is the permanence of marriage (Mark 10:2-16). Jesus prized the wedded tie so highly that any breach of it by divorce was intolerable to Him. He said, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Americans will be pretty well agreed that our efforts to liberalize the divorce laws have been rewarded by the widespread instability of the home. We have discovered that much juvenile delinquency and crime, and much of the "flaming youth" of our day, can be traced to broken and unhappy homes and the overthrow of personal purity on the part of parents.

Henry Sloane Coffin's words deserve to be read and discussed in every class: "A Christian marriage occurs only when two lives touch completely. It has in it the vehemence and fervor and tenderness, which we sum up in the special sense of our most sacred word 'love.' The passion may come gradually or suddenly, but it brings always an experience so transforming that it seems a second birth. A new world comes into being for lovers. . . . In each other they find themselves, as they never found themselves before. A Christian can never find himself in another unless the other possesses at least the capacity for his loyalties, his ideals, his faith. Lives that touch at a number of points, but remain utterly remote at what is to one the supreme point, are not divinely joined together. Paul had insight enough to urge that Christians marry 'in the Lord,' both lives controlled by the Spirit of Jesus." (*The Ten Commandments*.)

Preserving the Homes of Tomorrow

What steps can be taken by Christian individuals and by the Christian Church to keep the homes of the future in the sacredness which God intended? Would the following be essential parts of the program? (a) Emphasis on personal purity for youth and adults; (b) Education of young people in the physical, moral, and spiritual aspects of marriage; (c) Increase, by church and state, of the safeguards attending marriage; (d) Rigid application, by church and state, of the law requiring fidelity in the marriage state; (e) Uniformity in the laws regulating divorce; (f) Decrease, rather than increase, of the legal causes for divorce; (g) Re-establishment of the Gospel doctrine of the clean heart as the basis for ideal home-life.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Is marriage essentially a divine institution? Give reasons.
2. What are the reasons for unfaithfulness to the marriage vow, and how can these be overcome?
3. Can the weaknesses attending marriage and divorce be remedied by laws?
4. Should individual Christians and the church at large stand strongly against divorce, except for unfaithfulness?

NOVEMBER 27

Honesty in All Things

EX. 20:15; MATT. 19:16-22; LUKE 19:1-10,45,46; 20:9-16

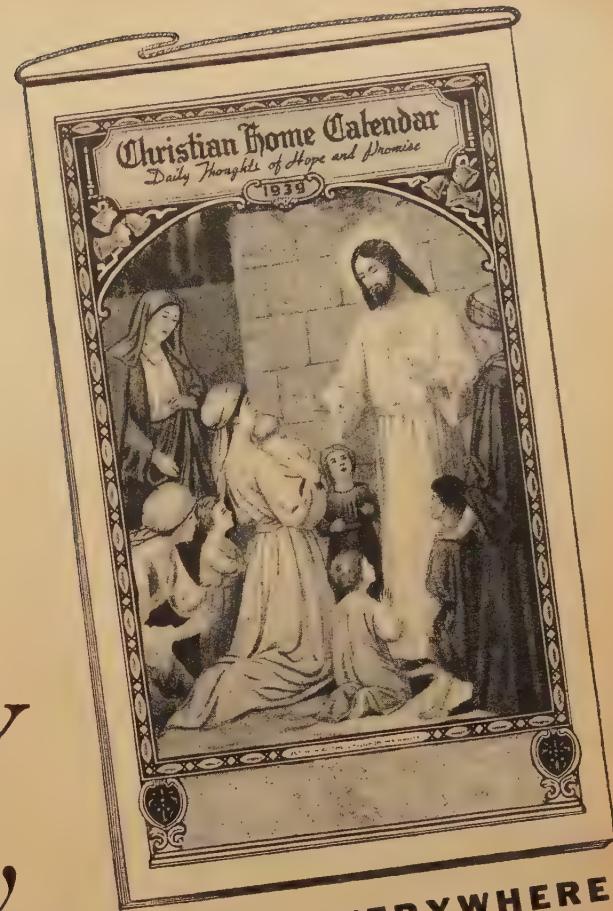
(Printed Lesson Ex. 20:15; Luke 19:1-10,45,46)

"UNDERHAND dealing was the besetting sin of the Hebrew. It is exemplified in the earliest days in the character of the national ancestor Jacob; it is the constant cry in the social teachings of the prophets Amos, Hosea, Isaiah and Micah; and Zechariah's vision shows that it was, together with false swearing, a prevailing sin among the Jews after the exile." (McNeile, *The Book of Exodus*.)

Appropriating for ourselves what does not belong to us, or taking from another some possession which is of value to him is a common twentieth-century practice. The eighth commandment is still a necessity, if human tendencies are to be controlled.

1. *Respecting private property.* "Property is essential to persons. No man can realize his personality without possessions." While some have less than others each thing which belongs to any man becomes a part of himself and is not to be taken from him without his willing consent, being replaced by something which is to him of equal value. Even in the closest of partnerships, as in a family, there are some things which are not held in common, and each individual has a right in claiming for himself those things which are privately his.

But the excuses for thievery are many, and it continues as a wide practice. "I need it more than he," "she will never know I have it," "why is he so careless with his property?" "he has too much anyway," "this will balance up that other affair," and the like, are commonly heard when a piece of money, or a bit of jewelry, or a book, or a watermelon, or half-an-acre of ground, or some other possession

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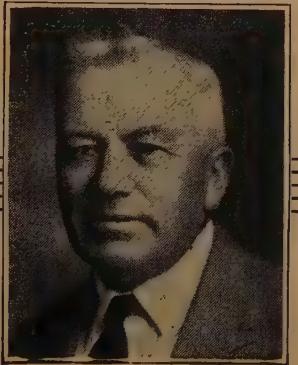
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is appropriated. So we use locks on our houses, and place guards around our possessions, that we may protect ourselves from the thieving hands of our neighbors. All this is a tremendous drain on human character.

2. *What has society at stake?* Society, too, comes in for its share of the stealing hazard. Many people who hesitate at stealing from an individual will not hesitate to steal from a corporation, or from the government. How many millions of dollars are lost to the public each year in graft in municipal, state and national administrations? How many contractors are paid for services not rendered, how much public money is squandered, how many persons are "on relief" without cause?

Every time there is failure to render value for value, service for pay, fee for accommodation, be it five cents or a million dollars, there is stealing from the public at large. And when laws are disobeyed, or poorly enforced, when justice is thwarted, when disease and immorality are allowed to run unchecked society is robbed of its just dues.

3. "Will a man rob God?" This was the prophet Malachi's call. When the people indignantly replied that they had not robbed God, the prophet replied with words true to this day, "Ye have robbed Me in tithes and offerings."

When God has a right to expect gifts of love and substance from His children, and He does not receive them, why should

(Continued from page 39)

mornings chopping down trees and making firewood. Earlier, before breakfast, he and his wife would go for a mile run along the woods road, and a morning dip; a "workout" they called it. Then, before dinner, everybody went for a swim. Rowing and fishing and sailing filled the afternoons.

Two thoughts lodged in my mind as I observed this program of happiness. One is that artificial pleasures, such as movies, parties and dances, cannot give a tithe of the wholesome pleasure that is found in simpler, natural pursuits.

My second thought is of the healing power of fresh air and exercise. For God seems more near in His open spaces. We must get out into God's sunlight.

Prod us into activity and exercise, O Lord, both of body and spirit. May we keep fit for Thy service. Amen.

NOVEMBER 15, 1938

"AND ANY OTHER TIME"

GOD IS OUR REFUGE.
READ PSALM 46.

IN THE midst of his sore troubles, a dear old friend had written me a cheerful letter, winding up with, "Don't let my affairs worry you. 'God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.' And any other time."

That ripe saint has spiritual discernment. He not only has confidence in God's emergency succor, but he also recalls the heavenly goodness in serene and prosperous days. God's goodness is displayed in our easy times no less than in periods of distress.

He not say, "Ye have robbed Me"? When a man refuses to surrender his heart and life to God for keeping and guidance, how can he escape God's condemnation?

4. *What about gambling?* One form of stealing which is widespread in our day is gambling. It is stealing because it seeks to get profits for one's self without return to the other man. The victims to this theft may be unknown, but they are none the less victims. With gambling devices and plans appealing to young and old, and with a strong demand for public and private lotteries, often under the guise of benefiting charities, the fight against dishonesty in other forms is made more difficult. When society sanctions gambling all of us are measurably guilty of this form of stealing.

Jesus' condemnation of the "thieves and robbers" in the temple gave ample proof of His willingness to act against dishonesty as well as to use His voice against it.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Is stealing becoming more, or less, prevalent among people in general? Why do you think so?

2. How is it possible to steal from society at large?

3. Why did Jesus commend Zacchaeus' code of morality? (Luke 19:8,9.)

4. How can one avoid stealing from God?

In all spiritual weather, in days of calm or of stress, we would praise Thee, O never-failing Father, for Thy goodness to us. Amen.

NOVEMBER 16, 1938

THE OLD TIN BUCKET

WROUGHT . . . LIKE THE FLOWER.
READ II CHRONICLES 4:1-6.

TO KEEP out the cattle from a neighboring pasture, we had to build a wire fence about a couple of acres of our log cabin ground. At the garage is a rustic gate. To insure its closing, we filled an old paint can with stones. It worked but it was undesirably ugly.

Along came a guest with ideas. Saying nothing of her plan, she filled the top of that old paint can with ferns, and then concealed the can itself in a wrapping of birch bark. The hideous utility has become a thing of beauty.

Many of life's uglinesses may likewise be adorned and covered.

As Thou hast made this world lovely, O Infinite Creator, so we, too, would be artists in adorning life's grimness and whatever is unlovely in ourselves. Amen.

NOVEMBER 17, 1938

DOCKIE'S TRIBUTE

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES.
READ MATTHEW 21:12-16.

WITH the earnestness of a true preacher, little Dockie, who has lately attained the dignity of five years, informed me the other day that "Jesus is the bestest person that ever lived."

Out of the blue came the remark; there had been no previous talk on the theme. It was but one more revelation of the mysterious aptitude of childhood for religious thought. I wonder if it was somewhat of this that the Master had in mind when He bade us become as little children?

We pray for childlike faith, O Lord; and for a constant consciousness that Thou sharpest our lives. Amen.

NOVEMBER 18, 1938

THE WOOD CREATURES

GLAD BECAUSE THEY ARE QUIET.
READ PSALM 107:23-32.

MILADY, who is a born nurse of all helpless things, has a new care—a baby flying squirrel. The family of five were in an old poplar tree that we cut down. The mother squirrel removed four babies, but one tiny naked creature was left behind, and is now getting its meals from a medicine-dropper.

We had not known that there were flying squirrels in our woods, though we had seen black squirrels, red squirrels, gray squirrels and chipmunks. How little we know of the wild life that moves, silent and unseen, all about us.

Yes; and how little we understand of the quiet human lives that surround us.

Open our eyes, dear Father of us all, to the unheeded folk whose lives impinge upon ours; and who may need our care.

NOVEMBER 19, 1938

ONE MINISTER'S WAY

NOT GIVEN TO FILTHY LUCRE.
READ TITUS 1:1-9.

IN A parish known to me, of folk who live on a meager scale, and are tight-fisted, a meeting of the church boards was held, to consider finances. Everybody expected a row, especially about the minister's overdue salary.

Before debate could get under way, the pastor remitted his back-salary, and made a further substantial contribution to the church. The effect was electric. All present perceived that the minister was trying to demonstrate that the spiritual interests of the church were worth any price.

After all, the religious life is more than the outward appurtenances of worship; it is self-denial, for Christ's sake.

May the fragrance of sacrifice accompany all of our work for Thee, O Master who gavest all for us. Amen.

NOVEMBER 20, 1938

TWO BIG FISH

GIVETH GRACE TO THE LOWLY.
READ PROVERBS 3:27-35.

FOR half a summer I had fished patiently and hard, hoping for a five-pound bass. Then, the other day, my secretary, who was visiting our Canadian (Turn to next page)



Now—is the time to make CHRISTMAS Plans

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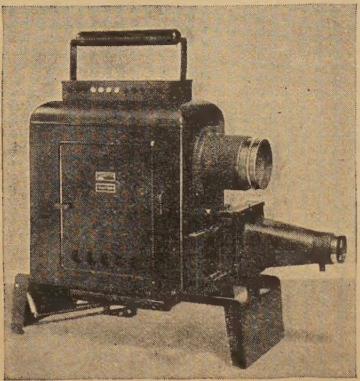
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camp and had never fished before, landed a five-and-a-half pounder. I rejoiced with her—and next day caught a bass of equal size.

But I had enjoyed a privilege denied to this happy young woman—long afternoons spent on the lake; comradeship with congenial fisherman; and incalculable memories of the loveliness of tinted sky and water.

One big catch is not enough, nor is one great prize in life. The daily on-going of fresh experiences; the finding of joy in life's littles—this is the reward of living.

Grant that we may find peace and happiness in the everydayness that Thou sendest, O Father. Amen.

NOVEMBER 21, 1938

THOSE PRICELESS MEMORIES

REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.
READ DEUTERONOMY 32:1-9.

OUR two sons have been with us in our Canadian camp this summer; and as we fish and talk together it is interesting to note how often they recur to the fishing experiences with daddy when they were little boys. It startles one to realize the vividness and power of boyhood recollections.

It should be the first business of every home and every school and every church to assure childhood such impressions as will become happy, wholesome memories. For nobody ever outlives the recollections of childhood.

To Thy Father-heart, O God, we cry for wisdom and power to enrich the lives of all the little children for whom we may have responsibility. Amen.

NOVEMBER 22, 1938

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

STRENGTHENED WITH MIGHT IN THE
INNER MAN.
READ EPHESIANS 3:8-31.

THERE is a heavy gale blowing over our lake, which is wearing beautiful ruffled whitecaps for the occasion. I have been walking over our grounds, looking for weak trees. One crashed as I was making my inspection. We try to fell all dead, or near-dead, trees, especially along our forest road.

Storms test. Adversity proves men. Outward appearance and circumstances do not help when storms come: it is the inner nature that stands or falls.

We are grateful, dear Lord, for all the fair weather Thou hast sent our lives; and grateful, too, for the storm. Amen.

NOVEMBER 23, 1938

A NEW OLD CEMETERY

NO MAN KNOWETH OF HIS SEPULCHRE.
READ DEUTERONOMY 34:1-8.

JUST as I was mailing a little magazine article upon the mystery of the new

archeological discoveries at Sakkara, Egypt, I read a news dispatch telling of the discovery there of a five-thousand-year-old cemetery, containing at least twenty thousand mummies, with attendant treasures and inscriptions.

God has been doing business with man for a long, long time. Only He fully understands human nature and human history. He is the "Eternal Father, strong to save."

Before Thy measureless eons of Fatherhood, and Thine infinite care of the race, we bow in awe and reverence, O God. Impart to us a fresh sense of Thy greatness. Amen.

NOVEMBER 24, 1938

THOSE "THANK YOU" LETTERS

THY GREAT GOODNESS.
READ NEHEMIAH 9:21-25

MILADY is cherishing, and rereading, a remarkable batch of "Thank you" letters from our summer guests at Blue Heron Point. It seems as if the gift of literary expression has descended upon them all, as they write their "bread and butter" letters to their hostess. Their appreciation far exceeds its cause.

Once a year the American Nation sets apart a day for saying "thank you" to God. This duty taxes our best powers of expression. How may we adequately utter our thanksgiving for piled-up mercies, personal and national?

Of this we may be sure: the thanks we return as guests of God, to the Host for His hospitality, are as well-pleasing to Him as any kindred messages are to an earthly host.

We thank Thee, O God, for Thyself, so abundantly shared with us; and for all the expressions of Thy Personality and fatherly love which have dowered our lives. Amen.

NOVEMBER 25, 1938

UNDERSOLD ON AMERICA

A GOODLY HERITAGE.
READ PSALM 16.

HOME-COMING from abroad, American travelers are thrilled by the aspects of their own land which they had never appreciated before. The dress and bearing of the people, the general air and attitude of self-confidence and freedom, the smooth working of the appliances of civilization—this is our own beloved America.

As a nation, we are undersold on our own country. Self-criticism has gone beyond all bounds of late. Less important than the fact of our wealth and resources, is the truth that we are peculiarly the world's people of good will and human helpfulness.

In gratitude and contrition we lift up our hearts to Thee, O our Father, to acknowledge Thy wondrous and beneficent ways with us as a people. Help us to keep untarnished our heritage of Christian faith. Amen.

NOVEMBER 26, 1938

A SABBATH-KEEPING CITY

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.
READ EXODUS 20:1-17.

I WAS reminded of boyhood days in Philadelphia by a recent experience in Kingston, Ontario, on Sunday. Sturdily Canadian, with dominant British traits, Kingston keeps the Sabbath. All business is suspended. A quiet calm pervades the streets. Church-going is the principle concern of the day. The whole atmosphere of the place is restful.

Christianity's battle for the Sabbath has been lost in the great American urban centers. From being a pleasure day, Sunday is becoming a business day.

Our day has plenty of problems, and one that is far-reaching is the question of Sabbath-keeping. The most rational solution lies with the individual families, who, in all their practices, "Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy."

In token of our love and loyalty to Thee, O Lord of the Sabbath, we would keep the Sabbath for its highest uses.

NOVEMBER 27, 1938

THE PARADOX OF GOD

YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER KNOWETH.
READ MATTHEW 6:24-34.

WHILE conceited "intellectuals" are busy defining Deity in their own image, reverent souls may brood upon the two best-attested attributes of God—His creatorship and His Fatherhood.

This is the great paradox. The same God who first set the limitless spheres of the universe to whirling, who does business with the uttermost star and the infinitesimal electron, is also the God who has time for the personal affairs of even the least of His children.

All Thy ways are past finding out, O God; they are too wonderful for us. We rest our spirits in contemplation of Thee as the Father whom Jesus revealed.

NOVEMBER 28, 1938

THEY CARRY ON

HELP THOSE WOMEN.
READ EPHESIANS 4:1-8.

HERE in rural Canada "church sabbables" are an institution. All the neighborhood turns out, regardless of denominational affiliations; and how they eat! The women of the church do the cooking and other work, besides providing the food.

Heedless of theological discussions and social drifts, these women simply carry on, in the spirit of Christian ministry.

In men's moods of meditation there should be place for gratitude for the steadfast Kingdom service of the women friends of Jesus.

We thank Thee, O Christ, that, as in the days of Thy flesh, women are still Thy most faithful friends and servants. Amen.

NOVEMBER 29, 1938

NEW WORDS FOR OLD WARS

DOERS OF THE WORD.
READ JAMES 1:16-27.

I LIKE to juggle the new two-dollar words that the highbrows have put into circulation. They fall so glibly from lips that are more nimble than the minds behind them.

Take those favorites of the amateur psychologists, "introvert" and "extrovert." They are a mouthful, in their various forms. What do they really mean, in the plain speech of us everyday folk? An "introvert" is a self-centered person, always looking within, never free from self-consciousness. An "extrovert" is one who is interested in things outside himself.

Now what is all this but the plain selfishness versus unselfishness so frequently set forth in the New Testament? A baby is a perfect "introvert," a man of deeds is an "extrovert."

Lord, we would be doers of the word, and not hearers only. We would forget ourselves in lavish service of Thee and of Thy children. Amen.

NOVEMBER 30, 1938

THE GUEST WHO ABIDES

IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.
READ LUKE 22:14-20

THIRTY friends have been week-long guests at our log cabin during this summer; and all of them have enlarged our happiness and enriched our lives. One of this beloved group possesses the art of prolonging her influence after she has gone back to home responsibilities.

Letters and reminders from her, mementoes that recall her visit, allusions to experiences in camp, somehow keep her vivid and delightful personality with us. Summer in Canada would not be true to type without her.

That mysterious thing called "personality," which makes some of us colorful and some colorless, may be cultivated, for it is a compound of self-forgetfulness, small unselfishnesses and complete candor.

We covet lives that will be remembered, and live in other lives. Teach us, O Lord, how to empty ourselves that we may fill others. Amen.



MY PRAYER

"When I pass on"

It would delight my soul

To feel that I had done

Some little thing

For someone other than myself.

That by a look or word or deed

I might have helped some weary soul

To bear a burden—that I felt was

Greater than my own.

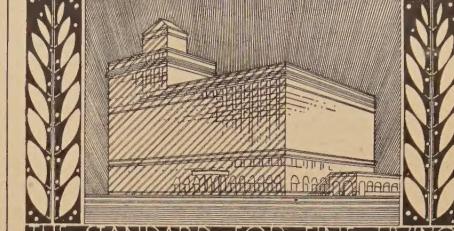
God grant this so to be "When I pass on."

This is my prayer!

Helena Laughton

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(Continued from page 37)

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came."

The book is well arranged in twelve divisions, such as "Inspiration," "Worship," "God in Man," "God in Nature," etc. The reader with a subject in mind, for which he wishes to select a suitable poem for illustration, will thus find the selection easy. And there are three indices—one of Titles, another of Authors, and a third of First Lines. Thus the book not only contains about the finest selection of religious poems yet published, but also enables the reader to find the poem he desires with a minimum of trouble. And for such a large volume the price, \$1.69, is remarkably low. I unhesitatingly recommend it.

Some time ago we reviewed in these columns a book by Sir Charles Marston entitled *New Bible Evidence*, which described excavations made in Palestine that confirmed the truth of the Old Testament. Now another volume by the same author has appeared, entitled *The Bible Comes Alive* (Revell, \$2.00). It deals mainly with the excavation and discoveries at Tell Duweir, the site of the Biblical city of Lachish. Sir Charles points out that, fortunately, much of the ancient writing was done on pottery and stone, thus preserving the records; and that the custom of burying vases, urns, etc., with the body has also preserved many records, and enabled us to "date" many important items. It is impossible here to recount the discoveries at Lachish, but they are given in great detail in this invaluable book. They may be summed up in the author's own words, that "the trend of evidence of observed facts is confirming the Old Testament. The discoveries made at Lachish have opened a new chapter in Bible history, and will remain famous for all time. . . . The effect of these discoveries is to further discredit the whole process of destructive criticism."

We have lately had several inquiries from readers as to the titles of some reliable but not too technical book on archeology. To these, and to all interested in this remarkable confirmation of the Bible narrative, I commend Sir Charles Marston's two books.

Beatrice Plumb and Grace Noll Crowell need no introduction to *Christian Herald* readers. But to have them associated in the same book is a real treat; and that is what we get in *Grace Noll Crowell*, by Beatrice Plumb (Harper & Brothers, 55 cents, postpaid). As you know, Miss Plumb has visited Mrs. Crowell in her home in Dallas, and has frequently written about her in *Christian Herald*. She is in possession of all the salient facts of that beautiful life, and in this little biography has collected and presented them all charmingly. I am sure that no extended review of this book is necessary. A life of Grace Noll Crowell by Beatrice Plumb—need I say more?

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Horrible Threat

Hitch-hikers in California are carrying this sign: "If you don't pick me up, I'll vote for HIM again!"

—The Judge.

That's Just Why

Old Gent: "What are you crying for, my little man?"

Wullie: "My big b-brother d-dropped a b-big b-box on his toe."

Old Gent: "That is surely nothing to cry about. I should have thought that you would have laughed."

Wullie: "I did!"

—Windsor Star.

Short

A couple of boys out in Iowa were discussing the recent drought. One fellow had some wheat which he had managed to harvest.

"The drought sure has made the wheat short this year!"

"Short? Say, I had to lather mine to mow it!"

—Chaparral.

Taking No Chances

The hotel clerk was growing impatient as the prospect took so long to read the names on the register. "Just sign on that line, please," said the clerk.

The prospect was indignant and retorted: "Young man, I'm too old a hand to sign anything without readin' it."

—Exchange.

Versatile

"What in the world are you doing down there in the cellar?" asked the puzzled rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

—Kitty-Cat.

Strangers Meet

An enthusiastic golfer came home to dinner. During the meal his wife said:

"Willie tells me he caddied for you this afternoon."

"Well, do you know," said Willie's father, "I thought I'd seen that boy before."

—El Paso Times.

Ulterior Motive

"How many are there in your family, madam?"

"Just my husband and I."
"No children?"

"No."

"Any cats or dogs?"

"No."

"Do you have a radio?"

"No."

"Now have you any saxophones, pianolas, ukuleles, or other musical instruments?"

"Indeed not. And why all these questions?"

"Madam, I'm just the man who intends to rent the house next door."

—London Opinion.

Affecting

The pupil was asked to paraphrase the sentence, "He was bent on seeing her."

He wrote: "The sight of her doubled him up."

—Exchange.

Crackling

Poor Prof.: "What's the formula for water, Jones?"

"H I J K L M N O," spelled out the scholar.

"What's that?" barked the master.

The scholar slowly repeated the letters.

"Whatever are you driving at?" said the master. "What gave you that idea?"

"You, sir," said Jones. "You said yesterday it was H to O."

—Montreal Star.

Following Directions

The conductor of the band glared at the cornet player. "Why on earth," he yelled, "did you leave off playing just as we got to the chorus?"

"Well," said the cornet player (a raw recruit), "on my music it said 'Refrain.' So I did."

—Exchange.

And the Plate

A teacher is explaining the rule of subtraction to a pupil. The pupil does not seem to understand, so at last the teacher asks: "When you have four chops on your plate, and eat four, what will then remain?"

The pupil: "The potatoes."

—Exchange.

And Vice Versa

He was visiting the newlyweds at their home. Everything was fine, but—

"Why did you take an apartment with such a tiny kitchenette, Tom, old boy?"

"Well, you're the first man I've told, so keep it quiet. It's so small I can't get in there to help my wife when she's doing the dishes."

—Pathfinder.